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WHAT'S THE USE OF THEM?

THE various ways in which the points mooted between the People and the House of Peers have been described during the last four years, is significant. When the first hitch came—that upon the Reform Bill—the respectful and delicate whisper was—*What will the Lords do?* The people gained a little more courage—and the current phrase became—*What should the Lords do?* Next, we lifted our voices in a "Two Words;" or, a "Warning to the House of Lords." Soon afterwards, "Remonstrance with the House of Peers" became a favourite title for pamphlets; and the next in succession was—*What is to be done with the Lords?* Their Lordships have urged us far beyond all these cool stages; and now, ending where they ought to have begun, the People firmly inquire, "Of what use is a House of Lords?" or, in the words of our heading—*What's the use of them?* It was lately told, with the proper degree of horror, by one of their Lordships, that this form of interrogatory is now actually to be seen chalked on the walls of London! We rejoice to hear it: the free discussion of the *use* of every institution of government lies at the very foundation, is the fundamental principle, of political Protestantism. With this inquiry, the People should have begun; but, thanks to the present conduct of the Lords, we have got to the true point at last!—*What's the use of them?* Does the House of Peers really answer the end for which it is pretended to be instituted? The *onus* lies with themselves. They have, to the complete conviction of the nation, demonstrated, again and again, their powers of mischief; and it now remains for them to prove their usefulness as a permanent branch of Government; the utility, in short, of an Upper House of Parliament, composed of *hereditary* legislators, and *hereditary* supreme judges.

Hereditary legislation—*born* lawgivers and judges—is now acknowledged by every rational being to be as monstrous an absurdity as Transubstantiation, or any, the most impudent imposture, by which knaves have, in all ages, cheated, or tried to cheat, the People out of their rights and their money. Until this privileged race shall shew us that they come into the world full berobed, or are born with the yet (we believe) undiscovered bump of legislation prominent on their skulls, or have the words, *a born lawgiver*, mysteriously traced round the pupil of their eyes, like the wonderful child—we shall leave the hereditary privilege of the British Solons and Lycurguses to the rapidly growing intelligence of the British nation, and to the sense of ridicule in all mankind. It is not worth lifting a pen against—laughter is here your only weapon—the privileged Zany's sword of lath lifted against it, will now be sufficient. It is no longer worth a man's while to attack the phantom.

But, though few, indeed, out of the House of Peers, will now pretend to justify hereditary legislative and hereditary supreme judicial functions, many persons still imagine that there may be great utility in a SECOND or UPPER House of Parliament; one man preferring a Senate, consisting of members elected by the people, and for a limited number of years, as in America; another, a Chamber of Peers, like that of France, where the functions terminate only with the life of the Members; and so forth. There is also great diversity of opinion about the mode of choosing and the functions of such a body—whether the legislative should be separated from the judicial functions, and many other points, which we forbear to notice at this stage. It is sufficient for our purpose that some kind of reformed UPPER House is still deemed necessary to good government by many intelligent persons,

if not by the bulk of the people—though they appear well inclined to get rid of that which exists. The intelligent men of Liverpool and Manchester could hardly be induced, upon the late occasion of the mutilated Municipal Bill, to address a petition to the House of Lords. They know their rights. They have made up their minds to obtain them. They know the value of *time* to the public interest, and also to themselves; although the privileged idlers may be also privileged to dally: and they entertain the contempt for idle ceremonies and procrastinating mummeries which becomes Englishmen. Their very natural feeling was—*What is the use of it?* Such men sending up more humble petitions to that incorrigible body was, indeed, to a certain extent, stultifying themselves; but it was for the last time, and probably done as much in pity for the weakness and perversity inseparable from the condition of the Peers, or to allow them another opportunity of retrieving their blunders, as from any other motive. At all events, the era of *petitioning* the Members of that House is past. The People have only to let them alone. Yes; let them have their full swing in the enjoyment of their privileges! The woman in the story, who, liking brandy, had a whole cask of it placed at her convenience by her loving husband, and who soon killed herself by free use of what his thoughtful kindness had supplied, could not surely complain of bad treatment:—She got as much as she desired of what she loved best, and did as she would with her own.

If there be any persons who really wish to see the Peers of Parliament annihilated as a power in the State, they must be exulting in the present tactics of that body, the impotence of which is the true measure of its violence. Such *Destructives* may congratulatingly say, with the Scottish Churchman of ancient times, gloating his eyes upon a field of slaughter—

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We do not participate in these feelings. We would stay their Lordships in their race to self-destruction. The British House of Peers may, for some generations, remain a very imposing pageant, if it so chooses. It may even do some small good, and, at least, attain the great length of abstaining from mischief. But, as a power in the State, its functions ceased in the hour that saw the Reform Bill passed. It required no astrologer to foretell that. Their Lordships had some indistinct glimmerings of the truth then. It has broken on them in all its appalling horror since. They would fain retrograde. Their last remaining chance of prolonging their usurpation of the People's rights, and perpetuating profitable misrule, is identified with the preservation of the abuses in the Church and in the Municipal Governments. Since they are infatuated enough to hazard another struggle, with a cause so bad, and against such fearful odds. they, perhaps, do well to take their stand at once. Commonsense, laying justice and right altogether aside, pronounce their attempts hopeless; but, by all means, say the *Destructives*, let their Lordships try their hand. If the issue should be a sanguinary revolution, *they* go first to the wall. To the vengeful, there is pleasure in this reflection:—but the vengeful are a small portion of the community. The general desire is to place their Lordships in safety, but out of our way—and, indeed, in their own proper places. At present, they resemble the idiotic old lady of quality, in one of Miss Edgeworth's stories, who, while a furious London mob were raging at her doors, and breaking into her house, instead of escaping to preserve her life, as she was urged to do, drew herself rigidly up in her arm-chair, to the utmost extent of insulted hereditary dignity, abused her warning friend, and defied the enraged multitude to touch a hair of a personage of such vast consequence! The idea that she was vulnerable to the touch of low-born persons was altogether beyond her ladyship's comprehension. Hence her anger and obstinacy. To lose precious time, in reasoning with imbecility like this, would have been even greater folly than that displayed by the old lady herself. We forget her exact noble name. It may be Finch, Pelham, Compton, Stuart, or any other. The name is of small consequence, as we distinctly recollect her fate, which was more fortunate than her aristocratic obstinacy deserved. A clever, kind-hearted Irish apple-woman and a sensible friend, alarmed at her danger, whipped up the privileged lady, arm-chair, dignity, and altogether; and, in spite of her kicking and scratching, bore her, per force, to a place of safety. We would have the People imitate the humane Irish apple-woman with the idiotic lady of quality. We would have the Peers saved in spite of their own obstinacy.

This is dallying with the question—*What is the use of them?* But the Peers are bound to shew in what the usefulness of their House consists. Our immediate business is with those persons who believe an Upper House of Parliament necessary to good government, though they repudiate an assembly of privileged, irresponsible individuals, exercising at once legislative and judicial functions—first making laws, and then administering them; having, at all times, their leading interests diametrically opposed to those of the People; and possessing a negative upon every measure tending to the public good, which they must, from their position, employ, as in the instances of the Reform Bill and the Municipal Corporations Bill, to the detriment of all the inferior classes of society, and to the injury of the whole community that lies without the pale of aristocracy. Great Britain was long seen to be the freest and, substantially, the happiest and most prosperous nation upon the face of the earth. This was before the French Revolution and the emancipation of America. But Great Britain had a peculiar form of government, to the magic of which, like the *luck* of Eden-Hall—and not to the intelligence and industry of her people, and the animating spirit of her reformed religion—this prosperity was imputed. Now, a main component part of this constitution, made up of checks and balances, was the House of Peers. As an improvement upon this imagined

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Some of the most profound thinkers on the science of government have come to the conclusion at which we have hinted—namely, that a Second or Upper Legislative Chamber, of any kind, though unalloyed by the inherent vices of one that is hereditary, is always detrimental; nay, a positive obstruction to the operation of good government. But, if this be the case, what shall be concluded of one constituted upon the British system? The only use of government is to enable a people to do more easily and effectually, by means of a few capable individuals, what they cannot well do for themselves. To one set of persons the administrative functions are intrusted, while a body of freely chosen representatives—elected for a period so brief as to make it nearly impossible that they shall forget their duty—deliberate upon measures of government and laws, and watch the conduct of the executive. But the hereditary legislators, the Peers of Parliament, combine several of those functions, and exercise anomalous and extraordinary powers, under no direct control whatever; while from the peculiarity of their position as a privileged body, with interests opposed to those of the People, they are much less under the influence of popular opinion than any other class of the community. So far as they comprehend the nature of the indirect check of opinion, they detest it; and, under the influence of motives peculiar to themselves, brave, as at this crisis, its power and its will.

In so far as a country has the power of freely choosing its representatives, the vigilant guardians of its interests, and, through them, of controlling those responsible officers that administer its affairs, that country is likely to enjoy the blessings of good government. But the House of Peers, as at present constituted, is not merely an irresponsible body:

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it has *dignity* to be maintained, power to be grasped at, patronage to be held and dispensed—places, pensions, emoluments of all kinds, to be secured, for its own gratification, and the advantage of its connexions and dependents; and every one of these objects—and they all cost vast sums of money—is opposed to the interests of the community, whose single object is cheap and good government. For this great object the People are beginning to labour with zeal. One important measure has lately been proposed by the Government, and is supported by the representatives of the People. It is one which the People have long demanded as their undisputed right—reform of the abuses in the municipal governments. With this, of all things, it might have been imagined the Peers would not interfere. The people of the towns have surely as independent a right to will how their communities shall be regulated, as the Peers have to settle matters of etiquette belonging exclusively to their own body. But no:—the Municipal Bill would have destroyed one of their remaining holdfasts in the House of Commons; and they accordingly attempt to exercise their mischievous power of rendering nugatory every important measure brought forward by a responsible executive, and supported by the representatives of the People. Again, where they cannot ultimately prevent a good measure from being adopted, they may injure it by endless delay; by factious and vexatious, though haply trifling alteration; or else, by mutilation, they may entirely change its character; as in the present instance of the Municipal Bill. And by these proceedings, though finally abortive, they disturb the peace of the country and endanger the safety of the constitution; keeping alive perpetual agitation, and provoking collision with that House which now alone enjoys the whole confidence of the People.—Bentham has demonstrated that three Peers—four making a House—can thwart a measure passed unanimously by the whole House of Commons. But it is idle to pursue farther the inquiry—"*What's the use of them?*" On that point, men's minds are, as we have said, made up. They are useless, if merely passive; and worse than useless, if actively mischievous.——And it is needless to rail at them. They do no more than what most men would attempt to do in similar circumstances—to hold by violence in enlightened times, that which has been acquired by usurpation, fraud, and encroachment in darker periods. Bentham, in shewing the nature and tendency of a second house of legislators, how purely soever constituted—and though elective, and even shorter in duration than our present House of Commons, as the Senate of the United States—demonstrates clearly that all such institutions are pregnant with unthought of evil. We shall briefly state a few of his objections to any, even the best-appointed, second chamber.

First, he asserts, such a chamber is *needless*. One main ground of alleged needfulness is, that the *deliberations*, being protracted by the discussion of measures in the second chamber, they must receive more consideration. But, he replies—the first chamber having the power of giving the measure whatever degree of consideration is best adapted to it, all farther deliberation is mere useless waste of time.

And, again, it is alleged that the Upper House is, from its structure and character, more calm and *deliberative*, and, therefore, better fitted to consider of laws and measures of government. But Bentham acutely remarks that, if this hold, then the *second* chamber ought to be the *first*, and the only one. Now, we imagine that those among us who the most admire a second calm, deliberative body, such as our House of Lords, are not quite prepared to say that it shall take place of the humbler House of rash precipitant legislators. Again, if the Lower House has done its duty—as it ought to do, or what is the use of it?—the delay caused by further forms and discussions is so much positive loss; and these useless delays must take place; for, although noble Lords do not set themselves factiously to thwart the measures brought forward by the Lower House, yet bills must be brought up, read, and committed, and go through all the forms—which is all so much pernicious delay.

We have seen every one of these objections practically illustrated within the last few months: lengthened discussions, leading to no practical good, a darkening of counsels by words, and defeating salutary measures in the lump, not openly as now, but under pretence that reforms must be *gradual* and *temperate*. This is a Whig-Peer doctrine, as well as that of Tory Peers, and the very soul of all second chambers. To be well done, reform must be *gradually* done—done at the pace chosen by those who would stick for ever where they are; and yet find it necessary to pretend that we are all going the same road, though at a different rate of speed. The first principle of an upper house is this impalpable graduation. "Fellow citizens!" says Bentham, "as often as you meet with a man holding to you this language, say to him, 'Sir, we have our dictionary. What you are saying we perfectly understand—*done gradually* means, *left undone*—for ever, if possible—if not, every part of it for as long a time as possible.'" Delay is the very next thing to defeat; and defeat is often better, as being more easily seen through. "*That* which eloquence would in vain strive to do in retail, *delay*, in the hands of cunning, does, and with complete effect, by wholesale." But the chief use of an upper house is *delay*, which there obtains the name of *deliberation*.

There are many more objections brought forward by Bentham to any kind or shape of second house. One or two we may here notice. One is the perniciousness of *minorities* being, by means of an Upper House, enabled to prevail over majorities. When the People of this country choose the 658 representatives which constitute the House of Commons, it is presumed that they are the best men they can procure: in the language of Bentham, they

are the most "*apt*" men for their duty: yet, for the right decision of this body, a wrong one may be substituted by the other, or more *inapt* body, representing only their own interests. Another objection against a second chamber, which is stated by Bentham, is "perniciousness through rival contention"—clashing collision, *l'esprit de corps*, a war of words, during which all useful business is at a stand; the "war," as he shrewdly remarks, having them for *combatants*, but the community for *sufferers*. This war is raging now.

"Perniciousnesa through *complication*" is another of Mr Bentham's objections; and he illustrates this in the following remarks:—"In legislation, whatever is needless is pernicious. Altogether upon its being *known*, depends all the usefulness of the law. Abundant, unavoidably abundant—much more than could be wished—is the quantity of legislative matter that will be found unavoidably and indispensably requisite for the purpose; not inconsiderable the quantity of doubts and disputes to which it will be liable, and likely to give birth. By every syllable added, increase will be given to the abundance of this same matter, increase to the difficulty of keeping it in mind."

A very common, and a rather feasible argument, as we noticed, for two separate branches of the legislature, an upper and a lower, is this same prevention of precipitance, or the securing due deliberation, preparatory to final results. This Bentham regards as "an authority-begotten prejudice." But we cannot at this time go farther into his powerful and conclusive reasoning, against not merely our House of Peers,* but against the very principle of *second* chambers, howsoever constituted, tempered, and modified. We may have an early opportunity of resuming and entering more fully into this discussion. In the meantime, intending no particular disrespect to our own House of Peers, we may draw to a close in the words of the eminent person whose authority we have cited:—"If any one knows of any positive good, in particular, that can be done *by* and *with* a second chamber, and cannot be done *without* it—or that is more likely to be done *by* and *with* a second chamber, than *without* a second chamber, let him declare it."

* "A Historical View of the Services of the Upper House," in the Tenth Number (new series) of this Magazine, is illustrative of the uselessness and the perniciousness of two legislative assemblies deliberating upon the same measures.

THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND.*

BY THOMAS BROWN THE YOUNGER.

It is now some twenty years or thereby, since we had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of this illustrious branch of the Fudge Family—an English branch, by the way, though, for some reason or other, they have often been represented as Irish. What an eventful twenty years have these been to the world in general, and to the Fudges in particular! England then was still under the sway of "the First Gentleman in Europe," and the empire of Brummell only shewed signs of dissolution. Lord Carnarvon was still a Whig, and Lord Palmerston a Tory. Sir James Scarlett and Sir John Copely were noted Liberals; and the Schoolmaster was not yet abroad. Ladies —— and Mrs —— bloomed youthful beauties; and Dr Philpotts and Mr Peel were eloquent, by pen and speech, *against* Catholic Emancipation. Sir James Mackintosh was enjoying the reputation of his great projected works; but, as yet, Mr Thomas Babington Macaulay had neither supported a Whig coercion bill for Ireland, nor been sent to legislate for the Hindoos. There were neither ten-pound voters in those days, nor yet poor-law nor Irish and Scottish Church Commissioners. The extraordinary qualities of our illustrious "Sailor King," had not been developed in the Duke of Clarence, nor the virtues and graces of his royal consort discovered in the unpretending Duchess. Almack's was about its brightest; but Crockford's had not risen on the horizon of fashion. The Duchess of St Albans was still plain Mrs Coutts. Pelham was not—and Fitzgerald was the great fashionable poet. Lord Castlereagh was in the prime of life and the zenith of his fame; and the Six Acts were in all their pristine vigour. A *Radical* was, at that time, a hoofed and tailed cacodemon; and, though Mr O'Connell might be as great "an enemy of his country" then as now, the fact was not so plainly revealed.

The Church of England was not then "a persecuted church," though the Bishop of London held comparatively very trifling church preferment. Mr Canning, with his fine and classic taste, still talked to admiring senates of "the revered and ruptured Ogden." A few tithes were then collected in Ireland; and the English Dissenters enjoyed the unmitigated blessings of the Test and Corporation Acts. Corporations flourished in their unshorn glory; Sir William Curtis gave law in turtle and white bait; and Lord Eldon dined annually with the Merchant Tailors. Wheat was eighteen shillings a bushel; and hand-loom weavers gained about six shillings a-week, by sixteen hours' labour a-day. The *Albion* and *Traveller's Club* were just established; and many thousands of persons, drawing their revenues from land in England and Ireland, under the protection of a corn bill, first began to spend them upon the Continent, now thrown open by the *Pacification* of Europe, and the glorious *Restoration* of the Bourbons. We might run the parallel through fifty pages, but "bridle

* Longman & Co.—pp. 213.

in our straggling muse;" contented with getting to the Continent, whither the *Fudges* had run with all the world. The old gentleman is dead since that time. Bob Fudge, then a first-rate dandy, and an exquisite judge of clothes, wines, Wellingtons, and Parisian cookery, has *aged*, and become gouty and a virulent Tory, with a taint of Orangeism, and a hereditary hatred of "Irish claims," the Reform Bill, and Catholic Emancipation. From his apologetic epistle to his friend, the Rev. Mortimer O'Mulligan, for not being able to appear on the boards at Exeter Hall, we may here take a few explanatory lines, before coming to the point:—

"It plagues one's life out. Thirty years
Have I had dinning in my ears,
Ireland wants this, and that, and t'other;
And, to this hour, one nothing hears
But the same vile eternal bother.
While, if those countless things she wanted,
Thank God! but little has been granted;
And even that little, if we're men
And Britons, we'll have back again!
I really think that Catholic question
Was what brought on my indigestion.
* * * *
Look what has happened since—the Elect
Of all the bores of every sect,
The chosen triers of men's patience
From all the Three Denominations,
Poured in upon us—even Quakers
Turned into speechers and law-makers—
Who'll move no question—stiff rumped elves—
Till first the spirit moves themselves;
And whose shrill yeas and nays sonorous,
Will soon to death's own slumber snore us.
Then, too, those Jews!—I really sicken
To think of such abomination;
Fellows who won't eat ham with chicken,
To legislate for this great nation!"

It is the amusing contrast of character, and the piquant and pleasant satire on modern manners, and things become fashionable since the Fudge Family visited Paris about 1815–16, which makes the greatest charm of this very clever *jeu d' esprit*. This will certainly be more generally relished than its *moral* and *political* purpose, which is to ridicule the narrow spirit of bigotry, as displayed at the late great meetings in Exeter Hall. The Fudges are sojourning at some fashionable watering-place, Cheltenham or Brighton. The party consists of Bob, as above; Biddy, still a spinster and rich, but, alas! no longer the gay, volatile, sentimental Biddy of Paris, who adored fashionable dresses, and doted upon officers who cultivated the necessary growth of moustache; but Biddy become a modern saint, still fond of finery, and now (without time to lose) looking out for a husband in sober earnest. Her niece, Miss Fanny Fudge, a pretty young girl, smitten with the love of verse, is the next member of the family. They are, aunt and niece, described by Patrick Magan, Esq., a young Irish gentleman, in epistles to his friend, a poor curate in Ireland, whom he recommends to assail the delectable Biddy

"With tender love-suit, at the suit of his tailor."

He gives the following cogent reasons for waving his own claims, though as much in need of a rich wife as the Irish curate himself:—

Miss Fudge hath a niece—such a creature!—
But, alas! nothing perfect on earth—even she,
This divine little gipsy, does odd things sometimes—
Talks learning—looks *wise*—(rather painful to see)—
Prints already in two County papers her rhymes,
And raves—the sweet, charming, absurd little dear—
About Amulets, Bijoux, and Keepsakes, next year.

The young lady, in short, is not in the least like what her aunt Biddy either was or is. But, in spite of her fair defects, and state of pupilage to Lady Blessington and Mrs Norton, Fanny is an exquisite little creature!—and her eyes!—and then her figure! This description, we think, though sketched by Thomas Brown the younger, possesses as much lightness of touch and airy grace, as the best pictures of Moore:—

While her figure!—oh, bring all the gracefullest things,
That are borne through the light air, by feet or by wings!
Not a single new grace to that form could they teach,
Which combines in itself the perfection of each;
While rapid or slow as her fairy feet fall,
The mute music of symmetry modulates all.

Mr Magan possessed all the requisites demanded by the pious Biddy in a husband, but unfortunately he is wholly absorbed by Fanny, "vile verse-maker" though she be. Biddy's requisites, according to Magan, are—

Age thirty, or thereabouts—stature six feet,
And warranted godly, to make all complete.
Nota bene—a churchman would suit her, if high,
But Socinians or Catholics need not apply.

She has the more need of a husband, as besides her fortune and large expectations, she is afflicted in her household. Her first epistle to her old correspondent, now Mrs Elizabeth ——, opens distressfully enough, with a mysterious tale of a *faux-pas* between her preaching footman and the cook-maid, whom he had converted, when discoursing with much unction to all the maids. We have some happy ridicule of a certain class of advertisements, from Biddy requiring two domestics to supply the place of the pious pair that had just eloped with her linen and crockery. It is not easy—it is not possible—to imitate the flippant glibness with which persons like Miss Biddy Fudge, to the great scandal of the reverential and sincere feelings of sober-minded Christians, talk upon religious subjects, without approaching the verge of profaneness, or, at least, without giving pain to some minds. We are not sure that in this poem this danger has been escaped, or that it will be held wholly free of the blemish of irreverence; but the evil, ridiculed with so much wit, is grown so rank and offensive that we cannot, upon reflection, deny the satirist the license he has assumed. Before Biddy closes her epistle, she hears of two advertising domestics, a footman and a cook, both charming:—

She, "decidedly pious," with pathos deplores
The increase of French cook'ry and sin on our shores,
And adds, (while for farther accounts she refers
To a great gospel preacher, a cousin of hers,)
That, "though *some* make their Sabbaths mere matter-of-fun-days,
She asks but for *tea* and the gospel on Sundays."
The footman, too, full of the true saving knowledge,
Has late been to Cambridge—to Trinity College;
Served last a young gentleman, studying divinity,
But left, not approving the *morals* of Trinity.

Biddy herself is still so much of the woman of former years as not to have been converted into the sour, precise, sanctimonious saint. She is as flippant and frivolous as ever, and has merely changed a few of her fashionable tastes, in conformity with the times. She still patronises a fashionable milliner—but then she rejoices to say that, besides getting charming cargoes of charming hats, Gimp is beginning "to walk in newness"—

Hath had sweet experience—yea, even doth begin
To turn from the Gentiles and put away sin—
And all since her last stock of goods was laid in.

The exact semblance and dissimilitude between "decidedly pious" ladies and ladies still in the gall of bitterness, is felicitously exhibited in Biddy:—

But you can't think how nicely the caps of *tulle* lace,
With the *mentonières*, look on this poor sinful face;
And I mean, if the Lord in his mercy think right,
To wear one at Mrs Fitzwigram's to-night.

The Fitzwigrams grew into a higher or more starched order of saints.

Saw to-day at the raffle—and saw it with pain—
That those stylish Fitzwigrams begin to dress plain;
Even gay little Sophy smart trimmings renounces—
She who long has stood by me through all sorts of flounces,
And shewed, by upholding the toilet's sweet rites,
That we girls may be Christians without being frights;
This, I own, much alarms me; for, though one's religious,
And *strict*, and all that, there's no need to be hideous;
And why a *nice* bonnet should stand in the way
Of one's going to heaven, 'tis not easy to say.

We must now give a few lines from Biddy's journal or day-book of the heart.

Monday.

Tried a new *chalé* gown on—pretty!
No one to see me in it—pity!
* * * * * *

Tuesday.

At two, a visit from Mr Magan—
A remarkably handsome, nice young man;
And, all Hibernian though he be,
As civiliz'd, strange to say, as we.
——I own this young man's spiritual state
Hath much engrossed my thoughts of late;
And I mean, as soon as my niece is gone,
To have serious talk with him thereupon.
At present, I nought can do or say,
But that troublesome child is in the way.
* * * * * *
Heigho!—what a blessing should Mr Magan
Turn out, after all, a "renewed" young man;
And to me should fall the task on earth
To assist at the dear youth's second birth.
Blest thought! and, ah! more blest the tie,
Were it Heaven's high will, that he and I—
But I blush to write the nuptial word—
Should wed, as St Paul says, "in the Lord;"
Not *this* world's wedlock, gross and gallant,
But pure—as when Amram married his aunt.

Wednesday.

Finding myself, by some good fate,
With Mr Magan left *tête-à-tête*,
Had just begun—having stirred the fire,
And drawn my chair near his—to inquire
What his notions were of Original Sin,
When that naughty Fanny again bounced in.

The young lady's appearance puts all her aunt's pious purposes to flight.

Fanny's poetical effusions follow next. They remind us favourably, (as shewing much more fire and fancy,) of those of the Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley. Poor Fanny is, like other literary contributors, occasionally annoyed by the rejection of "her best things," by indiscriminating or envious editors. But she has sometimes better luck, and persists in writing on, in spite of the ridicule of Mr Magan, who—

Were you Sappho herself, and in *Keepsake* or *Bijou*
Once shone as contributor, Lord how he'd quiz you!

Fanny is liable to another misfortune, common, we believe, to all young authors. The *devils* make a point of mis-reading her MSS. and of spoiling her sense, and, what is worse, her rhymes. Once, she says—

Where I talked of the "dew-drops from freshly-blown roses,"
The nasty things made it "from freshly-blown noses."

Miss Fanny is at length more fortunate, and informs her cousin and confidant, Kitty, that—

T'other night, at a ball, 'twas my fortunate chance
With a very nice elderly dandy to dance;
Who, 'twas plain, from some hints which I now and then caught,
Was the author of *something*—one couldn't tell what;
But his satisfied manner left no room to doubt
It was *something* that Colburn had lately brought out.
We conversed of *belles lettres* through all the quadrille,—
Of poetry, dancing—of prose, standing still;
Talked of intellect's march—whether right 'twas or wrong—
And then settled the point in a bold *en avant*.
In the course of this talk 'twas, that, having just hinted
That *I* too had poems which—longed to be printed,
He protested—kind man!—he had seen, at first sight,
I was actually *born* in "The Keepsake" to write.
* * * * * *
This, and much more, he said, with that fine frenzied glance
One so rarely now sees, as we slid through the dance.
Till between us 'twas finally fixed that, next year,
In this exquisite task I my pen should engage;
And, at parting, he stoop'd down and lisped in my ear,
These mystical words, which I could but *just* hear:—
"Terms for rhyme, if it's *prime*, ten and sixpence per page."
Think, Kitty, my dear, if I heard his words right,
What a mint of half-guineas this small head contains!
If for nothing to write is itself a delight—
Ye gods! what a bliss to be paid for one's strains!

But the most amusing of these poetical epistles are, perhaps, those from Larry O'Branigan, in England, whither he has come in quest of work, to his wife, Judy, at Mullinafad. Poor Larry! his parting with Judy and the *babbies* is truly pathetic. His *first* adventures are hard enough; he says—

Starved I was, surely, as thin as a lath,
Till I came to an up-and-down place they call Bath,
Where, as luck was, I managed to make a meal's meat,
By dhraggin' ould ladies all day through the street,—
Which their docthors, who pocket, like fun, the pound starlins,
Have brought into fashion, to plase the ould darlins.
Divil a boy in all Bath, though *I* say it, could carry
The grannies up hill half so handy as Larry.

This happy state did not last for ever. Luck has two handles, Larry had been told; but *both* of his had been stuck on the *wrong* way:

For, pondherin, one morn, on a drame I'd just had
Of yourself and the babbies at Mullinafad,
Och, there came o'er my sinses so plasin' a flutther,
That I split an ould Countess right clane in the gutther.

This was high treason in Bath, as Larry well knew; and, though it was only her bonnet was *kilt*, he fled to a great town, name unknown, where, in a huge posting bill, he spells out the name of *Murtagh*—now, however, become Mortimer—O'Mulligan, who had just arrived from Ireland, and come out as a saintly lion, at a "godly rout," given by Biddy Fudge. Magan thus describes Murtagh, *alias* Mortimer, the ex-Catholic priest:—

"All true, Dick; true, as you're alive—
I've seen him, some hours since, arrive.
Murtagh is come, the great itinerant;
And, Tuesday, in the market-place,
Intends, to every saint and sinner in't,
To state what *he* calls Ireland's Case:
Meaning, thereby, the case of *his* shop—
Of curate, vicar, rector, bishop,
And all those other grades seraphic,
That make men's souls their special traffic;
Though seldom minding much *which way*
The erratic souls go, so they *pay*."

Larry, who has the good fortune to discover his own foster-brother in the Reverend O'Something, as the would-be saintly ladies call Mr Mortimer O'Mulligan, hopes he has found a friend that will not let him

"Shtarve in the inemy's land."

He is taken as his "Vally-de-sham," and professes to be as good a new convert to Protestantism as Murtagh himself, and for this best of all possible reasons:—

"But the thruth is, though still for the owld light a stickler,
I was just then too shtarved to be over particler;
And, God knows, between us, a comicler pair
Of twin Protestants could not be seen *anywhere*."

In the meantime, Fanny's *romaunt* of "*Wo! Wo!*" is published in twelve cantos. The review of it in the *Morning Post*, but particularly that in the *Court Journal*, is exceedingly happy.

"Shtarvation" itself cannot long reconcile honest and patriotic Larry to the degradation of serving the renegade, Murtagh, *alias* Mortimer; and, as his epistles to Judy, if not so keenly satirical as those of young Mr Magan, are much more funny, we adopt Larry's version of the conferences at Exeter Hall, and the character of one of the principal performers in the "ground and lofty tumbling" lately exhibited there:—

O Judy, that riverind Murtagh, bad scran to him!
That ev'r I should come to've been servant man to him,
Or so far demane the O'Branigan blood,
And my Aunts, the Diluvians, (whom not even the Flood
Was able to wash away clane from the earth,)
As to sarve one whose name, of mere yestherday's birth,
Can no more to a great O *before it* purtend,
Than mine can to wear a great Q at its *end*.
—But that now's all over—last night I gev warnin',
And, masth'r as he is, will discharge him this mornin'.
The thief of the world!—but it's no use balraggin;
All I know is, I'd fifty times rather be draggin'
Ould ladies up hill to the ind of my days,
Than with Murtagh to rowl in a chaise at my aise,
And be forced to discind through the same dirty ways.
Arrah, sure, if I'd known where he last shewed his phiz,
I'd have known what a quare sort of monsther he is;
For, by gor, 'twas at Exether Change, sure enough,
That himself and his other wild Irish shewed off;
And it's pity, so 'tis, that they hadn't got no man
Who knew the wild crathurs, to act as their showman;
Sayin'—"Ladies and Gintlemen, plaze to take notice
How shlim and how shleek this black animal's coat is;
All by raison, we're towld, that th' nathur' o' the baste
Is to change its coat *oncet* in its lifetime, *at laste*;
And such objiks, in *our* counthry, not bein' common ones,
Are *bought up*, as this was, by way of *Fine Nemenons*.

* * * * * *

This is how I'd have towld them the rights of it all,
Had *I* been their showman at Exether Hall,—
Not forgettin' that other great wonder of Airin,
(Of the owld bitther breed which they call Prosbetairin,)
The famed Daddy C—ke; who, by gor, I'd have shewn 'em,
As proof how such bastes may be tamed when you've thrown 'em
A good frindly sop of the rale *Raigin Donem*.*
But, throth, I've no laisure just now, Judy dear,
For anything, barrin' our own doings here,
And the cursin', and dammin', and thund'rin', like mad,
We Papists, God help us! from Murtagh have had
He says we're all murtherers—divil a bit less;
And that even our priests, when we go to confess,
Give us lessons in murth'ring, and wish us success!
When ax'd how he daar'd, by tongue or by pen,
To belie, in this way, seven millions of men,
Faith, he said, 'twas all towld him by one Docthor Den!

Who this wonderful person Dr Den was, no soul knew; and on Murtagh went—

In iligant style,
Blashphamin' us Cath'lics, all the while,
As a pack of desaivers, parjurers, villians;
All the whole kit of th' aforesaid millions—
Yourself, dear Judy, as well as the rest,
And the innocent crathur that hangs at your breast—
All rogues together, in word and deed,
Ould Den our insthructor, and Sin our creed!†

Worse than this came out, and Larry could *sit it* no longer.

Rage got the betther at last—and small blame to me!
So, slapping my thigh, "By the Powers of Delf!"
Says I, bowldly, "I'll make a noration myself."

But we leave Larry's "noration" (which astonished the ould Lord or Lady in the chair) untouched, to the reader's admiration. Suffice it that, to this hour,

Mortimer, as the Saints chrishten him,
Bears the big shame of his sarvant's dismishin' him.

(*Private, outside.*)

Just come from his Riv'rence—the job is all done—
By the powers! I've discharged him, as sure as a gun!
And now, Judy dear, what on earth I'm to do
With myself and my stomach, the babbies and you,
Without ev'n a single traneen in my pocket,
Let alone a good dacent pound-starlin' to stock it—
Is a myshtery I lave to the One that's above,
Who takes care of us dissolute souls, when hard dhrove!

We could not afflict our readers with the knowledge of the destitute condition to which Larry's spirit and honesty reduced him, as shewn in this "Poshtscript," were we not able to add that he is now happy in the employment of Mr Magan.

We have cited sufficiently from Larry, and have no better excuse to offer than that we could not help it. With one announcement from the *County Gazette* we shall conclude:—

Last week was married "in the Lord,"
The Reverend Mortimer O'Mulligan,

---

* It is believed that Larry means the *Regium Donum*, or stipend allowed by the Government to the Presbyterian clergy in Ulster.

† From the speech of one reverend person, a Mr M'Ghee, Larry's editor cites the following monstrous passage:—"The deeds of darkness, which are reduced to horrid practice over the drunken debauch of the midnight assassin, are debated, in principle, in the sober morning religious conferences of the priests."

Preacher, in *Irish*, of the Word,
(He who the Lord's force lately led on,
Exeter Hall his *Armagh*-geddon,)
To Miss B. Fudge of Pisgah Place,
One of the chos'n, "an heir of grace,"
And likewise heiress of Phil. Fudge,
Esquire, defunct, of Orange Lodge.
Same evening, Miss F. Fudge, 'tis hinted,
Niece of the above, (whose "Sylvan Lyre,"
In our *Gazette*, last week we printed,)
Eloped with Pat. Magan, Esquire."

Fanny now turns her Sonnets and Odes into *allumettes* and curl-papers; and, though Biddy insisted upon her husband changing his name to

The *Rev. Mortimer O'Fudge*—
The "O" being kipt that all may see
They're *both* of ancient family—

we rejoice to say that the rich uncle unexpectedly left all the wealth for which his Reverence and his lady waited, to the "beloved grand-niece, Fanny," now Mrs Magan.

This very clever volume, of which we have only given such a foretaste as may whet appetite, has appended to it a selection of Mr Moore's brilliant fugitive pieces of wit and political satire. These are enough of themselves to make the fortune of an ordinary *light* work twice over. Some of these quizzes may be a little *wicked* or so, as the *Love Song* to a Malthusian authoress, and *Sir Andrew's Dream;* but these are trifling exceptions. As a specimen of these pleasant and sportive, or peppery and caustic effusions, we select the following, which participates of many different qualities:—

THE EUTHANASIA OF VAN.*

"We are told that the bigots are growing old, and fast wearing out. If it be so, why not let us die in peace?"—*Lord Bexley's Letter to the Freeholders of Kent.*

Stop, Intellect, in mercy stop,
Ye curst improvements cease;
And let poor Nick V—ns—tt—t drop
Into his grave in peace.

Hide, Knowledge, hide thy rising sun—
Young Freedom, veil thy head;
Let nothing good be thought or done,
Till Nick V—ns—tt—t's dead.

Take pity on a dotard's fears,
Who much doth light detest;
And let his last few drivelling years
Be dark as were the rest.

You, too, ye fleeting one-pound notes,
Speed not so fast away;
Ye rags, on which old Nicky gloats,
A few months longer stay.

Together soon, or much I err,
You *both* from life may go—
The notes unto the scavenger,
And Nick to Nick below.

Ye Liberals, whate'er your plan,
Be all reforms suspended;
In compliment to dear old Van,
Let nothing bad be mended.

Ye Papists, whom oppression wrings,
Your cry politely cease,
And fret your hearts to fiddle-strings,
That Van may die in peace.

* * * * * *

We eschew the bad taste of complimenting Mr Moore upon the brilliant wit and useful purpose of this well-timed volume, and rest our especial praise upon a less apparent, but much greater degree of merit. At the risk of a *bull*, we would say, that we feel more admiration for the principle which must have dictated one memorable omission among these fugitive pieces, than for the entire selection, excellent as it is.

* By a happy coincidence, this sketch forms a capital *pendant* to Cobbett's full-length picture of VAN, which appears at pages 585–7 of this number of the Magazine.—E. T. M.

EXPOSURE OF THE ORANGE CONSPIRACY.*

THE Reverend Mortimer O'Sullivan, in one of the tomfoolery farces at Exeter Hall, denominated a Latin book, (written by one Petrus Dens, some hundred years or two ago, and which nobody ever heard of until the other day,) "A Vesuvius—a moral volcano, which poured forth death and destruction upon the land." And his fellow-labourer in the vineyard of Orange piety, Mr M'Ghee, improved the idea into poetry, illustrating Napoleon's favourite maxim concerning the sublime and the ridiculous. Mr M'Ghee threw his arms and his legs about him, and, pointing to the horrible book lying upon the table, said, "Like the giant Enceladus, buried beneath the Sicilian mountain, who, ever and anon, stretching his tormented limbs, shook the island to its centre, that vile book," &c.——We will not further pursue the Reverend orator's *ridiculo-sublime*.

The Report of the Select Committee on Orange Lodges has, however, discovered another guess sort of volcano, which men of sense will at once judge to be rather more efficient in shaking the social frame, than the musty dusty volumes of Petrus Dens, professor of an exploded theology, in the University of Louvain, some two centuries ago.

Many good services has Mr Hume done the country, but none better than his late exposure of the Orange confederacy. An armed body of fanatics, varying in numbers from TWO TO THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND ABLE-BODIED MEN; bound together by oaths and declarations, and religious ceremonies, as imposing upon vulgar minds as they appear profane to men of understanding; led, disciplined, officered, and inflamed by men of rank, property, and influence, who ought to have known better; capable of being called together upon a very short notice, either in arms or otherwise;—seems a sufficiently formidable organization to exist in the heart of an empire. But, when we peruse the evidence, and find the downright bigotry and impassability of brain which distin-

* Report from the Select Committee on Orange Lodges—Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 20th July, 1835.

guish this faction; when we see that, professing to be a religious association, they have interfered in every department of politics and every branch of the civil administration; when we find Orange juries, and Orange judges, and Orange magistrates, and Orange assistant-barristers; when we learn that Orange funds have been devoted to influence parliamentary elections, and to defend Orangemen against prosecutions by the Crown, or in actions by private individuals; when we discover that members of the society have been ignominiously marked and expelled, whenever they have taken a candid view of any political question, or independently exercised their political franchise;—when we have learned all these things, we have even yet obtained but a faint view of this enormous mischief. It is not alone that the magisterial chair, the jury-box, the hustings, the bar, and the judgment-seat, are tainted by this pestilential poison—that the armed yeomanry and the police, who are the executive arm of these various authorities, are also infested by the same spirit—it was not sufficient that the entire social frame of Ireland should be subject to this power, and convulsed at their pleasure; but its operation has been extended to the army. The allegiance and the obedience due to the King and his delegated officers, has been paltered with and divided—and in whose favour? In favour of that Prince of the blood-royal, so particularly dear to Englishmen—Ernest Duke of Cumberland!

Yes! this personage of endeared memory has it in his power, for the purpose of maintaining anything which his fanatical array may think proper to imagine "The Protestant Ascendancy," to call together, at a few days' or hours' notice, from about sixteen hundred Orange lodges, *a banded army of two hundred and thirty thousand men!* The allegiance of these men to their King is *conditional*—only so long as he shall maintain the Protestant ascendancy: their allegiance to their Grand Master seems undivided. The "*Protestant Ascendancy*" is a somewhat vague idea; but we can gather that Catholic Emancipation, Parliamentary Reform, and Irish Church Reform, are considered infringements of this great Orange charter. And we can easily conceive a case of Regency, where the imbecility of a person wearing the crown, and the character of the advisers of the crown, and the nature of the measures of a government distasteful to these allegiance casuists, might insinuate ideas, and excite feelings, and inflame passions, and nerve that peculiar loyalty to the "*Protestant Ascendancy*," so that a Prince of the blood-royal, very near the throne, able to command two hundred thousand men in arms, and able to distract the army, by calling upon those bound in this peculiar line of loyalty, might, to say the least of it, be tempted, and be enabled to involve this empire in a fierce civil war for the preservation of its liberty.

The report of that part of the evidence which has been published by order of the House of Commons, though only a moiety of what will appear, is a very voluminous document, and would require many volumes as large as itself, to give it a proper exposition. At present, therefore, we shall chiefly confine these observations to one or two particulars. We shall point out some evidences of the spirit which actuates these conspirators, and the prejudices which have perverted their reason. We shall notice some striking proofs of the extent of the society's ramifications, and some extraordinary instances which prove the actions to which their prejudices have led, even against the authority of their leaders; demonstrating what a formidable use might be made of them, when the prudential considerations of these leaders might give way to other controlling circumstances, or unite with their own passions and the fanatical bias of their deluded subordinates.

Lieutenant-Colonel Verner, M.P., *examined.*

3. Are you a member of an Orange society? I am.

11. Is the association exclusively a Protestant association? It is.

12. Can any Catholic belong to it? Not by the rules of the society.

483. Are there any magistrates members of Orange lodges? There are.

516. If an Orangeman were to use the names and signs by which he was to be recognised, should you recognise him? I think I should.

518. Do not the generality of Orangemen know those words and signs? They do.

The Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan, *examined.*

540. Are you a member of an Orange society? I am.

694. Are the Orangemen generally armed? Many of the *Protestants* are.

695. Do you not believe that most of the Orangemen of Ireland may be converted to military purposes with facility? I think if the country required their services, and the King commanded, there is not an Orangeman I am acquainted with who would not stand to his post and encounter every danger.

698. Do not you conceive that the association may be a powerful auxiliary, and may become a powerful antagonist? Unquestionably.

703. Are you aware that the volunteer system of 1782 was regarded by England with great jealousy? I am quite aware that the Volunteer Association became an object of great jealousy.

704. That society was formed for the defence of Ireland? It was; and England gave a grant of 16,000 muskets towards arming it.

705. In the course of a short time, it became formidable, though the country had regarded it as a useful auxiliary? In the course of time it became formidable.

706. A very short time? I believe so.

720. Who is Grand Master of the Order? I believe Lord Enniskillen is the Grand Master in Ireland, the Duke of Cumberland in this country!

721. What are the powers of Grand Master? I do not know!

729. You state that in 1812 the oath of Orangemen was changed? I believe it was.

730. The condition of the oath was, that the King should support Protestantism? The condition of the oath which had been taken was to that effect.

731. By Protestantism do you mean the Established Church? I believe the condition contemplated rather what was called Protestant Ascendancy.

735. Do you conceive that the same necessity now exists for the continuance of the Orange Association which led to its institution? I do.

744. You have said that one of the results of the organization of the Protestants would be, that it would lead to your having probably one half of the members of

Parliament for Ireland in the Protestant interest; do you mean that, by defending the persons and property of the Protestants, the Protestant property would have its due influence—that that would be the mode in which that result would be obtained? Such protection would, of course, be very serviceable. I should hope also that Protestant members who lose sight of their real interests in the divisions which now unhappily prevail amongst them, would then be separated from the repealers.

745. Do you mean that the Protestant organization is, in its organized form, and by that organization, enabled to operate upon the election of members of Parliament? I think Members of Parliament themselves would be members of this organized body.

WILLIAM SWAN, Esq., *examined.*

1067. What office do you hold in the institution? At present, that of Deputy Grand Secretary.

1107. Is the lodge always opened with PRAYER? Always.

1108. Is it closed with prayer? *Always.*

1111. At what age may a man become an Orangeman? At eighteen.

1160. Can the Grand Master call the Orange body together? Not without a requisition.

1164. Will you read the rule? "The Deputy Grand Master shall be empowered, on a requisition signed by twelve members of the Grand Lodge, to convene a special meeting in Dublin, fourteen days' notice being given to each member of the Grand Lodge, and at such special meeting, the Grand Lodge and county officers may exercise all the powers," &c.

1166. Do you recollect to have heard that the Orangemen of Ireland were reviewed in the year 1796 or 1797, in a body? I have heard so, but it was before my time.

1176. But you believe that a body of upwards of 30,000 Orangemen were assembled together? Yes. I have heard so.

1177. Now, if 30,000 Orangemen were assembled together in 1797, could not 30,000 be assembled in 1836? Yes, three times 30,000.

1178. What is the number of the Orange body? That is a very difficult question to make a moderate guess at; perhaps about 200,000—from that to 220,000. I could not take upon me to say. I know that we are upon the increase a good deal.

1179. Is there power in any functionaries of the Orange body to call that enormous mass of 200,000 men together—to assemble them in one place, from all parts of the country? I think a Grand Master might order it?

1183. Do you not think that it is as justifiable upon the part of the Roman Catholics to enter into a confederacy, as it is upon the part of the Protestants?—have they not the same right? *I conceive they have not!*

1184. Do you know of any law which prevents them? I do not.

1244. Are the Orangemen of Ireland, generally speaking, in possession of arms? Yes, I believe they are; to my own knowledge, I believe they are!

1252. What do you mean by the term, the Orangemen being armed? What sort of arms do they possess? Those that the freemen possess are a gun and a bayonet!

1407. What is the notion that you attach to the term Protestant ascendancy? *Placing it, in every respect, above the other religion, that is, the Roman Catholic!*

1422. Suppose the Lords and Commons were to pass a bill dissolving the connexion between the Protestant Church, in Ireland, and the State, and the King gave his consent to such a bill, should you imagine that he failed thereby to maintain Protestant ascendancy? He would have failed to maintain Protestant ascendancy, but he would not have acted wrong.

1423. Would he have failed to maintain Protestant ascendancy, within the meaning of the words in the oath? I do not know; I cannot answer that!

1427. Is there anything in the declaration of an Orangeman that should prevent the society from engaging in the Repeal of the Union? There is no declaration *now* made by Orangemen!

1428. So that it is not impossible that this great confederacy, consisting of 200,000, most of whom have arms, should, one day or other, conceive it expedient to demand the Repeal of the Union? I do not think they would do it.

1429. It is not impossible? Nothing is impossible.

1430. There is nothing in the constitution of the society to prevent it? No, certainly not.

1431. Then, you have in Ireland a great armed confederacy, independent of the Government, and which may either support the Government or oppose it at pleasure? I do not think they would ever go against the Government; I trust they never would.

1432. But such a state of things might arise in Ireland as to induce the Orangemen to act the part of the Irish Volunteers? Such a thing might occur, but I do not think it likely.

1487. Are you aware that the Orangemen in Ireland declared themselves to be opponents of Catholic Emancipation? *Yes! we do not deny that!*

1489. Then, this great confederacy in Ireland takes upon it to express, in its corporate capacity, opinions upon great public measures—does it not? Yes; I suppose so.

1501. Are you aware of the Orange Society having, in any way, interfered in the administration of justice in Ireland? No; certainly not.

1502. Are you not aware that they have frequently subscribed sums to provide counsel, and to pay the expenses of persons prosecuted? *I am.*

1503 and 1504. That is the common practice of the Grand Lodge? Yes; they have, on representation, done so!*

1533. It appears that the Orange Lodge are in the frequent practice of furnishing funds to defend Orangemen who are subject to public prosecution? Yes, whom Government *have thought fit to prosecute.*

1535. The Orange body is avowedly a political body, for the purpose of maintaining certain political principles? Certainly.

1536. And, therefore, avowedly interferes in the election of members for Parliament? Yes.

1537. The Grand Orange Lodge have frequently passed resolutions with regard to particular transactions? Yes; they have.

1538. To giving support to one candidate and opposing another? I do not say exactly opposing, but merely giving their support. I never knew them give their opposition to any particular individual.

1541. Is the entry, in your handwriting, date 24th December 1834, "That a document be prepared, to be forwarded to the Orange electors of the city of Armagh, calling on them most strongly to support a Protestant candidate, and give their most determined opposition to the return to Parliament of Mr Dobbin, or any other candidate professing his Radical principles?" That is the only instance I recollect, of their having passed a resolution with regard to an individual.

1542. On the 7th January 1835 there is this entry, "Resolved, that we pledge ourselves, by every means in our power, to support, at the forthcoming election for the city of Dublin, the constitutional candidates, George A. Hamilton and John B. West, who have so fearlessly come forward to rescue this city from the hands of the enemy of his country." Is that entry correct? It is!

1554. Who was meant by that expression—"the enemy of his country?" Mr O'Connell.

1545. Is it also the practice of the Orange Society to interfere in the registration of voters? Yes; they have done that latterly, as individuals, by requesting those parties to go forward to the registration who think favourably of them.

1561. Are you aware that the judges in Ireland have very strongly expressed themselves in regard to the partiality of juries in Ireland? Yes; I believe they have.

1588. Have you read this resolution:—"That, as regiments are considered as districts, the masters of all regi-

* Here follow extracts from the Society's books, shewing sums of money expended in a great variety of cases, to defend Orangemen, as shewn by Mr Hume in moving the resolutions in Parliament.

mental lodges do make yearly returns of the numbers, names, and rank of the members of their lodges to the secretary of the Grand Lodge; but that they shall not make an Orangeman, except the officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates of their regiments?" I admit that is the regulation of 1814, but there is no such rule on our books at present.

1589. It is obsolete? It is.

STEWART BLACKER, ESQ. *examined.*

1938. Will you read the following entry? "That the Grand Committee be directed to remove from the list of officers of the Grand Lodge the name of any person or persons supporting the Reform Bill, as proposed by his Majesty's government."

1940. Will you have the goodness to read the resolutions pointed out to you from this book? "That the secretary do write to the Dublin district, to say that it is the recommendation of the Grand Lodge, that the lodges in said district do remove from any official situations which they may occupy, such persons, being freemen of the city of Dublin, or freeholders, who voted for the reform candidates at the late election, or who refrained from voting against them." "That the Orangemen of Ireland came forward in support of the Government last year, when Mr O'Connell agitated the question of a Repeal of the Union, in the confident expectation that they would receive that support from the Government which his Majesty's loyal subjects have a right to expect from his Majesty's Ministers; but that, if the government think proper to sacrifice the interests and endanger the existence of his Majesty's Protestant subjects in Ireland, by the provisions of the Reform Bill, *they must look to others* to support them, should the question be again brought forward, of the Repeal of the legislative Union between the two countries."

1941. What is the date of that? Monday, 13th June 1831.

1948. Have the goodness to read the entry now shewn you, under the date 15th February 1833. "William Scott, sixteenth company, Royal Sappers and Miners:—that the committee would *most willingly forward all documents connected with the Orange system to any confidential person in Ballymena, as prudence would not permit that printed documents should be forwarded direct to our* MILITARY *brethren.* (Signed) W. S."*

1950. Have the goodness to refer to page 155 of the book intituled "Proceedings of the Committee," bearing date 7th May 1834. You find this entry—"879 to Samuel Scott of the 89th regiment?" I do.

1951. "570 to the Rev. Somers Payne, for the county of Cork; 883 to James Gresson of the 70th regiment:" these entries appear in the books of the society? Yes, as correctly entered.

1952. What do you mean by the numbers? The No. that was on the warrant issued to those persons for establishing a lodge.

1976. The large body of Protestants in the north of Ireland are Orangemen, are they not? They are.

1978. It may happen that twelve Orangemen may be sworn upon a jury? It may so happen; it is possible.

1982. Orangemen know each other by a sign? They do.

1995. Are there any High Sheriffs in Ireland, Orangemen? *A great many!*

1996. The persons that empannel juries are Orangemen? *Yes!*

1997. And the Deputy Sheriffs are Orangemen? Not to my certain knowledge; but some may be.

2001. You know that several magistrate in Ulster are Orangemen? *A great many!*

2002. Men who try cases at quarter sessions? Yes, who assist in doing so.

2009. No Orangeman is admitted until he is 18 years of age; is not that the general regulation? Yes.

2010. Those Orangemen constitute the able-bodied adult male population, generally speaking? Yes.

2018. You are aware that the magistrates choose the police? They recommend them, I believe, in some cases.

2019. The opinion of the Orangemen is, that a brother Orangeman is more trustworthy than a man who is not an Orangeman, and a loyal subject? It depends upon the nature of the trust.

2020 & 2021. For instance, making policemen of them, if an Orangeman had the selection, he would, of course, recommend to a post of that description a brother Orangeman? In two perfectly equal cases, he certainly would, I think.

2054. A warrant is granted to a military person for the purpose of holding a lodge? It is.

2055. A lodge in that regiment of which that individual is a member? Yes!

2062. How many military lodges have you got in this society? I have not exactly counted the number, but I think, about fifteen.

2078. Do you apprise the colonel of the regiment when you send a marching warrant to an individual belonging to that regiment? *No;* unless it is necessary to have some particular communication of that kind, it is never done.

2079. So that an Orange Lodge may be formed in a regiment without the cognizance of the military authorities? That may be best known to the commanding officers of the regiments themselves.

2080. You do not print the name of the individual to whom the warrant is addressed; you do not mention the name to which that warrant refers; you do not make any communication to the military authorities; cannot an Orange Lodge, then, exist without the cognizance of those military authorities? Certainly they may.

The foregoing extracts from this momentous volume are pretty tolerable specimens of the extent, spirit, and strength of this enormous confederation. *Orange* high-sheriffs and *Orange* sub-sheriffs; *Orange* magistrates and *Orange* police; *Orange* judges and *Orange* juries, known to each other by secret *Orange* signs; *Orange* counsel and solicitors, defending *Orange* culprits against Government prosecutions, with *Orange* money:—so much for *Orange* justice!

Then we have Orange money and exertions devoted to tinge the election registries; to support Orange candidates for Parliament, and to oppose Radical ones, such as Mr Dobbin of Armagh, or Mr O'Connell, "*the enemy of his country;*" to pack the House of Commons, so far as they are able; and, failing in this, to bluster and bully his Majesty's Government with threats of defection to "the enemy," on the question of Repeal:—so much for Orange politics and Orange loyalty.

As to Orange religion, the ritual of the Orange introduction furnishes as curious a specimen of fanatic jargon as one would wish to read on a summer's day. The trash is too voluminous to print here, but we recommend the curious in absurdities to get a sight of it. If it did not appear so ineffably ridiculous, we should be inclined to consider it irreverend, if not awfully profane. This sort of superstitious mummery, however, must, we doubt not, have a very powerful effect upon the imaginations of the young and the vulgar, and render them as thorough a body of fanatical tools as ever political leader or priestly plotter could wish to wield. What sort of views are inculcated upon these disciples, and what is the extent of pre-disposition to admit extravagant

* The parties accordingly requested that the printed papers might be sent through one Mr Andrew Crosbie, a saddler, and "a faithful brother, who could be depended on."

impressions, may be perhaps imagined by referring to the evidence of Mr Ward, the solicitor to the society, and a person of some standing. This gentleman asserts his belief, and with earnest sincerity asserts, that, in matters concerning the Church, he would not believe the *oaths* of Catholics, nor employ the most eminent Catholic barrister!—that he conceives twelve Orangemen on a jury would give a fair verdict, but that twelve Catholics would not; that the Catholics are organized to extirpate the Protestant religion; that he attaches value to Lord Plunkett's opinion, when his Lordship denounces Ribandmen, but none to it when he denounces Orangemen—because he considers Lord Plunkett "has a leaning;" that he considers he himself has no "leaning;" and that, when Mr Sheil, in one of his speeches, says, "Ireland has been delivered over to an infernal faction," he can put no other construction on the passage than that Mr Sheil calls the Protestants the children of hell.

If such is the enlightened solicitor to the society, what must the body be?

This gentleman, it appears, being employed by the society, to defend some Orangemen prosecuted by the Government, got (*see evidence of William Swan, Esq. No.* 1517,) "the sum of forty-five guineas, as a *small* remuneration to our Brother Ward, for his professional services for five days, not including Sunday."

And Brother Ward very fairly accounts for the great "smallness" of the remuneration. (*See his evidence, No.* 2250.) "I do not treat the Orange Society as I would *other people;* for I always consider that they ought not to be made pay too much!!"—so he only took forty-five guineas. Now, Brother Ward seems to be a very sincere, and a very honest, one-eyed sort of an attorney but, as we chance to be "other people," we say, Defend us from falling into the hands of Solicitor Ward!

It is impossible to bring forward, in this paper, any part of the abundant evidence as to the fatal influence exerted upon the passions and the peace of Ireland, and, more remotely, upon the whole empire, by this frightful confederacy. The testimony of the Earls of Gosford and Caledon, Sir F. Stoven, and others of the police, and of William Sharman Crawford, Esq. M.P., abound with facts, which, exclusive of any opinions, put the question of the pregnant mischief beyond all doubt. Part of Mr Crawford's evidence, however, shall be briefly cited, as it connects the organization of the extremities of this gigantic body, in a clear and palpable manner, with its "Illustrious" head; and which, taken in connexion with the facts proved as to the insinuation of the system into the army, in a manner so peculiarly secret as to surpass belief, may help to give a vivid idea of the danger which the empire seems about to be delivered from.

Extract from Mr CRAWFORD's *evidence.*

5994. When the Orange district masters assembled in a public-house at Crossgar, they shewed you a warrant signed, as you recollect, by the Duke of Cumberland, as Grand Master, and by Lord Enniskillen, as Deputy Grand Master? I cannot say the particular offices they held; but I presume it was so.

5995. Did you state to them that you were a magistrate clothed with the authority of the executive, and call upon them, shewing the proclamation, to disperse? I did so.

5996. Did you do all in your power to impress upon them, that it was their duty, as loyal subjects, to yield to your authority as a magistrate? Yes; I used every persuasive means I could.

5997. Did you succeed? No.

5998. Did they say they had authority *superior* to yours? Yes, that was what they said!

5999. Did they say so, handing you a warrant signed by the Duke of Cumberland? Yes, I think there were several warrants shewn to me.

6001. Upon what notion, do you conceive they founded that opinion of theirs, that their authority was superior to yours? Because the Duke of Cumberland was *the king's brother!*

6007. So that you were acting, as you conceived, in the capacity of a magistrate, according to the common law, and in obedience to the instructions of the viceroy, the Duke of Northumberland; and having stated distinctly the authority with which you were armed, they, knowing you were a Magistrate at the time, refused to obey your orders, stating that they had a superior authority to you, and that that authority was a warrant or warrants signed by the Duke of Cumberland and others? Yes!

4346. And you were informed that the warrant which they had, gave them a greater authority than yours? Yes. I recollect their stating their warrants to be signed by the *Duke of Cumberland*, whereas mine was only signed by the *Duke of Northumberland.*

4347. The Duke of Cumberland being the brother of the king, though the Duke of Northumberland was viceroy and representing his Majesty? Yes!

4348. The individual being of a higher rank? Yes!

4350. They were assembled in thousands? Yes!

4351. The leaders with swords? Yes!

The simplicity of this astounding fact supersedes all comment; and the spirit of insubordination infused into the citizen, is rivalled in its proved effects upon the soldier, as may be seen by reference to Lord Gosford's evidence, (No. 3334,) where it appears that a Lieutenant of Armagh yeomanry having signed a petition in favour of Emancipation, he so disgusted the men under his command, that they threw down their arms upon the field; and, in consequence of their stubborn and repeated insubordination, Government, after trying every milder means, was obliged *to disband the whole corps!*

Yet this is the spirit and the system introduced into the British Army, under the authority of a Prince of Royal Blood! That personage may be almost said to be now under trial before the Reformed Commons of the empire. And the minister of the Crown, in that assembly, has given utterance to the noble sentiment, that there shall not be one law for the poor Dorchester labourers and another for the brother of the King! What the Illustrious Grand Master may be able to urge in his own defence, or in extenuation, we cannot discover. The sum of what has been feebly put forward in his behalf amounts to this:—Colonel Perceval signed *blank* warrants, upon the faith of somebody, and transmitted them to the Duke; who signed them upon the faith of Colonel Perceval, who transmitted them to somebody else; who signed them counter

upon the faith of the foregoing, but knew nothing whatsoever about the matter—nor did the Colonel nor the Duke know a whit more. But, somehow, the warrants are found constituting lodges of Orangemen in regiments of the British line; *unknown to any of the officers of those regiments*, unknown, it seems, though oddly enough, even to the Colonel and the Duke; and so carefully are they managed and manufactured that they do not commit the very parties in those regiments to whom they were directed and sent—"faithful brothers," like Andrew Crosbie, being found; for, by the evidence (No. 1948) quoted above, it appears, "*Prudence does not permit that printed documents be forwarded direct to our military brethren.*"

This report is the death-blow to the Tory oligarchy, in their stronghold, Ireland. Any person who witnessed the debate on Mr Hume's motion must have been convinced of that fact. In truth, the frightful extent of the confederacy, and the natural results, though unhappily too well known to persons resident in Ireland, have burst upon the English mind, like a thunderbolt. Mr Hume was armed with such crushing facts, that not the boldest or the most obtuse of the Tory party could make any show of defence. *Down with the system!* was the universal feeling, and almost the universal cry. And, until the system be annihilated, which it must forthwith be; and until the spirit engendered by the system be utterly worn out, which cannot result too soon, there can be no peace for that noble country in the heart of which this foul canker has existed so long.

Since the above was written, Mr Hume has been able to obtain the appointment of another committee, to investigate farther into the character of this unconstitutional league. In this he has obtained the support of Ministers; or, as probably, his energy has wrung forth their acquiescence. The country is fully awake to the peril of *secret* associations of armed men, connected by oaths, existing in its bosom, and in the army. Mr Hume will not suffer inquiry to be baulked; and, supported by the Government and the House of Commons, he will not lose sight of this affair, until justice is done upon the guilty; commencing in the highest places, and searching into the most obscure.

POPISH ASCENDANCY.

"HECH! Robbie M'Havers, it's waefu' to see,"
Quo' John, the prime man o' the Laird's committee,
As he popped in at Rob's i' the way o' his callin',
An' planted him right i' the neuk o' the hallan:—
"It's waefu' to see, an' it's fearfu' to think on't—
But, Robbie, man, tip us a drap o' the drink on't—
It's waefu to see hoo the Papishes' clan
Are abreed, wi' the muckle black De'il i' their van.
Oh, plague on John Knox, an' his claverin' squad!
'Twad mak' ony wise body believe they were mad,
When they herried their nests for the sake o' salvation,
That they hanged nae the rooks for the gude o' the nation.
Oh, weel wad it be for the peace o' the warl',
Gin the hale Papish crew filled a bleezin' tar barrel!
For they'll gie us a smack o' the French revolution,
An' the breath o' their nostrils is rank persecution.
They've vowed—gin we let them—to murder us a',
An' to tighten our craigs by the Catholic law;
An' the Paip's feet, on Protestant gizzards to set them!"—
"Lord help us!" quoth Robin; "but why need we let them?"
"Hech, Robbie M'Havers, it's weel eneuch kent—
An' the Laird says it's sure, as 'twere puttin in prent—
That the Government folks are black Papistry's spies,
An' that Daniel O'Connell 's the De'il in disguise.
It's no that langsyne, sin ane Doctor M Gee
At a key-hole keeked in wi' the tail o' his e'e;
An' he swore sic a sight he never did see,
An' it's frightened him sae, that he's likely to dee.
There was daffin' an' laffin', and screamin' an' squeelin';
The Paip an' the Whigs were a' dancin' an' reelin'
Round a big bleezin' fire, where, right in the middle,
Auld Beelzebub scraped on a muckle black fiddle.
An' they leuch an' they drank, an' they rantit an' sang,
Till the fiddler, in glory, got up wi' a bang,
An' wi' a laigh soun', 'tween a croon and a whussel,
He jouked in a corner wi' Lord Johnnie Russell;
An' the twasome agreed, that the Papists and Whigs
Should stick a'thegither, as couthy as prigs,
Till they roastit the Protestants, murdered the King,
An' danced to the fiddle Bartholomew's fling."
Quo' Jenny M'Havers, "I ken them fu' weel—
The Lord keep us a' frae the PAPISTS and DE'IL!"

P.

THE TRICOLOR CROSS.

Parodied from Beranger's "Cross of the Legion of Honour."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

THOU took'st thy deep blue from the eyes of the soul,
And thy white from the foam of the far-rolling sea;
But, Cross of the Billows! famed far as they roll—
Why stain thy bright red with the blood of the free?
Columbia beheld thee flaunt over her slain,
When she call'd up the ghosts of Pym, Hampden, and Vane;
And steep'd were thy folds in the blood of her brave,
When France broke her chain, to dig tyrants a grave.

Famed Red Cross of England, famed ever to be!
Bright Cross of the Tricolor! when wilt thou wave,
A meteor in darkness, from sea unto sea—
The symbol of justice, the hope of the slave?
Where, where wast thou waving when Poland arose,
Crying "God for Sarmatia!" to Liberty's foes?
Oh, not o'er the ranks of the sworn to be free,
Stained Cross of the Ocean, stained ever to be!

Stain'd ever? No, Ocean! thy Tricolor Cross
Shall yet shame the Tricolor dreadfully fair;
Through the ranks of th' oppressor its brightness shall toss
Defiance and havoc, defeat and despair;
O'er the treason of priests, the rebellion of kings,
Our halcyon shall rise, with thy blue on his wings,
And sport with the billows wherever they roll,
Bright, bright as heav'n's depth in the eyes of the soul.

ON ADVERTISEMENTS;

AND

ADVERTISING, CONSIDERED AS ONE OF THE FINE ARTS; IN WHICH THE THEORY AND PRACTICE ARE COMBINED.

Some means or other must absolutely be found, from time to time, whereby the Public shall be indirectly *compelled* to purchase those articles which the purveyors have to sell. It is downright ridiculous to say that they must wait patiently their appointed hour; for how can they bear the delay, when their stock in trade is either spoiling, or getting out of date—in fact, *dying*? Those things which are made "to sell"—and how few things are not?—are, of course, not made "to keep;" at all events, the act of keeping them too long is generally ruinous. But, to reduce the question to a matter of absolute practical justice, is it not clear that the Public ought to purchase all those articles which are conducive to the welfare, as well as the adornment of society, so that the march of Intellect may combine splendour with utility, and health and happiness with both, as the natural consequence of its discerning patronage? If, therefore, the "enlightened Public" be not, of its own proper wisdom, *sufficiently* enlightened, so as to make a judgmatic choice, it becomes the imperative duty of every man in business—a duty he owes to himself, his family, and his country—to direct the Public attention, in the most pointed, eloquent, and winning manner, and through *the most advantageous channels*, to the habitual purchase and use of those multifarious articles which have a direct tendency—delightful in practice as in anticipation—gradually to bring about the Millennium! Hence, the humane and patriotic efforts of Advertisers; who are rapidly becoming such proficients in their mode of operation, as to enable us to classify their principles, and clearly demonstrate that Advertising is now one of the Fine Arts; and, moreover, the one which is most extensive in its use, influence, and personal profit. Talk of genius and talent, and Bentham, Brougham, and the Schoolmaster!—they fade away in the comparison; for the Public is a large "child of nature," and its understanding may be addressed in vain, while its cravings of fancy for the exuberant gratification of its corporeal senses are insatiate, incorrigible, eternal; and its munificence follows as a certain consequence. Act boldly upon this, and even the weapon of Sampson shall seldom fall short of its tens of thousands; the miraculous Tale of Sinbad shall sink into a proverb of the common fact.

Since Art is founded, in its primitive elements, upon Science, as Science upon the laws of Nature, it will best become the dignity of our subject to shew how Advertising springs, by an off-shoot, from mathematics and finance. To a man who has calculated (within a few thousands) how many bricks there are in the houses of all London; how many potatoes are grown, consumed, or exported, in and *from* starving Ireland; how much toddy and toasted cheese are discussed by the literati of Edinburgh; how many truths distinguish an aristocratical Whig from a Tory, and a Reformer from both; and how many fibs follow in the sacred train of Nolo Episcopari; it was a trifling matter to ascertain that a paltry three thousand pounds expended in *judicious* Advertisements, (we will explain the word judicious by and by,) is certain to give a balance of cash in favour of the scientific speculator, of not less than one thousand pounds. Thus, if his profits be only fifty per cent., he gains five hundred pounds as clear as a whistle! Some will, of course, get double that amount or more, some less; but experience proves, that, with a bold and judicious method of advertising, the profits, after the expenditure of a mere three thousand pounds, rise from five hundred pounds in proportion as the per centage upon the articles in question rises above the said fifty.

But the Art of Advertising depends also, in its fundamental principles, upon a much deeper science than mathematics or finance. We will give a sketch of the metaphysics from which it derives all its subtle power and practical influence. Every man is influenced in all things by imagination; the degrees differing, of course, with the idiosyncracy of the individual. Let us confine ourselves, however, to worldly business, which seems the most matter-of-fact thing possible, and the least imaginative. This is the mere superficial and ostensible view; in all flourishing businesses, imagination is the spiritual first cause, and calculation the subservient agent. Let men of business deny this—let them, by all means, and welcome; for why should not an individual be permitted to deny, or at least doubt, what he does not comprehend? But their scepticism will only render them the more open to the laws of nature, and more liable, therefore, to become a rich booty and a lawful prey to all true believers. Let them deny and denounce the prime faculty; you will see them unconsciously influenced by it the next moment; and probably to their loss and your profit, in consequence of their want of faith, gratitude, and consistency. The chief thing in every business—and more especially so in the retail trade—is the Art of practising gracefully upon the corporal senses through the imagination of the Public, by the exercise of your own imagination, combined with factual experience. Without this, capital and industry are utterly thrown away.

You are to know, in the second place, O ye race of advertising Artists, that the great Public

is composed of a minority of sensible men, and a certain number—the proportion shall be nameless—of fools. But you must not call them so, of course. *We* may be permitted to take such a liberty, by virtue of our capacity as public censors, for correction forms a part of our duty; but you, the liege Advertisers, are to say, "Enlightened Public"—or "A discerning Public"—"Generous Public"—"Munificent Patron," &c. You must not *say*, "My Public;" for this is the instinctive impression upon which you are to act; and it must, therefore, be kept like a masked battery, from behind which you send forth your *decoy ducks*, to float upon the popular sea, and bob about with shining plumage, as though they were only to be caught and roasted; whereas, you know, it is *you* who *roast* the catchers, and bite the biters, with glee proportioned to the size of the mouthful! But, with respect to the sensible or foolish portions of the community, it occurs to us that we may save a great deal of argument by making a personal confession, to the which we beg to call your most shrewd attention.

Notwithstanding all our theories, which, you may perceive, do serenely perforate into the root of the subject, and the clear insight we naturally derive therefrom, as to what Advertisements *are*, and what they are *not;* (you understand us?) and, notwithstanding our having but little cash to spare, even if we really needed the articles in question; yet, faith or no faith, we are continually excited, in spite of all our knowledge, by the exquisite *gusto*, and imposing provocative to desire, wherewith so many of your annunciations are served up in public prints, or private bills, most insiduously seductive. It frequently needs the utmost efforts of self-denial to resist the temptation. The absolute necessities of nature are not many; but the requisitions induced by our position in society are liable to be very numerous. The main difficulty, however, lies in this—that the imagination is boundless; and hence the illimitable field that is open to Advertisers. For instance: we wake in the morning with a cold nose, and see the hot water for our shaving *operation*, "wasting its steamings on the desert air." At length, we suddenly bound forth, and commence. But what tongue can tell the agonies of a blunt, or only *rather dull* razor, on a frosty morning! We turn imploring looks around; and, in the tribulation and comfort-seeking flight of the spirit, we yearn for Mechi's Magic Strop, which was expressly invented to turn the woe of shaving into a glib and gleeful luxury! We do not know whether any body has yet invented the means of our getting a good blazing fire in a trice; of course without any previous trouble in the structure; but such a thing we greatly need, and sigh for incessantly. Then might we rise at any hour in the night, and in any weather, and read, write, or sit and meditate and toast our feet, "till morning spread its undesired gold." Whereas, under this sad desideratum, if we cannot sleep, and dare not rise at peril of the rheumatism, and "all those thousand ills that *cold* is sire to," what can we do but sit up in bed with a long Turkish pipe, enveloped in one of Leechman's incomparable winter shawls, and compose, between each circuitous cloud, a monody on the last Administration? But, once up and dressed, and hating "a walk before breakfast," in what fancies and desires do we oft indulge over our mere coffee, eggs, and muffins; speculating upon Dr Bailie's antibilious bacon; Burgess's exquisite anchovies; Epping, Oxford, or Norwich sausages; Mr Somebody's celebrated breakfast powder; (what the deuce can it be?) all the extraordinary things we have heard of as customary in the Scottish Highlands, and enjoyed in Spain and other countries; for the honour of this, the only meal we care about; of Melrose's wonderful dried fruits and aromatic curiosities; of Mr What's-his-name's (Henekey, is it?) fine pale brandy, or Dr Stomachpump's patent appetite-restorer?

Candidly confessing, then, with all our knowledge of the secret springs and arcana of the Science and Art which you, Messieurs the Advertisers, so successfully practise, that we are almost as liable to your influence as though we were ignorant of the whole system, it is left for you to judge how extensive must be the effect of a judicious operation upon the feelings and fancies of the Public at large. Our explanation of the term "judicious," whereon so much depends, may be thus briefly given:—It is of no use to tell a lie that nobody will believe; but it is almost impossible to invent a lie which many will not believe. You have only, therefore, to invent such a one as the greatest number will believe—testing it by whether you would believe such a thing yourself—and leave the rest to the natural credulity of mankind. If the truth will answer your purpose as well, tell it; if you can mix up truth with the invention, do so; but always remember to suggest largely to the imagination, and insist upon your power of realizing its desires. Every advertisement should be a model of Art in its way. Bear it in mind, however, that false delicacy is no more appreciated by the public than real delicacy; and that of two different advertisements for the sale of similar articles, that one is *sure* to be chosen, which, in the cleverest manner, positively promises the most. The next thing to be considered is the medium, or channels, through which you announce, as by a speaking-trumpet, your wonders to the world. A large circulation of the newspaper or magazine wherein you insert your documents and annunciations, is, no doubt, an important circumstance; but by no means of as much consequence as *the class* of readers to whom it is addressed, and among whom it more especially circulates. For instance—what would be the use of advertising Wordsworth's Poems, or Brown's Philosophy, in *The Times* Newspaper, or *The Weekly Dispatch?* The mass of commercial men would be more deaf to the call than the poor. The *Edinburgh, Quarterly, and Westminster Reviews, Tait, Blackwood, Fraser,*

or *The Monthly Repository*, would be the proper places; because their class contains the greatest number of the "fit audience," who are book-*buyers* as well as readers. Who, in his senses, would advertise a "Treatise on the Gout," in the sprightly *Metropolitan?* but insert it in the old *Gentleman's Magazine*, and what a harvest! The last is also the best for announcements of old Port, rare pickles, opera glasses, mineral teeth, curious snuffs, and fishing tackle. The Great Weathercock is the best for all "fast and loose" commercial speculations; the "Art of Tying the Cravat," is only fit for *The Morning Post*. It is fighting at a huge disadvantage to advertise mere luxuries and trifles in *The Westminster Review;* and it is of no manner of use to advertise anything else in the *Lady's Royal*, &c. Take these few instances as a principle, and the expenditure of one thousand pounds will be found as effective as three, in the old promiscuous way; for it is very certain that there are several periodicals, which shall be nameless, continually thronged with Advertisements (many fools making more) which produce the inserters no adequate return, and are only sent from habit; because, perhaps, their fathers sent them to the same quarter when a flourishing sale really *did* make them effective. But times are altered; and newspapers and magazines must grow old and infirm, as well as the best of us, whatever they may boast to the contrary. Advertisers, in general, never *read* the periodicals in which they insert; (they could not very easily find time;) and this in part accounts for their blunders. It is advisable, however, since some of the large Blacking Establishments "keep a poet," that they should make it a part of his business to gain all the necessary information upon this point; and that others should also consult competent *literati* for a similar purpose, giving one of Tory *principles* a decided preference. It is of no use to ask the next person you may meet; you must have the opinion of an unprejudiced man of science—a Master of Arts. He might tell you that TAIT'S MAGAZINE was not at all good for *this* purpose, or for *that;* and he might be very right; but, if he told you it was the *best* for all general purposes, you might then be certain he was talking like a very sensible man. Sow there, and you will reap abundantly; provided always—that you are not a vender of Quack Medicines! Unto all such nostrums, *Tait* mortally objecteth; herein being of the counsel of old Richard Crashaw, who indignantly saith:—

> "Go! take physic; doat upon
> Some big-nam'd composition,
> The oraculous Doctor's mystic bills,
> Certain hard words made into pills!
> And what at length shalt get by these?
> Only a costlier disease.
> Go, poor man, think what shall be
> Remedy 'gainst thy remedy!
> That which makes us have no need
> Of physic—*that* is physic indeed?"

We have now presented you,—Messieurs the practitioners of an Art, rich and universal as Dr Kitchiner's Sauce, and lustrous as Butler's New Light in the World,—with brief yet well digested hints of the correct theory of its foundation. We have done this for you, as a free gift, and chiefly from the deep regret we have often experienced in perceiving the frequent misdirection of your courageous munificence. But, henceforth, ye are armed with ten-fold power, having fundamental knowledge; for the increase of capital is in proportion to such an application as results from knowledge. Now, you rogues, you all start fair. Away! and sack the world!—or, to borrow a Tory cry, "Up boys, and at 'em!" However—be warned, *all* men, "by these presents."

In the early stages of Art, when the natural imagination of men propelled itself into corresponding moulds, without knowing anything of the principles whereby their efforts were unconsciously directed, it is surprising to see how many admirable works were produced. Though they were often very imperfect in their details, we cannot consider them as emanating from anything short of inspiration. This was very much the case with the Art of Advertising when in its infancy; and it is at present only in a juvenile state. Nevertheless, it is truly comic and not uninstructive to observe the tact, ingenuity, and fancy displayed by sundry practitioners; who, however, (evidently having no theory,) are apt to defeat their object at times, owing to the licentious eloquence induced by finding themselves in possession of a power the elementary principles of which they do not understand. The practitioner from whose "works" we are about to quote, has greatly improved during the last ten years; we shall illustrate the foregoing remarks, however, by a short extract from one of his effusions in 1825.

"J. M. animated with feelings of heartfelt gratitude, for the pre-eminent Patronage a generous Public has afforded him, begs to reiterate to the Fashionable World his former Pledges, of having *his luxurious fancy* ever and anon ardently employed in sources of new discovery for the embellishment of his *votaries*. Hebe herself beautifies not a more youthful, or Venus a more heavenly, love-like appearance, than do the British Fair, when decorated by the magical taste of MACALPINE!—The Horatii and and Curiatii of old, were the most comely youth of their age, but MACALPINE'S skill imparts to Briton's sons, that noble distinction, that certain "je ne sais quoi," which Greek or Roman never possessed. MACALPINE feels diffident in thus——

Ahem!—the deuce take this troublesome cough: if we had a few of Robberd's Cough Drops by us, we should not be distressed and interrupted in such a manner at the most interesting part of the discourse.

"MACALPINE feels diffident in thus eulogizing himself; but, as there are arrogant and *empirical pretenders* in his immediate neighbourhood, it is an imperative *duty* to caution.—It is distressing to witness the havoc these voracious and *superficial quacks* make on a head of hair; for, with heads as empty as their wooden blocks, they cut and cut, and, God knows, that is all. MACALPINE, on an average, operates personally, with his assistants, on about 1,200 heads of hair weekly; and he pledges his *professional reputation*, which is as *valuable as life*, that others are paid for disfiguring that beautiful ornament, which a skilful hand can alone preserve in beautiful and luxuriant

tresses. Being the only Hair Cutter who ever obtained a Prize, and that of £200, he now challenges all Europe to a trial of skill, for 10,000 Guineas!! Come, all you Hair Cutters from the four quarters of the Globe, with Comb and Scissors, and he will hurl them to the Tomb of the Capulets!"

It is to be presumed, that, by the term "them," he did not mean their comb and scissors only. We cannot find room for his polished array "of Foreign and English Professors of the first abilities;" nor for his eloquent animadversions on his "much-admired, patent, improved Metallic Perukes, so much worn by the *military* of France!"—nor for more than a hint of the notices the Advertiser gives to his friends and the Public, "that he has slaughtered that immense large *black bear*, so much complained of by the late Lord Mayor and Ward Officers: the grease to be had of him only, in Pots, &c."

We never knew before that any of our Lord Mayors sold bear's grease in pots! It is not, however, unlikely. But, as the sentence stands, it would appear that the said Civic Authority only dispensed them, as an *agent* in the business.

We remember two somewhat old, yet very excellent specimens of the Art we are discussing. The first is liable to some objection; since rather a large class, who are admirers of the flowery vapidity of the writer alluded to, might take offence at the parallel:—

Two Harveys had a mutual wish
To shine in different stations;
The one invented sauce for fish,
The other—Meditations!

Each had his pungent power applied
To save the dead and dying:
This relishes a sole that's fried—
That saves a soul from frying!

These lines form an admirable criticism on Harvey's artificial and ornate style. There are, however, still greater objections to be urged against this specimen, on the score of levity, independent of the admirers of the "Meditations," who might *otherwise* have purchased his namesake's sauce as well as the prototype. The next we consider perfect. It was issued soon after the deaths of a certain great tailor and another personage. They were equally great on their respective *boards*.

How darkly fate upon the Fine Arts frowns!
What have we lost in two short moons!
Grimaldi—he who cut out all our Clowns;
And Stultz, who cut out all our Pantaloons!

Now, this, you will perceive, is capital in all the material points. Under the shew of elegiac bewailment, mark what an advertisment it was for the successor of Mr Stultz! It would only cost one-half as much to insert as the preceding verses; besides, its brevity and wit occasioned it to "go the round" of the newspapers, *gratis*, in the first instance. Whenever you can manage to get anything of this unquestionable piquancy, send it off directly to *The Times*, or the *Chronicle*, or whatever paper may be the "leading journal" of the period; not with a cringing request, nor by any means with an insidious, flattering, foolish attempt to trick them into it; but accompanied by a note to the Editor, couched after this manner:—

Sir,—If you don't think the sheer wit worth the price of a mere advertisement, you *may* be a gentleman certainly—but you've *no* soul!

You may thus startle him a little out of his routine, and it is ten to one but you shortly find the said gem sparkling over "the leader," or in some excellent company among the paragraphs. Be sure, however, that you do not deceive yourself as to the abstract value of the wit; for, if it be witty only to *your* interest, the Editor will toss the communication into his condemned basket, muttering "impudent scoundrel!" or some other expression, strongly indicative of the fact.

Of this circumscribed character, though excellent in its way, is the following, which is well worth the charge of insertion, and *then* becomes an ornament to the columns of any paper wherein it may appear.

A careless footman once let fall
A bottle of Macassar oil,
The night before a Fancy Ball,
And left the richly odorous spoil.

Beneath the lucid stars it lay,
On the *stone step*, with floating glare,
Working its miracle—instinct
With elemental roots of hair!

Next morn, the courtly Dame turn'd pale!
(Tho' Rowland offer'd pounds to shew it?)
And for the gardener sent, per mail,
Who brought his frightful scythe to mow it!

A little extravagance now and then, as an exception to the rule, may be judgmatically used, by way of producing a fresh *stir;* and this is qualified by the "poetic license," which does not, of course, pretend to be literal, and also by the grave matter-of-fact announcement in prose that ought very speedily to follow in its *wake*. Take one more example:—

It happen'd one day, as I stroll'd thro' the Strand,
At Warren's famed warehouse, I came to a stand,
Where *batteries* of Blacking were piled on the ground,
Sufficient to polish this planet all round!!

I've travell'd by day, and I've travell'd by night,
But I never beheld such a glorious sight;
'Twere injustice, this wonder mere blacking to call,
For it shone thro' the bottle—cork, label, and all!!

Well done, thou good and faithful poet! The Parisians adopt a number of very ingenious, and to us objectionable devices for gaining the attention of the public. A tombstone has recently been erected at Montmartre, bearing this inscription, "To the memory of M. Jobart, a most excellent husband and father. His inconsolable widow continues to carry on the grocery business in the Rue St Dennis!" Philosophers of modern times have done well to distinguish between English and French *nature;* for, ludicrous as the above may seem, it is probable that the said widow, though she was anxious that the business should not go to ruin, was as truly grieved for the loss of her husband as one of our civic ladies might have been under similar circumstances, and who had caused a long account of her spouse's "respectability" to be engraved under a pair of chubby stone cheeks,

with wings behind the ears. Yet the Parisians are "wicked wags;" such a circular as the following would hardly be tolerated among us. It was issued by a hosier.

I supplicate you, sir, to look with indulgence upon these few observations; my desire for your eternal welfare has induced me to address to you. I beg to direct your attention to the sacred Scriptures; and, at the same time, to the extremely moderate price at which I sell cotton goods, &c.

And yet, abominable as this will appear to many, it is a question whether the Londoners are not quite as bad, being implicated by their enjoyment of the joke; for it has been inserted in nearly all the Metropolitan papers.

The Americans are, at present, so rude and uncivilized as entirely to neglect this branch of the Fine Arts, whereof we now treat. Their advertisements are little more than impudent nasal announcements—"That they have just received such and such accessions to their store, and the public are to come as fast as they can pelt, and clear off slick genteel; moreover, that every individual citizen who delays, is a fool, who will run a risk of bringing his money to no purpose, as the Advertiser calculates, after special thought on the *pint*, enough to split a Christian's head all to shatterums." In one of the Kentucky Papers, about six or eight months since, there appeared the following, inserted twice in different columns—"Ebenezer Jenkinson takes leave to say, that there is no sensible character located in all the States, whether he hangs up his brim in a fine new painted house or in an Independent log hut with the bark on, who will not rejoice like thunder when he hears of the cargo of just arrived and piled up in my store percussion locks and caps, and slap his thigh that the horses will startle at it a mile off!" There is no Fine Art here—no delicate insinuation—no super-Macalpine modesty—no overflowing gratitude—no earnest solicitation—no promises addressed to the imagination—no eloquent unctuous flattery. It is horse-play impudence, and nothing else. A British public would never put up with it; the Advertiser would soon lose every customer he had, and the Newspapers would refuse to insert the productions of his barbaric pen. On second thoughts, however, it might hit the fancy of some of the Backwoodsmen. The Editor of an Ohio paper, apologizing for the non-appearance of his journal on a certain day, (as recently quoted by our London press,) by saying, "that he had been engaged in cow-hiding a fellow who had slandered him, and did not get through it in time to go on with his paper," only did it as an audacious Advertisement of his own Editorial courage and independence, or else his father sold cow-hides. How different from our great Blacking Manufacturers, who begin a notice with "Soft fell the dew!" &c. Yet, what the Americans want in refinement, they probably make up in quantity; for, in the *New York Courier*, not long since, there appeared the enormous number of 12,000 Advertisements, printed on one huge sheet, and sold at three halfpence, English money.

There is an extraordinary admixture of leaden dulness and ethereal extravagance among the Germans. We do not know of a better instance than the following, the chief points of which are attested by many who resided in the place:—

There lived in Gottingen—anterior to Mr Canning's poem—an old professor of Deontology, who wore a large blusterous periwig, and one of the shabbiest, greasiest, snuffiest coats that ever appeared in a University. It had been refused three times over by all the Jews for miles round. But, dirty as were his habiliments, they were wholesome compared with the wearer. Besides this, he had a peculiar cast in one eye, which everybody disliked. His disciples, as he advanced in years, beginning to fall off in disgust, his temper also becoming more rabid, he resolved to remunerate himself by a bold trading speculation; and, to this end, invented a code of Jurymastic logic and morality, such as the like had never before been seen in all Germany.

Every personage of official consequence clapped his hands and rubbed his ears with glee, exclaiming, "Now we shall have our true Code! now we shall see the New Light!"* He commenced his advertisements by feeing all the public criers throughout Germany, especially at the Fair of Leipzic, where he hired a booth for the sale of gunpowder puffs, and, finally, persuaded the most orthodox and consequential of the clergy to order their clerks, pew-openers, and sextons, to take every opportunity of whispering the main points of his prospectus in the ears of the respective congregations. By these and similar means, not to be too lightly treated of, he got himself printed by subscription in nine folio volumes. For his own personal share in making announcements—being a very modest man—he contented himself with sending up a fire balloon at regular intervals, which displayed a large placard in blood-red letters, and exploded with many crackers and portentous smoke. The work was ordered to be read in every college throughout Germany. The Emperor sat up every night during a period of many lunar revolutions, from the first day that he received his richly-adorned ass-skin copy, with lion-clawed corners, and a big patent centuplicate lock; neglecting, over its mazy pages, all the affairs of state. However, after it had been studied many years, it was discovered to be nothing more than elaborate inversions, mathematically varied through almost infinite phases of terminology and sententious expression; of an old argument to prove that the sun and moon were composed of precisely the same materials. Among a million of other apt illustrations, one was to the effect, that a scythe was the same thing as an oyster knife, only used in a different way. Let a scythe open an oyster, or a field be mowed by a sufficient number of fishmongers, and where, in a philosophical point of view, was the difference? In this manner, he played equally with edged and no-edged tools. Gold might be brass by the same rule, words being arbitrary nonentities.

* Not Butler's Blacking, but the Jurymast Philosophy.

It was the *holder* of the metal that made it gold or brass; the thing in itself was nothing or anything, which is the same thing. The discovery and exposition of this fundamental principle, hoodwinking and misleading so many eyes as it long continued to do, was the first blowing up of his work. He was unanimously black-balled from his chair, and never held up his head afterwards. In order to support existence, he became a knife-grinder, and, eventually, the chief one of the provincial town; and died, after a reign of some years, from the trenchant blade of a strong carver, over which he was displaying his utmost skill; but it flew into his best eye, and dished him.*

But, to return to London, with all due apologies for the introduction of this outrageous anomaly in art; and let us deliver a few miscellaneous hints, before closing this all-interesting theme.

It must have been universally noticed, that one and all of you, Messieurs the practitioners, commence your Advertisements continually with "A—— B—— begs to inform his Friends and the Public," &c. Now, we request you to leave off this idle formula; for herein we find your Friends—viz., half-a-dozen relations, and fourteen people who sometimes call and take a glass of wine, or a cup of tea, with you and your wife—actually brought into comparison, or rather audaciously preceding in importance, the Million, to whose favour you ought to have "an eye exclusive!" You are to have *no* friends in addressing the Public, except the Public. But if, by the term "friends," you mean your chief customers, then the proper phraseology will be, "Your especial Patrons, and the munificent Public at large." The words "*at large*," are to be your private joke, used in contradistinction to those who are already trapped, caged, and booked. Again, never lose sight of the difference between poetry and bombast. In proportion to the extravagance of your promises, must be the modest candour of your expressions. There are but few who know how to draw that fine electric line that runs through the imagination, leaving no trace behind of its passage, but a wonderful sensation! The more intelligent you are, and the more learned in these our theories, the greater advantages you will have. Though you may be but a maker of the heads of coffin-nails, still bring all your intellect to converge upon this point; ever bearing in mind, that no man can succeed in these days, any more than men could in barbaric ages, who persists in a stately determination never to waste his power upon trumpery. But look to "the end," and trumpery means become the hosts that tend to victory. Do not be at all dismayed, Mr Coffin-nail-head-maker, at the superior wealth of your antagonists, nor for all their blacksmith's hammers; but advertise manfully in *Tait* and "*Blackblood*," and all their Readers will die happy, in the thought of your future kind offices. We know, as well as you, that it is harder to thrust a pen through a millstone, than to see through it; act, however, according to our directions, and all will go well, if you live long enough.

As an instance of the want of some of the elementary knowledge we have previously *endeavoured* to communicate, observe the error committed in the following specimen. We should first inform those who may not be aware of the fact, that the Cockneys often have some fresh slang remark, which nobody understands but themselves, but with which all ears are continually assailed. A year or two back, it consisted of the sudden ejaculation, "What a shocking bad hat!" Of course, in a few months, every Londoner was shamed or annoyed into a bran new one; but the impertinence, characteristically, went on just the same. Now, observe this advertisement!—

WHAT A SHOCKING BAD HAT!—What a horrible countenance it gives you!—why, it quite disfigures your face! Why not go to Perring's in the Strand? There you may have a good hat, the best in London, and one that will suit your countenance, too—ay, and give a pleasant cast to the features, where nature has done but little towards it.

More complimentary to the hat than the customer!—in fact, an insult to the Public: for nature has made the greater part of us confoundedly ugly, whatever we may think to the contrary. But to be told this in a public print, and by a fellow, too, who wants us to deal with him!—he ought to make a public apology. Considering, however, that he is a tyro in the Art—this present essay being the first that ever appeared on the subject—we will give him the proper form, whereby he may recover his position in general estimation:—"J. P. returning sincere and respectful thanks to his regular customers and the Public at large, earnestly solicits their attention to the following statement, to which he is ready to make affidavit. An insidious paragraph, the evident machination of enraged rivals, having appeared in the newspapers, tending to accuse him of entertaining an opinion that Nature has done little to render the physiognomy of the Public at all agreeable, but that his hats were a second nature that had done much more—he hereby most positively declares that such is *not* his opinion; albeit he is free to admit that it is his private impression, the result of intense thought, and justified by all his numerous customers, that the countenance of the handsomest man in town would be excessively *improved* by a hat of his manufacture." There—that will do—let it alone—add no puffs, if you are a sensible man. Never touch a work of Art.

But mark the specimen we are about to contrast with the foregoing instance of uneducated genius. It is so perfect that we are puzzled as to whether it emanated from pure *naïf* instinct, or the result of most subtle talent. In the Appendix to "Gould's Biographical Sketches of Painters, Sculptors, Engravers," &c., will be found an account of William Sharp, who was rather an eccentric character. He was an engraver by profession, and a follower of Richard Brothers in

* See Tintenhorn's Der Kampf mit dem Drachen.

his leisure hours. He engraved two portraits of the "prophet," in the firm belief that one would be worn out before the demand for them could be at all satisfied. He was also a sedulous student of the Animal Magnetism of Mesmer; a follower of Swedenborg, and, "though last, not least" in corpulent celebrity, of Joanna Southcote. When he found his mind becoming a little confused with these various mysteries, he would swim across the Thames and back before sunrise, go home and make an excellent breakfast, and resume his engraving.*

By some curious coincidence, or concatenation of circumstances, he became implicated in a political "mystery," and was arraigned, by order of Government, for High Treason! While undergoing the "question" in presence of Pitt, Dundas, and others of the great Tory faction of the day, who formed the Privy Council, a pause in his examination chanced to occur. It suddenly struck him that he could fill it up very consistently: and, accordingly, drew from his pocket—not a written defence—not a heap of affidavits—not a packet of letters tending to shew his uniformly inoffensive and industrious character—but the Prospectus-bills of some work by Horne Tooke, which he was about to illustrate with engravings; and actually handed them round to the gentlemen "inquisitors," respectfully soliciting their subscription! Utterly confounded, the great men looked at one another, with ludicrous incredulity of their proper senses? "*This* man never can have been guilty of High Treason!" William Sharp was forthwith acquitted.

We had almost forgotten to mention, that, after the vexatious iteration of the "bad hat," there came up another attack upon all metropolitan pedestrians, in the insidious phrase of "It won't do—it smokes!" There was recondite wit here. It acted like a continual sarcasm upon the operation of your private thoughts and purposes. But what a capital opportunity it would have been for Messrs Eckstein or Evans, the celebrated "professors of smokey-chimney curing," to have stepped forward politely, in the public prints, with the intimation, "That it never *would* do till they were sent for." As nobody, however, took up the saying literally, (not even Mr——we forget his name, who proposes, in a very admirable manner, to do away altogether with such nonsensical nuisances as chimneys,) we cannot wonder that it was not applied to any of the innumerable circumstances and things comprehended in its subtle waggery.

* Sharp's first essay in engraving was made on a pewter pot; but, after a few years' practice, it occurred to him, one day, that he was "capable of higher works than dog's-collars and door-plates," &c., and, accordingly, he set off from Bartholomew Lane to the Tower of London, to make a drawing of the old lion, Hector. The plate he engraved from this sold well, and first brought his talents into notice. He subsequently engraved plates from the works of Reynolds, West, and some of the old masters, and his fame having reached the continent, he was elected Member of the Imperial Academy of Vienna and of the Electoral Academy of Bavaria.

A sensible practitioner may learn as much from duly reflecting on the worst specimens of his Art, as in imitating the best. We take leave of the former, with the two following:—A certain vender of quack medicines in the country advertised that his pills would effectually cure all manner of diseases and ills—including *surgical cases!* This ludicrous tirade, which could deceive nobody who had not already lost his senses, excited the patriotic indignation of *The Times* newspaper, which lashed at the absurd quack—such is the strength of conscience—as though he had attempted to betray his country! The other is a Yankee production. The advertiser having printed a cheap edition of Sir R. Phillip's "Million of Facts," declares the book to be "the Euclid of modern knowledge; a third eye; a third hand; a sixth sense; an additional lobe to the brain!" Bad—very bad taste, indeed! It turns the dawning admiration into an extravagant jest. But it is equally as injudicious to be under the mark, by a dry modesty of phraseology, as to over-shoot it in the manner we have just shewn. Thus, the only guitars, worthy to be called instruments, that are made in London, present no better appearance in an occasional advertisement, than as the manufacture of "Louis Panormo, maker of Guitars in the Spanish style." Now, the error here is, not only that there is no hint given to the imagination, but that the fact itself is not expressed; for certainly they are incomparably superior to all others for beauty of tone and ease of touch, as the Editor of *The Westminster Review* has heretofore attested. In like manner, Hastrick, the successor of Bainbridge, merely says that his flageolets, single, double, and treble, "are allowed to be very good;" instead of telling the public that they really *are* the best that can be made. The Scottish advertisers are also somewhat grave and matter of fact. They shew but little skill in the art. Sometimes, however, we find an attempt. The coach at Dunkeld is thus announced:—"The 'Duchess of Atholl' starts from the Duke's Arms every lawful morning at six o'clock!" Very well! a successful hit, we think. The meaning of Clapperton's "Princess Victoria *carpets*" we cannot discover. We do not see the point; unless he be carpet-manufacturer to the Duchess of Kent. As to the "Original Bazaar," its advertisements are not to be mistaken; for there we know very well that we cannot fail of finding cheap ball-room reticules, with rich pendants for the ears—and nose also, if required.

The following method has frequently been adopted with considerable success:—

Miraculous Escape.—Last Sunday afternoon, as Mr Johnson of Crutched Friars was driving his wife in a gig through Bayswater, on their return homewards from a trip in the country, where they had passed the day with a few friends, the horse took fright on passing the door of a meeting-house, in consequence of the sudden ebullition of a psalmic chorus in the "unknown tongues." Mr J. exerted his utmost

strength to check the speed of the horse; but the terrified animal dashed along, in defiance of all his efforts. Many passengers took off their hats and flung them at the horse's head, in order to stop him. It did not, however, produce the desired effect. The ungovernable animal seemed now in a perfect state of insanity; and, darting away in defiance of all the shoutings and hurlings of innumerable hats from the humane passengers, winged his terrific way down Oxford Street; the devoted gig following in long bounds, like a cricket ball! Mr Johnson retained his seat, by a most powerful effort of resolution and bodily strength, retaining Mrs J., who had fainted, in her seat also, by throwing one leg across hers, and sticking the spur of his boot into the wood-work. The delirious quadruped rushed straight onward, till, perceiving the dense shadowy array of five hackney coaches advancing abreast, it suddenly whirled round the top of Old Cavendish Street, with such velocity, as fairly to lift the gig into the air, so that the astonished vehicle flew round the corner like a walnut from a sling, and coming in contact with the range of shutters belonging to Saunders' Silk and Linen warehouse, a thousand splinters were seen to rise in the air, with a detonating crash—the horse was discovered lying immovable on the other side of the street, with his hoofs sticking up in the air—the gig, and its contents, had disappeared—the shutters presented a great black ragged hole—and all was silent! The preservation of Mr and Mrs Johnson was almost miraculous; for, although the gig was strewn about like mere fire-wood, they had been hurled into the centre of the shop, where a large heap of British Shawls and Family Mourning was deposited, and, in this soft mass, they were embedded without the fracture of a single limb, or even a bruise! The greatest attention was shewn by Mr Saunders; and Mr Comber of the Silver Tea-pot, who had witnessed the accident, ran almost immediately with a basin of hot tea, to calm the agitated nerves of the lady; and very excellent she found it. "But where," ejaculated Mrs J., after the first draught, "where is the small iron case containing the parchments, and a lace dress at the top?" "Lost, I fear," murmured Mr Johnson. "A lace dress?" anxiously inquired Mr Saunders. "Parchments, Sir?" interrogated a lawyer's-clerk who had just walked through the hole in the wall. "The iron case! the case! the lace!" sobbed Mrs J. "Nay, my dear," said the husband, soothingly, as if from the ingress of consolatory reflection; "do not distress yourself: the case is too heavy to be run away with; besides that, it is secured by one of Chubb's patent locks; and a thief might as well attempt to draw the devil's wise teeth, as to pick one of them!"

No honest man ever sold a horse: he may have "thrown away" a fine animal; but he never fairly *sold* one. No rogue ever sold a horse: he may have "advantageously disposed of" an execrable brute; but this is mere jockeyship. So, we may affirm, in general terms, that no honest man (we shall leave the other part of the comparison to the social anatomizers) ever disbelieved a plausible advertisement; because, being incapable himself of promising largely where he knew he could perform little, or perhaps nothing to the purpose, he naturally believes no one else would do so. Whether such men be in sufficient abundance for all the objects of the practitioners of that class of the Fine Arts we are now discussing, is not only an invidious question, but one that is not absolutely necessary; since, as we have previously explained, it is by no means so imperative that an Advertisement should be addressed to the severe moral principle, as to the cravings of imagination. However, though we again shout forth, "Be warned, all men, by these presents," yet a knowledge of the world nevertheless induces a vexatious conviction—for the victory is seldom to the strong, or the profit to the deserving—that many things *will* do, smoke they never so plainly. Whether this High Tory moral maxim originated with His Grace of Wellington, while reading the Black Book to the tearful Earl of Eldon, after dinner; or with Sir Robert Peel, while gravely perusing the Novel of "Finesse;" or whether it was revived many years ago by the old professor of Jurymastic Philosophy, from an ancient Treatise, combining all the best rules for extracting the essential oil of palms from the zero-zanyism of mankind; is left to be investigated by the moralist and politician. We have explained and illustrated all the most effective and artistical modes of attack: defend yourselves who can. We are only just beginning to be wise. Meantime, we have seen three very scarce books in * * *'s Catalogue, just published, and we throw down our pen to hurry off to the purchase; for, provided the most important leaves have not been carefully torn out, there surely can be no hoax *there*.

EPIGRAM.

WHEN Luke, the 'cute trader, who's living so well—
Though *how* he can do so, no mortal can tell,
Unless from the fellow's unparalleled tact,
In swearing his way through the Bankruptcy Act—
In his villa, to shew off his classical taste,
At *each* side of his hall-door a Mercury has placed:—*
The world, to whom Luke's such a very deep debtor,
Must own that, for *his* part, no thought could be better
Since it looks as if Luke, like the ancients, believes,
The same God may be patron to *merchants* and *thieves*.

* It was the custom at Athens to have images of Mercury at the entrance of private houses.—*Classical Dictionary.*

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF WILLIAM COBBETT.

No. II.

Continued from our last Number.

In Cobbett's voluminous writings, an analyst, limited in space, is in no small danger of being overwhelmed. From his hundred books—and his writings would print many more of the ordinary sized, sparse, modern volumes—though it may be difficult to analyze their contents, it would be easy to collect abundance of Ana. This, and more, must be the immediate and grateful duty of his sons; from whom the British and American people have a right to expect an edition of the works of this distinguished politician and eminent English classic, which shall be as complete and full as circumstances admit of. The literary accomplishment which more than one of these gentlemen have displayed, and the excellent education which their father *gave* them in childhood, and obtained for them in youth, gives the public—which has a deep interest in the matter—every reason to believe, that, in this instance, the business of editor and biographer will, for once, be performed with intelligence and fidelity. Cobbett's intimate connexion with many of the leading persons who have figured in public life and influenced public events, for the last thirty years—his opportunities of close observation, and his natural shrewdness and sagacity—lead us to expect a great deal from memoirs so ample as those which his family, from intimate personal knowledge, and his private papers and accumulated correspondence, have the power of drawing up. In the meanwhile, we resume our task of *Indicators* to the more popular parts of his multifarious writings. We have said that few English writers afford more scope for the selections named Ana—not so much for the variety of his topics, as from the vivacity of his style, the natural appropriateness of his imagery, and the genuine wit of his illustrations. To the elasticity and force of a masculine writer, he unites the liveliness and often the brilliancy of a woman's pen. Of the union of a rather boisterous gaiety with strength, his writings furnish endless examples. No one, indeed, could deal better random *hits*. To a parson, who said, "Your religion, Mr Cobbett, seems to me altogether *political*," he answered, "Very much so, indeed; and well it may—since I have been furnished *with a creed which makes part of an act of Parliament*." He always professed himself a Church of England man, even when writing upon tithes, and the "Legacy to Parsons;" and he was certainly much better disposed towards the Church than to those abuses which adherents, blinded by selfishness, identify with it. Political parsons—by which he meant servile, meddling priests, zealous to do the lowest offices of the Tories, and opposed, in every instance, to reform and the interests of the people—found in Cobbett a powerful an almost deadly foe. Those public meetings in Hampshire, at which the clergy made themselves so shamefully busy, never passed from his memory. That Cobbett was not a *Voluntary* upon principle, is, perhaps, one of his greatest inconsistencies. It is a baulking of, or, at least, stopping short in, his avowed principles. In America, and with the example of the Quakers before him, he says, "The utility of *paying* the parsons at all may be very well questioned, without a man deserving to be burnt alive for his temerity. . . . . The *call* which they arrogate has very little in common with coming poking, and grunting, and grumbling about, after eggs, potatoes, and pigs." Thus, with some regard for the establishment of the Church of England, he was unsparing in the exposure of its abuses, and the misconduct of the clergy; yet he avers it is not the individual—not, for instance, "Baker, the parson of Botley—but the scandalous priest," at whom he struck. In addressing his old neighbours in Hampshire, from the other side of the Atlantic, he has the following characteristic passage:—"When I see the good and kind people here going to church, to listen to some decent man of good moral character, and of sober, quiet life, I always think of you. You are just the same sort of people as they are here; but what a difference in the clergyman! What a difference between the sober, sedate, friendly man, who preaches to one of these congregations, and the greedy, chattering, lying, backbiting, mischief-making, everlasting plague that you go to hear, and are compelled to hear, or stay away from the church. Parsons always put me in mind of the magpie.

> The magpie, bird of chatt'ring fame,
> Whose tongue and hue bespeak his name:
> The first, a squalling clam'rous clack;
> The last, made up of white and black;
> Feeder alike on flesh and corn;
> Greedy alike at eve and morn;
> Of all the birds, the prying pest
> Must needs be *parson* o'er the rest.

Thus I began a fable, when I lived at Botley. I have forgotten the rest of it. It will please you to hear that there are no magpies in America; but it will please you still more to hear, that no men that resemble them are parsons here. I have sometimes been half tempted to believe, that the magpie first suggested to tyrants the idea of having a tithe-eating clergy. The magpie devours the corn and grain—so does the parson. The magpie takes the wool from the sheep's back—so does the parson. The magpie devours alike the young animals and the eggs—so does the parson. The magpie's clack is everlastingly going—so is the parson's. The magpie repeats by rote the words that are taught

it—so does the parson. The magpie is always skipping, and hopping, and peeping into other's nests—so is the parson. The magpie's colour is partly black and partly white—so is the parson's. The magpie's greediness, impudence, and cruelty are proverbial—so are those of the parson. I was saying to a farmer the other day, that, if the boroughmongers had a mind to ruin America, they would another time send over five or six good large flocks of magpies, instead of five or six of their armies; but, upon second thoughts, they would do the thing far more effectually by sending over five or six flocks of their parsons, and getting the people to receive them and cherish them as the bulwark of religion."

Since we have seen Cobbett as a versifier, which will be new to most readers, we may give a little more of him. He reminds us more of Swift in his poetry than even in his prose.

> When his maw was stuff'd with paper,
> How John Bull did prance and caper!
> How he foam'd, and how he roar'd!
> How his neighbours all he gor'd!
> How he scrap'd the ground, and hurl'd
> Dirt and filth on all the world!
> But John Bull, of paper empty,
> Though in midst of peace and plenty,
> Is modest grown, as worn-out sinner;
> As Scottish laird that wants a dinner;
> As Wilberforce, become content
> A rotten borough to represent;
> As Blue and Buff, when, after hunting
> On Yankee coasts their "bits of bunting,"
> Came softly back across the seas,
> And silent were as mice in cheese.

The clergy were sometimes suspected of answering Cobbett's disquisitions even upon rural and economical topics, such as the unpopular *potato* controversy, which he carried to so absurd a height, that it was at one time nicknamed Cobbett's *potato-phobia*. Of these reverend opponents he remarks—"When you have an angry *priest* for an adversary, it is not the common viper, but the rattlesnake, that you have to guard against." Absurd as were his occasional tirades against the Scotch as a nation, and the Quakers—not, however, as a sect, but as corn speculators and monopolizers—men "watching the turn of the market"—these prejudices often gave way; and many Quakers, especially in America, were among his best and most esteemed friends; but he no more liked the "parsons" as an order, than he did individuals belonging to it. In speaking of the Americans, in one place, he observes, "You are here disgusted with none of those *eaters* by *reputation*, that are found, especially among the parsons, in England: fellows *that unbutton at it!*" The plain New England farmers in his neighbourhood believed he was *romancing* when he told them of his tithe adventures. "I wish your farms were at Botley," said he, one day, to a neighbour; "there is a fellow there who would soon let you know that your fine apple-trees do not belong to you. He would have his nose in your sheep-fold, your calf-pens, your milk-pails, your sow's bed, if not in the sow herself. Your girls would have no occasion to hunt out the hens' nests: he would do that for them." Another rural neighbour, a loyalist, proud of his descent from an English grandfather, had nearly abjured Toryism when informed that the old women in England durst not dip their rushes in tallow, or make their own soap! Immediately following this anecdote of excise inquisition, there follows a piece of that vigorous, homely logic, which made Cobbett either the most hateful and dangerous, or the most useful and powerful writer of his day, as his enemies, or those who did him justice, shall choose to consider it. A man, named Chalcraft, had come under the fangs of the excise, because he had not reported a few straggling hop-plants, which had accidentally sprung up in his garden hedge, and to which he had put a few poles. Cobbett has been admired for the clearness, brevity, and force with which he put a case. This of Chalcraft is, if not a rare, yet a striking example of art, as well as of power:—

> Chalcraft did not know—not living in a hop county—that he had already incurred a penalty for not reporting to the tyrants that he had hops growing in his garden hedge! He did not know that he could not gather them and put them by, without giving notice, under a penalty of fifty pounds. He did not know that he could not receive this little gift of God without paying money to the boroughmongers in the shape of tax, and to the parson in the shape of tithe; or, to give a tenth of the hops to the parson, and not dare pick a single hop till he had sent notice to the parson! What he did, upon this occasion, I have forgotten; but it is likely that he let the hops stand and rot, or cut them down and flung them away as weeds. Now, poor men in England are told to be content with rags and hungry bellies, for that is their lot: that "it has pleased Divine Providence to place them in that state." But here is a striking instance of the falsehood and blasphemy of this doctrine—for Providence had sent Chalcraft the hops, and he had put poles to them; Providence had brought the hops to perfection—but then came the boroughmongers and the parson, to take from this poor man this boon of a benevolent Maker. What! did God order a tax, with all its vexatious regulations, to be imposed upon what he had freely given to this poor man? Did God ordain that, in addition to this tax, a tenth should be yielded to a parson, who had solemnly vowed, at his ordination, that he believed himself called, not by the love of tithes, but by "the Holy Ghost, to take on him the cure of souls," and "to bring stray sheep into the fold of the Lord?" Did God ordain these things? Had it pleased God to do this? What impiety, what blasphemy, then, to ascribe to Providence the manifold sufferings occasioned by the boroughmongers' taxes and parson's tithes!

Reverting again to America, he continues:—

> But, my Botley neighbours, you will exclaim, "No tithes! Why, then, there can be no churches and no parsons! The people must know nothing of God or devil, and must all go to hell!" By no means, my friends. Here are plenty of churches. No less than three Episcopal (or English) churches; three Presbyterian churches; three Lutheran churches; one or two Quaker meeting-houses; and two Methodist places—all within six miles of the spot where I am sitting. And these, mind, not poor shabby churches, but each of them larger, and better built, and far handsomer than Botley church, with the churchyards all kept in the neatest order, with a headstone to almost every grave. As to the Quaker meeting-house, it would take Botley church into its belly, if you were first to knock off the steeple.
>
> Oh, no! Tithes are not necessary to promote religion. When our parsons, such as Baker, talk about religion or the church being in danger, they mean that the tithes are in danger. They mean that they are in danger of being compelled to work for their bread. This is what they mean. You remember, that, at our last meeting at

Winchester, they proposed for us to tell the Prince Regent, that we should support the church. I moved, to leave out the word *church*, and to insert the word *tithes*; for, as there were many Presbyterians and other dissenters present, they could not, with clear consciences, pledge themselves to support the church. This made them furious. It was lifting up the mask; and the parsons were enraged beyond measure.

Oh, no! Tithes do not mean religion. Religion means a reverence for God. And, what has this to do with tithes? Why cannot you reverence your God, without Baker, and his wife and children, eating up a tenth part of the corn, and milk, and eggs, and lambs, and pigs, and calves, that are produced in Botley parish? The parsons in this country are supported by those who choose to employ them. A man belongs to what congregation he pleases.

And upon this he founds an argument for taking church property for *public use*, as it is proved that it has nothing to do with religion, but the reverse.

"Riding in Sussex," he says, "I had baited my horse at New Thursley, and was coming jogging along very soberly, now looking at the sea, then looking at the cattle, then the corn, when my eye, in swinging round, lighted upon a great round building. I had scarcely time to think about what it could be, when twenty or thirty others, standing along the coast, caught my eye; and, if any one had been behind me, he might have heard me exclaim, in a voice that made my horse bound—'The Martello Towers, by ——! O Lord, to think I should be destined to behold these monuments of the wisdom of Pitt, Dundas, and Perceval!' Here they are—piles of brick in a circular form, about three hundred feet *(guess)* circumference at the base, and about one hundred and fifty feet circumference at the top. . . . . Cannons were to be fired from the top of these things, to defend us *from the French Jacobins!*" After noticing the vast expense of these dilapidated monuments of reckless prodigality and imbecile understanding, he starts off:—"The whole thing, all taken together, looks as if a spell had been all of a sudden set upon the workmen; or, in the words of scripture, here is the '*abomination of desolation standing in high places.*' However, all is right! These things were made with the hearty good-will of those who are now coming to ruin in consequence of the debt contracted for the purpose of making those things! This is all *just*. The load will come at last upon the right shoulders." It is well known that Cobbett had, if possible, a stronger dislike to the *Whigs*, as a party, than to the *Tories*. Nor had he much more veneration for a third division, which he nicknamed the *shoy-hoys*, and ridiculed without mercy. As the political *shoy-hoys* have not yet altogether disappeared, we shall give, as an example of his manner, this lively picture of those mock patriots:—

A shoy-hoy is a sham man or woman, made of straw or other stuff, twisted round a stake, stuck into the ground, and dressed in clothes of man or woman, with arms, legs, head, and everything, and with a stick or gun put into its hand. These shoy-hoys are set up for the purpose of driving birds from injuring the corn or the seeds, and sometimes to frighten them from cherries, or other fruit. . . . . At first, the birds take the shoy-hoy for a real man or woman; and, so long as they do this, they abstain from their work of plunder; but, after having for some little while watched the shoy-hoy with their quick and piercing eyes, and perceived that it never moves hand or foot, they totally disregard it, and are no more obstructed by it than if it were a post. Just so is it with these political shoy-hoys; but their demerits are not, like the field shoy-hoys, confined to the doing of no good; they do mischief; they really, like my friend the Frenchman's safety-valve, assist the factions in the work of plunder; which I remember an instance of, indeed, in the curious case of a horticultural shoy-hoy, which case very aptly illustrates the functions of these political deceivers. The birds were committing great ravages upon some turnip-seed that I had at Botley. "Stick up a shoy-hoy," said I to my bailiff. "That will do no good, Sir." "It can do no harm, and therefore stick one up." He replied, by telling me, that he had, that morning, in the garden of his neighbour, Morell, who had stuck up a shoy-hoy to keep the sparrows from his peas, actually seen a sparrow settled, with a pod, upon shoy-hoy's hat, and there, as upon a dining-table, actually pecking out the peas and eating them, which he could do with greater security there, where he could look about him and see the approach of an enemy, than he could have done upon the ground, where he might have been taken by surprise. Just exactly such are the functions of our *political* shoy-hoys. The agricultural and horticultural shoy-hoys deceive the depredating birds but a very short time; but they continue to deceive those who stick them up and rely upon them, who, instead of rousing in the morning, and sallying upon the depredators with powder and shot, trust to the miserable shoy-hoys, and thus lose their corn and their seeds. Just thus it is with the people, who are the dupes of the political shoy-hoys. . . . . Now, then, who are our shoy-hoys?

Is it to be wondered at, that *Whigs*, *Tories*, and self-named *Liberals*, hated the man who so dexterously stripped away all sorts of pretensions, and shewed the mere sordid partisan in his naked deformity, or the man of mixed motives in his true colours. His slightest sketches of this kind are more effective than the most laboured and pains-taking efforts of others. The following rapid narrative of a prosperous statesman's character and career, though inferior, in point and finish of execution, to many things which the same artist has accomplished, is sufficiently remarkable. It was incidentally written, when this wonderful man, then upwards of seventy, was travelling in Scotland, lecturing every evening, seeing sights of all kinds, and talking every day to numerous strangers, besides receiving deputations, and composing his *Register*. The theme is suggested by seeing the town of Greenock; and the biography will, we believe, last in English literature, at least as long as the peerage of Bexley in English heraldry.

Statesman Vansittart, who began his brilliant career as Commissioner of Scotch Herrings, first started, it seems, from this nice town of Greenock; and, what is curious enough, the Scotch have by no means forgotten the statesman, and the small manœuvring which was played off by him, while he was in Scotland; the nice little contrivances to get himself the freedom of the city of Edinburgh, and all the other pretty means by which the base creatures of old George Rose assisted to get him puffed up, in order that there might be a pretence for giving him parcels of our money. The history of this Vansittart is all that will be needed by our children, who are now about being born, to enable them to judge of the state of degradation of their fathers. This man did what they call study the law; carried a bag (made for holding briefs) to the quarter-sessions of Reading in Berkshire, of which county he is a native; having marched, in all possible ways, in the

same line and direction as Addington, and having started with him from pretty nearly the same spot. The law not being a profitable trade with our Van, he took to politics; and we shall, by-and-by, see him taking to piety. His first stroke in the way of getting on in the world was a pamphlet, written by him in praise of the Pitt system of finance; and the object of which was to induce the nation to believe that the war did not at all impoverish them; and that the debt which Pitt's monstrous loans were creating, presented no subject of alarm to the mind of any sensible man, excepting the circumstance, that "the sinking-fund might pay it off too soon!" No wonder that Van is a peer, and a law-maker in his own right; from such hopeful beginnings, what was not naturally to be expected? Van's promotion began, as matter of course; and, there being great scarcity in England, in the years 1800 and 1801, Van was, in the former year, made "Commissioner of Scotch Herrings," and as such came to Scotland, under the patronage of old George Rose, then a secretary of the Treasury, and a sinecure placeman to the tune of £3000 a year, with another sinecure place for his son William, to the tune of £2000 a year, or thereabouts; which sinecures his sons, George and William, still have, while the weavers of Paisley are covered with rags and are half starved. Van having executed his commission, went back to England, slavered over with the praises of the base part of the Scotch, and well loaded with the contempt of every Scotchman of sense and independence. The salary of the "Commissioner of Scotch Herrings" continued till he got another post, the name of which I have forgotten, but which, doubtless, he will be desired to tell some of us one of these days. Pitt went out of office in 1801, to let in Addington, to make the peace of Amiens for him; and Van (great in finance) became, under his countryman, Addington, a secretary of the Treasury. There was Van now in his element; taxing, funding, loaning, and Exchequer-billing. Oh! what a time for Van! His glory, however, was too great to be uninterrupted. Pitt, tired of being out of place, and his tax-eating crew sighing to be again at the honey-pot, turned out Addington; away went poor Van, but well provided for by a retired allowance. Pitt lived but a short time after this: the Whig Ministry that succeeded him lasted but fifteen months; the old Duke of Portland became Prime Minister; and Perceval, the real Minister, was placed in the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer; and back went Van into his post of Secretary of the Treasury. Perceval having been put an end to in the year 1812, the wise Liverpool became Prime Minister, and Van, Chancellor of the Exchequer; in which post he remained, until succeeded by "*Prosperity* Robinson," in the year 1823, when the King did himself the honour, an honour quite worthy of such a king, to clap a coronet on the head of Van, and put him in the house of hereditary lawgivers, under the title of "Baron Bexley," of Bexley, in the county of Kent, where Van, they say, is now in the habit of singing hymns in his groves, on one bank of the pretty little river Cray, having in full view, at the same time, on the other bank (at scarcely a stone's throw distance) the house in which Castlereagh cut his own throat!

Curious progress! beginning with the curing of Scotch herrings, and ending in a peerage! Curious literary progress! beginning with a pamphlet expressing fears that the national debt would be paid off too soon, and ending with the singing of hymns! But Van had merits as a statesman, to be sure? Yes, that he had; for, in 1811, he proposed a resolution, which the 658 adopted, stating, that a "one-pound note and a shilling were equal in value to a guinea in gold." In 1819 he supported Peel's Bill, and the doctrines on which it was founded, and which declared that the one-pound note had been worth only fourteen shillings in gold in 1811! In 1822, Van brought in a bill (which was passed by the clever 658) to issue small notes again, in violation of the bill of 1819! This was Van's last and greatest act of all; for it produced the *terrible panic* of 1825 and 1826, which has been ruining families, undermining property, and producing unspeakable misery, from that day to this! Devil take the King, I say, then, if he had not made Van a peer! Neither Jonathan Wilde, nor any of his descendants, ever merited a halter better than Van merited a peerage!

But what is most curious in the history of Van is, that, while a nation, whose money matters Van held the management of, was growing poor, Van was growing rich! This is something very wonderful; that he should be growing rich while the nation was growing poor. In human life, generally, we find, that all belonging to the same concern become rich or become poor together. If the farmer become poor, you soon see his servants and his stock of every description exhibiting symptoms of his diminished means. If the tradesman become poor, you see all his work-people worse clad and worse fed. All being under the influence of the same cause, all experience a similar effect. Just the contrary with Van, who is said to be worth half a million of money, and who, having the linnet, the lark, and all the harmonious finches, to join him in the day, and the nightingale's melody to assist him by night, sings his hymns in some of the sweetest groves with which God has ever had the goodness to garnish the earth: just the contrary with Van, I repeat, who has thus been rising into enormous wealth, while the industrious millions, of whose money he has so long had the fingering, have been sinking into misery; and while that debt which he (pious man!) was afraid would be paid off too soon, swelled up, during his financial career, from three hundred and forty to eight hundred millions of sovereigns! Wonderful thing! Strange spectacle! Prodigious cause, which could produce effects so opposite at one and the same time!

However, leaving the "*feelosofers*" to account for this, I cannot dismiss Van without talking of something practical. How it was that Van got his money, it is impossible for me precisely to say; how much was brought him by the daughter of old Eden, who was also, nearly all his life, a placeman and a pensioner at the same time; about these matters I will not speak, because I cannot speak with certainty; but I know these things, namely, that Van had little or nothing thirty years ago; that he now has a town house, a country house, and a peerage; and that he is said to be worth a very large parcel of money, besides those estates in land which we know him to have; and I know that, though his salaries were large enough and a great deal too large, they could not have been much larger than the amount of his annual spendings during the said thirty years. Now, then, I put it to any reasonable man, whether we ought to be deemed impertinent and troublesome, if we were to ask Van, in this day of our need, to help us a little; to give us a lift; I mean, to give us a little of his money? I am aware that it will be said by his friends, that he owes us nothing; that all that he has has been honestly gotten; and that if we, sinful creatures as we are, cannot account for his having got rich while we have been getting poor, it is because we are unable to comprehend how effective piety is in the producing of riches. Those friends of Van will refer us to the history of Gil Blas, giving an account of the prodigious prosperity of Don Manuel Ordonnez, who was a keeper of the great poor-house of the city of Valladolid, and who "was so pious a man that he got rich in taking care of the concerns of the poor."

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Not to mince the matter any longer, I am for making a regular application to Van for some of his money. Poh! for the coronet and the robes! let him keep them; but, for some of his money I am for making a regular application, either in the way of gift or of loan; and, if I be in Parliament, and if no other man propose it, I, William Cobbett, am the man to do the thing. The French republicans (sad dogs!) had what they called *des emprunts forcés*, that is to say, *forced loans*. Nay, in one or two instances, they had *dons forcés*, that is to say, *forced gifts*. God forbid that I should propose an imitation of these sad fellows! I shall tread in the steps (as far as I have any influence) of the "*heaven-born*" minister, Pitt; and shall propose, in the case of Van, nothing more than "a voluntary loan," or, "a voluntary contribution," not forgetting to remind Van that he was one of the great literary defenders of these two methods of obtaining sup-

plies for the relief and safety of the nation! And thus I, for the present, take my leave of Van.

Besides the rare humour and the pungent truth of the above sketch, we have, in selecting it, the object of shewing that Cobbett's latest writings were, in liveliness and point, fully equal to his earlier compositions.

Cobbett was, all his life, at war with a certain class of modern political economists. Some darkness and prejudice might mingle in the strife, but it would be difficult to shew that he was *always* wrong; and, upon this point, no one has questioned either his sincerity or his consistency. There is now considerable reaction, we believe, in favour of many of his old-fashioned opinions. Where they were erroneous, the error originated in devotedness to his "*order*"—the order of labouring men;—to that, with all his alleged inconsistencies, he was ever thoroughly stanch; and so enlightened, upon the whole, to its true interests, so undeviating in his fealty to the comfortable cottage, the clean smock-frock, the neat cleanly wife, the healthy rosy children, the cow, the pig, the flitch, the home-baked and home-brewed, and, in his own homely comprehensive phrase, "the bellyful"—that this alone, combined with his real services to the working man, would stamp him an eminent benefactor of his species. A very great proportion of his voluminous writings have been directly devoted to the improvement of this important class; yet he has often contrived to make these writings as amusing as a lively fiction. As the surest foundation of *moral* and social amelioration, he ever contended for the labourer having sufficient, and even abundant and *comfortable* food, clothing, and shelter. Passing the rising plantations of one of the NEW RICH Barings—whose lady was reputed to be very charitable to her poor neighbours, though she required them to adopt her own notions with regard to religion—he remarks:—"I do not say, that they are not perfectly sincere themselves, and that their wishes are not the best that can possibly be; but of this I am very certain, that, by pursuing this principle of action, where they make one good man or woman, they will make one hundred hypocrites. It is not little books that make a people good; that can make them moral; that can restrain them from committing crimes. I believe that books, of any sort, never yet had that tendency. Sir Thomas does, I dare say, think me a very wicked man, since I aim at the destruction of the funding-system, and what he would call a robbery of what he calls the public creditor; and yet, God help me! I have read books enough, and, amongst the rest, a great part of the religious tracts. Amongst the labouring people, the first thing you have to look after is, common honesty, speaking the truth, and refraining from thieving; and, to secure these, the labourer must have his belly full and be free from fear; and this bellyful must come to him from out of his wages, and not from benevolence of any description. Such being my opinion, I think Sir Thomas Baring would do better, that he would discover more real benevolence, by using the influence which he must naturally have in his neighbourhood, to prevent a diminution in the wages of labour."

In animadverting upon a law then passing, to make breaking an orchard a capital crime—on which "the code-softener, Sir Jammy," as he termed the Tory-Whig, Sir James Mackintosh, had said not a word—he observes, that, until the *system* is changed, "all complaints about severity of laws, levelled at the poor, are useless and foolish. What, short of such laws, can prevent starving men from coming to take away the dinner of those who have plenty? Education! despicable cant and nonsense! What education, what moral precepts, can quiet the gnawings and ragings of hunger? . . . . . To be sure, immorality leads to felonies; who does not know that? But who is to expect morality in a *half-starved* man, who is whipped if he do not work, though he have not for his whole day's food so much as I and my little boy snapped up in six or seven minutes upon Stoke-Charity Down."

And here we have one tolerably complete illustration of Cobbett's political economy:—

"Looking, now, back again, for a minute, to the little village of Stoke-Charity, the name of which seems to indicate that its rents formerly belonged wholly to the poor and indigent part of the community. It is near to Winchester, that grand scene of ancient learning, piety, and munificence. Be this as it may, the parish formerly contained ten farms, and now it contains but two, which are owned by Mr Hinton Bailey and his nephew, and, therefore, which may probably become one. There used to be ten well-fed families in this parish, at any rate: these, taking five to a family, made fifty well-fed people. And, now, all are half-starved, except the curate and the two families. The blame is not the land-owner's; it is nobody's; it is due to the infernal funding and taxing system, which, of necessity, drives property into large masses in order to save itself; which crushes little proprietors down into labourers; and which presses them down in that state, there takes their wages from them, and makes them paupers; their share of food and raiment being taken away to support debt, and dead-weight, and army, and all the rest of the enormous expenses which are required to sustain this intolerable system. Those, therefore, are fools or hypocrites, who affect to wish to better the lot of the poor labourers and manufacturers, while they, at the same time, either actively or passively, uphold the system which is the manifest cause of it. Here is a system, which, clearly as the nose upon your face, you see taking away the little gentleman's estate, the little farmer's farm, the poor labourer's meat-dinner and Sunday-coat; and, while you see this so plainly, you, fool or hypocrite as you are, cry out for supporting the system that causes it all! Go on, base wretch! but, remember, that of such a progress dreadful must be the end."

The consolidation of farms, the big *bull-frog* farmer, as he christened the modern gentleman farmer, who has eaten up all his humble neighbours, and at last been eaten up himself—the large corn manufactories of Scotland, and the "*corn weavers*" inhabiting the *boothies* there—were objects of his special hatred, indignation, or pity. In travelling over England, he asserts that wherever the farms were small, and the management what would be termed bad, the condition of the labourers was best. The modern economists may reconcile these things. He was a great enemy to the enclosure of commons; not, surely, because production was thus increased, but because the poor were always, on such divisions, defrauded of their patrimony and their place of recreation. His efforts prevented the enclosure of Waltham chase, for which a bill was actually before Parliament. He appeared, we have said, to consider the people always best off where a middling quality of soil and an open country shewed no sign of the modern *vigilant* improver of extensive farms. Thus, in one part of Sussex, he remarks—

The labouring people look pretty well. They have *pigs*. They invariably do best in woodlands, and forests, and wild countries. Where the mighty *grasper* has all under his eye, they can get but little. . . . . I have seen no wretchedness in Sussex; nothing to be at all compared to what I have seen in other parts. . .

There is an appearance of comfort about the dwellings of the labourers, all along here, that is very pleasant to behold. The gardens are neat, and full of vegetables of the best kinds. I see very few of "*Ireland's lazy root*;" and never, in this country, will the people be base enough to lie down and expire from starvation under the operation of the *extreme unction!* Nothing but a *potato-eater* will ever do that. As I came along between Upwaltham and Eastdean, I called to me a young man, who, along with other turnip-hoers, was sitting under the shelter of a hedge at breakfast. He came running to me with his victuals in his hand; and I was glad to see that his food consisted of a good lump of household *bread*, and not a very small piece of *bacon*. I did not envy him his appetite, for I had, at that moment, a very good one of my own; but I wanted to know the distance I had to go before I should get to a good public-house. In parting with him, I said, "You do get some *bacon*, then?" "Oh, yes, Sir!" said he, and with an emphasis and a swag of the head, which seemed to say, 'We *must* and *will* have *that*." I saw, and with great delight, a pig at almost every labourer's house. The houses are good and warm; and the gardens some of the very best that I have seen in England. What a difference, good God! what a difference between this country and the neighbourhood of those corrupt places, Great Bedwin and Cricklade! What sort of breakfast would this man have had in a mess of cold potatoes? Could he have worked, and worked in the wet, too, with such food? Monstrous! No society ought to exist, where the labourers live in a hog-like sort of way.

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I will allow nothing to be good, with regard to the labouring classes, unless it make an addition to their victuals, drink, or clothing. As to their minds, that is much too sublime matter for me to think about. I know that they are in rags, and they have not a bellyful; and I know that the way to make them good, to make them honest, to make them dutiful, to make them kind to one another, is to enable them to live well.

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This is really a soaking day, thus far. I got here at nine o'clock. I stripped off my coat, and put it by the kitchen fire. In a parlour just eight feet square I have another fire, and have dried my shirt on my back. We shall see what this does for a hooping-cough. The clouds fly so low as to be seen passing by the sides of even little hills on these downs. The devil is said to be busy in a high wind; but he really appears to be busy now in this south-west wind. The Quakers will, next market day, at Mark-lane, be as busy as he. They and the Ministers, and St Swithin and Devil, all seem to be of a mind.

I must not forget the churches. That of Donnington is very small for a church. It is about twenty feet wide, and thirty long. It is, however, sufficient for the population, the amount of which is two hundred and twenty-two, not one-half of whom are, of course, ever at church at one time. There is, however, plenty of room for the whole: the "tower" of this church is about double the size of a sentry-box. The parson, whose name is Davison, did not, when the return was laid before Parliament in 1818, reside in the parish. Though the living is a large living, the parsonage house was let to "a lady and her three daughters." What impudence a man must have to put this into a return! The church at Upwaltham is about such another, and the "tower" still less than that at Donnington. Here the population is seventy-nine. The parish is a rectory, and, in the return before mentioned, the parson (whose name was Tripp) says that the church will hold the population, but that the parsonage-house will not hold him! And why? Because it is "a miserable cottage." I looked about for this "miserable cottage," and could not find it. What an impudent fellow this must have been! And, indeed, what a state of impudence have they not now arrived at! Did he, when he was ordained, talk anything about a fine house to live in? Did Jesus Christ and Saint Paul talk about fine houses? Did not this priest most solemnly vow to God, upon the altar, that he would be constant, in season and out of season, in watching over the souls of his flock? However, it is useless to remonstrate with this set of men.

Exclaiming against the taxes on salt, and the high price of wheat, he comes upon the rich corn-lands of the Isle of Thanet. "A garden, indeed! But the cultivators? I got to a little hamlet, (near Margate,) where I breakfasted; but could get no corn for my horse, and no bacon for myself! All was corn around me. Barns, I should think, two hundred feet long; ricks of enormous size, and most numerous; crops of wheat, five quarters to an acre, on the average; and a public-house without either bacon or corn! The labourers' houses, all along through this island, beggarly in the extreme. The people dirty, poor-looking, ragged, but particularly dirty. The men and boys with dirty faces, and dirty smock-frocks, and dirty shirts; and, good God! what a difference between the wife of a labouring man here, and the wife of a labouring man in the forests and woodlands of Hampshire and Sussex! Invariably have I observed, that the richer the soil, and the more destitute of woods, that is to say, the more purely a corn country, the more miserable the labourers. The cause is this, the great, the big bull-frog grasps all. In this beautiful island every inch of land is appropriated by the rich. No hedges, no ditches, no commons, no grassy lanes: a country divided into great farms. A few trees surround the great farm-house; all the rest is bare of trees; and the wretched labourer has not a stick of wood, and has no place for a pig or cow to graze, or even to lie down upon. The rabbit countries are the countries for labouring men. There the ground is not so valuable. There it is not so

easily appropriated by the few. Here, in this island, the work is almost all done by the horses. The horses plough the ground; they sow the ground; they hoe the ground; they carry the corn home; they thresh it out; and they carry it to market: nay, in this island, they rake the ground; they rake up the straggling straws and ears; so that they do the whole, except the reaping and the mowing. It is impossible to have an idea of anything more miserable than the state of the labourers in this part of the country."

Getting into the hilly, uncultured parts of Kent, he remarks—"Upon those hills I have never found the labouring people poor and miserable, as in the rich vales. All is not appropriated, where there are coppices and woods, where the cultivation is not easy, nor the produce so very large." In short, his antiquated notions led him to be more than indifferent to increase of *national wealth*, while the labourers were not obtaining an increased share; but, on the contrary, as he always alleged, falling back in comfort and well-being every year. The husbandry of Norfolk—the *martinet* cultivation of the immense fields of East Lothian and Berwickshire—find no favour in his eyes, and for this reason, that the condition of the labourers, instead of keeping pace with everything to which they put their hands, had actually, in the *boothie* system, degenerated. He admires Ayrshire more than the "granary" places; as "a nice country, not *rich*, but good and *solid*, and studded over with comfortable farm-houses, where the accursed *boothies* do not offend the sight."

After this, he runs riot thus:—

At eight miles from Dumfries, the Solway Firth, with the sun shining beautifully upon it, presents itself to our right. Here we go through a long scattering village, which it would drive Brougham and Malthus half-mad to behold; for, here the *little Scotchies* seem absolutely to swarm. What is to be done to prevent these Scotch women from breeding? Nothing short of "*clearing the estates*" A LA SUTHERLAND; a mode of proceeding so much eulogised by the *Edinburgh Review*, and by their London echo, Dr Black. At thirteen miles from Dumfries, we come to an estate, where something in the "*clearing way*" appears to have been put in practice, some years ago, by the Marquis of Queensberry, who is, it seems, the principal lord of this beautiful country, called Annandale; and who, having seen some remarks published respecting his "*clearing*" works, published in the *Carlisle Journal*, prosecuted the editor, criminally, and got him fined and imprisoned! Well, then, the account of the "*clearing*" was libellous, I suppose; but, though libellous, it might be *true*; for the truth could not be given in evidence, to justify the publication. . . . . Sir James Graham, he of the bright sword, has his estate lying off this road to the left. He has not been clearing his estate: the poor-law would not let him do that; but he has been clearing off the small farms, and making them into large ones; which he had *a right to do*; because it is himself that is finally to endure the consequence of that: he has a right to do that; and those who are made indigent in consequence of his so doing, have a right to demand a maintenance out of the land, according to the act of the 43d of Elizabeth, which gave the people a *compensation for the loss of the tithes and church lands*, which had been taken away by the aristocracy in the reigns of the Tudors.

Matters are changed since this was said. The landowners and farmers of England have, certainly, in the altered poor-law, obtained a *boon* from the legislature, and the advantage of the labourer and the poor is to follow when it shall please Heaven. But Cobbett was not always thus extravagant. In entering the beautiful valley of the Wiltshire Avon, after an exquisite description, upon which we dare hardly venture, he broaches doctrines in national economy, which will find more numerous admirers:—

In steering across the down, I came to a large farm, which a shepherd told me was Milton Hill Farm. This was upon the high land, and before I came to the edge of this valley of Avon, which was my land of promise, or, at least, of great expectation; for I could not imagine that thirty churches had been built for nothing by the side of a brook (for it is no more during the greater part of the way) thirty miles long. The shepherd shewed me the way towards Milton; and at the end of about a mile, from the top of a very high part of the down, with a steep slope towards the valley, I first saw this Valley of Avon; and a most beautiful sight it was! Villages, hamlets, large farms, towers, steeples, fields, meadows, orchards, and very fine timber-trees, scattered all over the valley. The shape of the thing is this:—on each side, downs, very lofty and steep in some places, and sloping miles back in other places; but each outside of the valley are downs. From the edge of the downs begin capital arable fields, generally of very great dimensions, and, in some places, running a mile or two back into the little cross valleys, formed by hills of downs. After the cornfields, come meadows, on each side, down to the brook or river. The farm-houses, mansions, villages, and hamlets, are generally situated in that part of the arable land which comes nearest the meadows.

Great as my expectations had been, they were more than fulfilled. I delight in this sort of country; and I had frequently seen the vale of the Itchen, that of the Bourne, and also that of the Teste, in Hampshire; I had seen the vales amongst the South Downs; but I never before saw anything to please me like this valley of the Avon. I sat upon my horse, and looked over Milton, and Easton, and Pewsy for half an hour, though I had not breakfasted. The hill was very steep. A road, going slanting down it, was still so steep, and washed so very deep by the rains of ages, that I did not attempt to ride down it, and I did not like to lead my horse, the path was so narrow. So, seeing a boy with a drove of pigs, going out to the stubbles, I beckoned on him to come up to me; and he came and led my horse down for me. But, now, before I begin to ride down this beautiful vale, let me give, as well as my means will enable me, a plan or map of it, which I have made in this way:—a friend has lent me a very old map of Wiltshire, describing the spots where all the churches stand, and also all the spots where manor-houses or mansion-houses stood—I laid a piece of very thin paper upon the map, and thus traced the river upon my paper, putting figures to represent the spots where churches stand, and putting stars to represent the spots where manor-houses or mansion-houses formerly stood. Endless is the variety in the shape of the high lands which form this valley. Sometimes the slope is very gentle, and the arable lands go back very far. At others, the downs come out into the valley almost like piers into the sea, being very steep in their sides, as well as their ends towards the valley. They have no slope at their other ends: indeed, they have no back ends, but run into the main high land. There is also great variety in the width of the valley; great variety in the width of the meadows; but the land appears all to be of the very best; and it must be so, for the farmers confess it.

We recommend the entire description to those who love the rural and picturesque—and that in spite of some genuine *Cobbettisms*, with which it is intermixed—and come to this exposition of economical opinions, which follows an eloquent lament over the decayed manor-houses, the scattered small gentry, the dilapidated parsonages, and the perished brass-kettles, and brewing-ves-

sels, and stocks of household linen, and the good clothes, and furniture, pigs, and bedding, and money of the vanished "inferior classes," in this series "of once populous and gay villages and hamlets." All this desolation and true revolution, is attributed to taxation, funding, and paper-money.

I have never been able clearly to comprehend what the beastly Scotch *feelosofers* mean by their "national wealth;" but, as far as I can understand them, this is their meaning: that national wealth means, that which is left of the products of the country over and above what is consumed, or used, by those whose labour causes the products to be. This being the notion, it follows, of course, that the fewer poor devils you can screw the products out of, the richer the nation is. This is, too, the notion of Burdett, as expressed in his silly and most nasty, musty, aristocratic speech of last session. What, then, is to be done with this over-produce? Who is to have it? Is it to go to pensioners, placemen, tax-gatherers, dead-weight people, soldiers, gendarmerie, police-people, and, in short, to whole millions *who do not work at all?* Is this a cause of "national wealth?" Is a nation made rich by taking the food and clothing from those who create them, and giving them to those who do nothing of any use? Ay, but this over-produce may be given to manufacturers, and to those who supply the food-raisers with what they want besides food. Oh! but this is merely an exchange of one valuable thing for another valuable thing; it is an exchange of labour in Wiltshire for labour in Lancashire; and, upon the whole, here is no over-production. If the produce be exported, it is the same thing; it is an exchange of one sort of labour for another. Our curse is, that there is not an exchange; that those who labour, no matter in what way, have a large part of the fruit of their labour taken away, and receive nothing in exchange. If the over-produce of this Valley of Avon were given, by the farmers, to the weavers in Lancashire, to the iron and steel chaps of Warwickshire, and to other makers or sellers of useful things, there would come an abundance of all these useful things into this valley from Lancashire and other parts; but if, as is the case, the over-produce goes to the fund-holders, the dead-weight, the soldiers, the lord and lady, and master and miss pensioners and sinecure people; if the over-produce go to them, as a very great part of it does, nothing, not even the parings of one's nails, *can come back to the valley in exchange.* And, can this operation, then, add to the "national wealth?" It adds to the "wealth" of those who carry on the affairs of state; it fills their pockets, those of their relatives and dependants; it fattens all tax-eaters; but it can give no wealth to the "nation," which means, *the whole of the people.* National Wealth means, the *Commonwealth* or *Commonweal;* and these mean, the general good or happiness of the people, and the safety and honour of the State; and these are not to be secured by robbing those who labour, in order to support a large part of the community in idleness. Devizes is the market-town to which the corn goes from the greater part of this valley. If, when a waggon-load of wheat goes off in the morning, the waggon came back at night loaded with cloth, salt, or something or other, equal in value to the wheat, except what might be necessary to leave with the shopkeeper as his profit; then, indeed, the people might see the waggon go off without tears in their eyes. But, now, they see it go to carry away, and to bring next to nothing in return.

What a twist a head must have before it can come to the conclusion, that the nation gains in wealth by the government being able to cause the work to be done by those who have hardly any share in the fruit of the labour! What a twist such a head must have! The Scotch *feelosofers*, who seem all to have been, by nature, formed for negro-drivers, have an insuperable objection to all those establishments and customs which occasion holidays. They call them a great hinderance, a great bar to industry, a great drawback from "national wealth." Why, I ask, should they work incessantly, if working part of the days of the week be sufficient? Why should the people at Milton, for instance, work incessantly, when they now raise food, and clothing, and fuel, and every necessary, to maintain well five times their number? Why should they not have holidays? And, pray, say, thou conceited Scotch feelosofer, how the "national wealth" can be increased by making these people work incessantly, that they may raise food and clothing, to go to feed and clothe people who do not work at all?

This is his opinion of the value of machinery.

The greater part of manufactures consists of clothing and bedding. Now, if, by using a machine, we can get our coat with less labour than we got it before, the machine is a desirable thing. But, then, mind we must have the machine at home, and we ourselves must have the profit of it; for, if the machine be elsewhere; if it be worked by other hands; if other persons have the profit of it; and if, in consequence of the existence of the machine, we have hands at home, who have nothing to do, and whom we must keep, then the machine is an injury to us, however advantageous it may be to those who use it, and whatever traffic it may occasion with foreign States.

There is here another view of factories and machinery, which escapes the attention of modern theorists:—What is to be done with the labour of the women and girls in the agricultural districts?—Cobbett puts it thus:—

This valley raises food and clothing; but, in order to raise them, it must have labourers. These are absolutely necessary; for, without them, this rich and beautiful valley becomes worth nothing, except to wild animals and their pursuers. The labourers are men and boys. Women and girls occasionally; but the men and the boys are as necessary as the light of day, or as the air and the water. Now, if beastly Malthus, or any of his nasty disciples, can discover a mode of having men and boys *without having women and girls*, then, certainly, the machine must be a good thing; but, if this valley must absolutely have the women and the girls, then the machine, by leaving them with nothing to do, is a mischievous thing, and a producer of most dreadful misery. What, with regard to the poor, is the great complaint now? Why, that the single man does not receive the same, or anything like the same, wages as the married man. Ay, it is the wife and girls that are the burden; and, to be sure, a burden they must be, under a system of taxation like the present, and with no work to do. Therefore, whatever may be saved in labour by the machine is no benefit, but an injury to the mass of the people. For, in fact, all that the women and children earned was so much clear addition to what the family earns now. The greatest part of the clothing in the United States of America *is made by the farm women and girls.* They do almost the whole of it; and all that they do is done at home. To be sure, they might buy cheap; but they must buy for *less than nothing*, if it would not answer their purpose to make the things.

There follows upon this one of those indignant and vehement philippics, with which this son of the soil was wont to "shake a country to its centre." He has shewn that the produce of the valley is equal to ten times its own consumption, but that all is nearly carried away, that not a bit of good beef, or mutton, or veal, or bacon, is left for those who raise all the food and wool. The labourers looked half starved, and the emigration committee was busied in devising means to get rid of the *superfluous numbers.* The rottenness, the cruelty of this system might have provoked a meeker man than Cobbett. "Are there schemers of this sort still?" he exclaims; "while no man, no man at all, not a single man, says a word about getting rid of the dead-weight, or the supernumerary parsons, both of whom have

actually *a premium given them for breeding*, and are filling the country with idlers? We are reversing the maxim of the Scripture: our laws almost say, that those that work shall not eat, and that those that do not work shall have the food. I repeat, that the baseness of the English landowners surpasses that of any other men that ever lived in the world. The cowards know well that the labourers, that give value to their land, are skin and bone. They are not such brutes as not to know that this starvation is produced by taxation. They know well, how unjust it is to treat their labourers in this way. They know well that there goes down the common foot soldier's single throat, more food than is allowed by them to a labourer, his wife, and three children. They know well, that the present standing army, in time of peace, consumes more food and raiment than a million of the labourers consume; ay, than two millions of them consume, if you include the women and the children. They well know these things. They know that their poor labourers are taxed to keep this army in fatness and in splendour. They know that the dead-weight, which, in the opinion of most men of sense, ought not to receive a single farthing of the public money, swallow more of good food than a third or a fourth part of the real labourers of England swallow. They know that a million and a half of pounds sterling, was taken out of the taxes, partly raised upon the labourers, to enable the *poor Clergy of the Church of England to marry and to breed*. They know that a regulation has been recently adopted, by which an *old* dead-weight man is enabled to sell his dead-weight to a *young man*; and that, thus, this burden would, if the system were to be continued, be rendered perpetual. They know that a good slice of the dead-weight money goes to *Hanover*; and that even these Hanoverians can sell their dead-weight claim upon us. The 'country-gentlemen' fellows know all this: they know that the poor labourers, including all the poor manufacturers, pay one half of their wages in taxes to support all these things; and yet not a word about these things is ever said, or even hinted, by these mean, these cruel, these cowardly, these carrion, these dastardly reptiles. Sir James Graham, of Netherby, may invoke our pity upon these '*ancient families*,' but he will invoke in vain."

We have here some of the reasons which made Cobbett exult in the tumbling down of the "agricultural interest," the fall of prices, and the transfer of so many of the smaller land properties from the "Normans," to the Jews and "jobbers."

At Brenzett, (a mile further on,) I with great difficulty got a rasher of bacon for breakfast. The few houses that there are, are miserable in the extreme. The church here (only a mile from the last) nearly as large; and nobody to go to it. What! will the vagabonds attempt to make us believe, that these churches were built for nothing! "Dark ages" indeed those must have been, if these churches were erected without there being any more people than there are now. But, who built them? Where did the means, where did the hands come from? This place presents another proof of the truth of my old observation: rich land and poor labourers. From the window of the house, in which I could scarcely get a rasher of bacon, and not an egg, I saw numberless flocks and herds fatting, and the fields loaded with corn!

The next village, which was two miles further on, was Old Romney, and along here I had, for great part of the way, corn-fields on one side of me, and grass-land on the other. I asked what the amount of the crop of wheat would be. They told me better than five quarters to the acre. I thought so myself. I have a sample of the red wheat, and another of the white. They are both very fine. They reap the wheat here nearly two feet from the ground; and even then, they cut it three feet long! I never saw corn like this before. It very far exceeds the corn under Portsdown Hill, that at Gosport, and Titchfield. They have here about eight hundred large, very large sheaves to an acre. I wonder how long it will be *after the end of the world* before Mr Birkbeck will see the American "Prairies" half so good as this Marsh. In a garden here I saw some very fine onions, and a prodigious crop—sure sign of most excellent land. At this Old Romney, there is a church (two miles only from the last, mind!) fit to contain one thousand five hundred people, and there are, for the people of the parish to live in, twenty-two or twenty-three houses! And yet the vagabonds have the impudence to tell us, that the population of England has *vastly increased!* Curious system that depopulates Romney Marsh and peoples Bagshot Heath! It is an unnatural system. It is the vagabond's system. It is a system that must be destroyed, or that will destroy the country.

Yet so truly *old-fashioned* were his feelings and associations, that the decay of the old families of the manor-houses, and even the parsonages, appears often to have deeply affected him. In his *Rides*, the newly possessed places of the RICARDOS, the BARINGS, the PEELS, and such like, now holding many of the fairest portions of England, were continually starting up before him, and raising the demon within. "Passed by the estate and park of *another Ricardo!* This is OSMOND, the other is DAVID. This one has ousted two families of Normans, the HONEYWOOD YATES and the SCUDAMORES. They suppose him to have *ten thousand pounds a-year in rent here!* Famous 'watching the turn of the market!' . . . The BARINGS are at work down in this country too. They are everywhere indeed depositing their eggs about, like cunning old guinea-hens, in sly places, besides the great open showy nests that they have." Sometimes he proposes giving histories of the late transfers of property in particular counties; and, in some districts, the change appears to have been carried to an extent, which has had many of the worst effects of revolution, both to the ruined proprietors and the transferred tenantry.

Everywhere such changes met the indignant traveller. "This neighbourhood (Worcestershire) has witnessed some pretty thumping transfers from the Normans. Holland, one of Baring's partners or clerks, has recently bought an estate of Lord Somers, for eighty thousand pounds. Another estate of the same Lord has been bought by a Brummagem banker, of the name of Taylor, for seventy thousand pounds. . . . . At Albury, Mr Drummond, a banker, is in the seat of one of the *Howards*, and close by, he has bought the estate, just pulled down the house, and blotted out the memory of the *Godschalls*. At Chilworth, two miles farther down the same

Vale, and close under St Martha's Hill, Mr Tinkler, a powder-maker, (succeeding Hill, another powder-maker, who had been a breeches-maker at Hounslow,) has got the old mansion and estate of the old Duchess of Marlborough. . . . . Coming on to Waverley Abbey, there is a Mr Thompson, a merchant, succeeding the Orby Hunters and Sir Robert Rich. Close adjoining, a Mr Laing, a West India dealer of some sort, has stepped into the place of the lineal descendants of Sir William Temple. . . . .

Coming on to Old Alresford, (twenty miles from Farnham,) Sheriff, the son of a Sheriff who was a commissary in the American war, has succeeded the Gages. Two miles further on, at Abbotston, (down on the side of the Itchen,) Alexander Baring has succeeded the heirs and successors of the Duke of Bolton, the remains of whose noble mansion I once saw here. Not above a mile higher up, the same Baring has, at the Grange, with its noble mansion, park, and estate, succeeded the heirs of Lord Northington; and, at only about two miles further, Sir Thomas Baring, at Stratton Park, has succeeded the Russells in the ownership of the estates of Stratton and Micheldover, which were once the property of Alfred the Great! Stepping back, and following my road, down by the side of the meadows of the beautiful river Itchen, and coming to Easton, I look across to Martyr's Worthy, and there see (as I observed before) the Ogles succeeded by a general or a colonel somebody; but who, or whence, I cannot learn.

The small gentry, to about the third rank upwards, (considering there to be five ranks, from the smallest gentry up to the greatest nobility,) are all gone, nearly to a man, and the small farmers along with them. The Barings alone have, I should think, swallowed up thirty or forty of these small gentry without perceiving it. They, indeed, swallow up the biggest race of all; but, innumerable small fry slip down unperceived, like caplins down the throats of the sharks, while these latter feel only the cod-fish. It frequently happens, too, that a big gentleman or nobleman, whose estate has been big enough to resist for a long while, and who has swilled up many caplin-gentry, goes down the throat of the loan-dealer with all the caplins in his belly.

The only property which had not changed hands was the parks and palace of the Bishop. And why? says our author; and the reply is ready, because they are *public* property, they remain in the hands of a bishop. In their terror of being swallowed up quick, the big gentry make use—we may now use the past tense, *made* use—of their voices, to get, through place, pension, or sinecure, something back from the taxers; while others, says Cobbett—

Fall in love with the daughters and widows of paper-money people, big brewers, and the like; and sometimes their daughters fall in love with the paper-money people's sons, or the fathers of those sons; and, whether they be Jews or not, seems to be little matter with this all-subduing passion of love. But the small gentry have no resource. While war lasted, "glorious war," there was a resource; but now, alas! not only is there no war, but there is no hope of war; and not a few of them will actually come to the parish book. There is no place for them in the army, church, navy, customs, excise, pension-list, or any where else. All these are now wanted by "their betters." A stock-jobber's family will not look at such penniless things.

Part of Cobbett's hatred of the new system of large farms arose, no doubt, from his affectionate recollections of the customs and manner of living of his childhood, and from his lingering love of everything connected with the "Merry Old England" which had disappeared, while debt, loans, manufactures, paper-money, the funding system, and taxation, with their attendant miseries and feverish prosperities, had rapidly taken place of the ancient order of things; and, in reality, produced that *revolution* which every one deprecates.

From the few illustrations which we have here selected of the opinions and principles of political economy entertained by Cobbett, it may be understood that, in some leading points, he did not materially differ from such men as Mr Southey and Mr Sadler, and that class, in his general views, and especially in dislike of all overgrown manufactories, but especially those of *corn* and *cattle*. An old-fashioned manor-house and garden give him pleasure; but a comfortable snug homestead of the olden time fills him with rapture. He has often described both kinds of places with inimitable beauty, and even delicacy.

This description of an ancient garden, which we select at random, is recommended to all English readers by the venerable name of Evelyn. It will be relished by many. The garden is in Surrey, and not far from the bank-paper-mill, on which Cobbett bestowed such fervent maledictions.

Albury is a little village consisting of a few houses, with a large house or two near it. At the end of the village we came to a park, which is the residence of Mr *Drummond*. Having heard a great deal of this park, and of the gardens, I wished very much to see them.

Mr Drummond frankly gave the desired permission, and the reader is introduced by Cobbett.

They say that these gardens were laid out for one of the *Howards*, in the reign of Charles the Second, by Mr Evelyn, who wrote the *Sylva*. The mansion-house, which is by no means magnificent, stands on a little flat by the side of the parish church, having a steep, but not lofty, hill rising up on the south side of it. It looks right across the gardens, which lie on the slope of a hill which runs along at about a quarter of a mile distant from the front of the house. The gardens, of course, lie facing the south. At the back of them under the hill is a high wall; and there is also a wall at each end, running from north to south. Between the house and the gardens there is a very beautiful run of water, with a sort of little wild narrow sedgy meadow. The gardens are separated from this by a hedge, running along from east to west. From this hedge there go up the hill, at right angles, several other hedges, which divide the land here into distinct gardens or orchards. Along at the top of these there goes a yew hedge, or, rather, a row of small yew trees, the trunks of which are bare for about eight or ten feet high, and the tops of which form one solid head of about ten feet high, while the bottom branches come out on each side of the row about eight feet horizontally. This hedge, or row, is *a quarter of a mile long*. There is a nice hard sand-road under this species of umbrella; and, summer and winter, here is a most delightful walk. Behind this row of yews, there is a space, or garden (a quarter of a mile long, you will observe) about thirty or forty feet wide, as nearly as I can recollect. At the back of this garden, and facing the yew-tree row, is a wall probably ten feet high, which forms the breastwork of a *terrace*; and it is this terrace which is the most beautiful thing that I ever saw in the gardening way. It is a quarter of a mile long, and, I believe, between thirty and forty feet wide; of the finest green sward, and as level as a die.

The wall, along at the back of this terrace, stands close against the hill, which you see, with the trees and underwood upon it, rising above the wall. So that here is the finest spot for fruit trees that can possibly be imagined. At both ends of this garden the trees in the park are lofty, and there are a pretty many of them. The hills on the south side of the mansion-house are covered with lofty

trees, chiefly beeches and chestnut: so that, a warmer, a more sheltered spot than this, it seems to be impossible to imagine. Observe, too, how judicious it was to plant the row of yew trees at the distance which I have described from the wall which forms the breast-work of the terrace; that wall, as well as the wall at the back of the terrace, are covered with fruit trees, and the yew-tree row is just high enough to defend the fermer from winds, without injuring it by its shade. In the middle of the wall, at the back of the terrace, there is a recess, about thirty feet in front and twenty feet deep, and here is a *basin*, into which rises a spring coming out of the hill. The overflowings of this basin go under the terrace and down across the garden into the rivulet below. So that here is water at the top, across the middle, and along at the bottom of this garden. Take it altogether, this, certainly, is the prettiest garden that I ever beheld. Everywhere utility and convenience is combined with beauty. The terrace is by far the finest thing of the sort that I ever saw, and the whole thing altogether is a great compliment to the taste of the times in which it was formed. I know there are some ill-natured persons who will say, that I want a revolution that would turn Mr Drummond out of this place and put me into it. Such persons will hardly believe me; but, upon my word, I do not. From everything that I hear, Mr Drummond is very worthy of possessing it himself, seeing that he is famed for his justice and his kindness *towards the labouring classes*, who, God knows, have very few friends amongst the rich. If what I have heard be true, Mr Drummond is singularly good in this way.

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This valley, which is very pretty, and which winds about a good deal, is the dale of the Arun; and the town is the town of the Arundale. To-day, near a place called Wesborough Green, I saw a woman bleaching her home-spun and home-woven linen. I have not seen such a thing before, since I left Long Island.

No part of his writings is more engaging than his in-door and *home-field* descriptions of humble rural life in England and America, in its rough peace and plenty, if not in "all its joy and elegance." Some of our modern novelists have begun to contrast the family of the plain old-fashioned farmer with that of the new refined race; but this has never been done with more graphic power and felicity, than in this one of Cobbett's numerous sketches from real life. The scene is near Reigate—the time, October 1825, when things were far from being at the worst:—

Having done my business at Hartswood to-day, about eleven o'clock, I went to a sale at a farm, which the farmer is quitting. Here I had a view of what has long been going on all over the country. The farm, which belongs to Christ's Hospital, has been held by a man of the name of Charington, in whose family the lease has been, I hear, a great number of years. The house is hidden by trees. It stands in the Weald of Surrey, close by the River Mole, which is here a mere rivulet, though just below this house the rivulet supplies the very prettiest flour-mill I ever saw in my life.

Everything about this farm-house was formerly the scene of plain manners and plentiful living: oak clothes-chests, oak bedsteads, oak chests of drawers, and oak tables to eat on, long, strong, and well supplied with joint stools. Some of the things were many hundred years old. But all appeared to be in a state of decay, and nearly of disuse. There appeared to have been hardly any family in that house, where formerly there were, in all probability, from ten to fifteen, men, boys, and maids: and, which was the worst of all, there was a parlour! Ay, and a carpet and bell-pull, too! One end of the front of this once plain and substantial house had been moulded into a "parlour;" and there was the mahogany table, and the fine chairs, and the fine glass, and all as barefaced upstart as any stockjobber in the kingdom can boast of. And there were the decanters, the glasses, the "dinner-set" of crockery ware, and all just in the true stockjobber style. And I daresay it has been 'Squire Charington and the Miss Charingtons; and not plain Master Charington, and his son, Hodge, and his daughter, Betty Charington; all of whom this accursed system has, in all likelihood, transmuted into a species of mock gentlefolks, while it has ground the labourers down into real slaves. Why do not farmers now feed and lodge their work-people as they did formerly? Because they cannot keep them upon so little as they give them in wages. This is the real cause of the change. There needs no more to prove that the lot of the working-classes has become worse than it formerly was. This fact alone is quite sufficient to settle this point. All the world knows, that a number of people, boarded in the same house, and at the same table, can, with as good food, be boarded much cheaper than those persons divided into twos, threes, or fours, can be boarded. This is a well-known truth: therefore, if the farmer now shuts his pantry against his labourers, and pays them wholly in money, is it not clear that he does it because he thereby gives them a living cheaper to him; that is to say, a worse living than formerly? Mind, he has a house for them; a kitchen for them to sit in, bed-rooms for them to sleep in, tables, and stools, and benches, of everlasting duration. All these he has: all these cost him nothing; and yet so much does he gain by pinching them in wages, that he lets all these things remain as of no use, rather than feed labourers in the house. Judge, then, of the change that has taken place in the condition of these labourers! And be astonished, if you can, at the pauperism and the crimes that now disgrace this once happy and moral England.

The land produces, on an average, what it always produced; but there is a new distribution of the produce. This 'Squire Charington's father used, I daresay, to sit at the head of the oak-table along with his men, say grace to them, and cut up the meat and the pudding. He might take a cup of strong-beer to himself, when they had none; but that was pretty nearly all the difference in their manner of living, so that all lived well. But the 'Squire had many wine-decanters, and wine-glasses, and "a dinner set," and a "breakfast set," and "dessert knives;" and these evidently imply carryings on, and a consumption, that must of necessity have greatly robbed the long oak-table, if it had remained fully tenanted. That long table could not share in the work of the decanters and the dinner set. Therefore, it became almost untenanted; the labourers retreated to hovels, called cottages; and, instead of board and lodging, they got money; so little of it as to enable the employer to drink wine; but, then, that he might not reduce them to quite starvation, they were enabled to come to him, in the king's name, and demand food as paupers. And now, mind, that which a man receives in the king's name, he knows well he has by force; and it is not in nature that he should thank anybody for it, and, least of all, the party from whom it is forced. Then, if this sort of force be insufficient to obtain him enough to eat and to keep him warm, is it surprising, if he think it no great offence against God, (who created no man to starve,) to use another sort of force more within his own control? Is it, in short, surprising, if he resort to theft and robbery?

This is not only the natural progress, but it has been the progress in England. The blame is not justly imputed to 'Squire Charington and his like: the blame belongs to the infernal stock-jobbing system. There was no reason to expect that farmers would not endeavour to keep pace, in point of show and luxury, with fundholders, and with all the tribes that war and taxes created. Farmers were not the authors of the mischief; and now they are compelled to shut the labourers out of their houses, and to pinch them in their wages, in order to be able to pay their own taxes; and, besides this, the manners and the principles of the working-class are so changed, that a sort of self-preservation bids the farmer (especially in some counties) to keep them from beneath his roof.

I could not quit this farm-house without reflecting on the thousands of scores of bacon, and thousands of bushels of bread, that had been eaten from the long oak-table,

which, I said to myself, is now perhaps going at last to the bottom of a bridge that some stock-jobber will stick up over an artificial river in his cockney garden. "By ——, it shan't!" said I, almost in a real passion: and so I requested a friend to buy it for me; and, if he do so, I will take it to Kensington, or to Fleet-street, and keep it for the good it has done in the world.

When the old farm-houses are down, (and down they must come in time,) what a miserable thing the country will be! Those that are now erected are mere painted shells, with a mistress within, who is stuck up in a place she calls a parlour, with, if she have children, the "young ladies and gentlemen" about her: some showy chairs and a sofa (a sofa by all means;) half a dozen prints in gilt frames hanging up; some swinging book-shelves with novels and tracts upon them; a dinner brought in by a girl that is perhaps better "educated" than she; two or three nick-nacks to eat instead of a piece of bacon and a pudding; the house too neat for a dirty-shoed carter to be allowed to come into; and everything proclaiming, to every sensible beholder, that there is here a constant anxiety to make a show not warranted by the reality. The children (which is the worst part of it) are all too clever to work: they are all to be gentlefolks. Go to plough! Good God! What! "young gentlemen" go to plough! They become clerks, or some skimmy-dish thing or other. They flee from the dirty work as cunning horses do from the bridle. What misery is all this! What a mass of materials for producing that general and dreadful convulsion that must, first or last, come and blow this funding and jobbing, and enslaving and starving system, to atoms!

Those who will not admit permanent evil, cannot deny that there is here painful change—change which justified the anger and sorrow with which this rough rider over the English Downs looked upon it—because he had, in boyhood, enjoyed such lovely sights as this one, which he has so tenderly and *poetically* described:—

The fashion of the labouring people is this: the husband, when free from his toil in the fields, takes his share in the nursing, which he manifestly looks upon as a sort of reward for his labour. However distant from his cottage, his heart is always at that home towards which he is carried, at night, by limbs that feel not their weariness, being urged on by a heart anticipating the welcome of those who attend him there. Those who have, as I so many hundreds of times have, seen the labourers in the woodland parts of Hampshire and Sussex, coming at night-fall towards their cottage-wickets, laden with fuel for a day or two; whoever has seen three or four little creatures looking out for the father's approach, running in to announce the glad tidings, and then scampering out to meet him, clinging round his knees, or hanging on his skirts; whoever has witnessed scenes like this, to witness which has formed one of the greatest delights of my life, will hesitate long before he prefer a life of ease to a life of labour; before he prefer a communication with children, intercepted by servants and teachers, to that communication which is here direct, and which admits not of any division of affection.

Then comes the Sunday; and, amongst all those who keep no servants, a great deal depends on the manner in which the father employs that day. When there are two or three children, or even one child, the first thing after the breakfast (which is late on this day of rest) is to wash and dress the child or children. Then, while the mother is dressing the dinner, the father, being in his Sunday clothes himself, takes care of the child or children. When dinner is over, the mother puts on her best; and then, all go to church, or, if that cannot be, whether from distance or other cause, all pass the afternoon together. This used to be the way of life amongst the labouring people; and from this way of life arose the most able and most moral people that the world ever saw, until grinding taxation took from them the means of obtaining a sufficiency of food and of raiment; plunged the whole, good and bad, into one indiscriminate mass, under the degrading and hateful name of paupers.

From speaking of the horrible game-laws, and some recent *hangings* in Sussex in consequence of them, he turns to the landlords, reminding them of his former frequent prophecies of the loss of their estates:—

Those of you who have any capacity, except that which is necessary to enable you to kill wild animals, see this now, as clearly as I do; and yet you evince no intention to change your courses. You hang on with unrelenting grasp; and cry "pauper," and "poacher," and "radical," and "lower orders," with as much insolence as ever! It is always thus: men like you may be convinced of error; but they never change their conduct. They never become just, because they are convinced that they have been unjust: they must have a great deal more than that conviction to make them just. . . . . Bear this in mind, if you please, Messieurs the Game-people; that, if—no matter in what shape and under what pretence—if, I tell you, paper be put out again, sufficient to raise the price of a South Down ewe to the last year's mark, the whole system goes to atoms. I tell you that; mind it; and look sharp about you, O ye fat parsons; for tithes and half-pay will, be you assured, never, from that day, again go in company into the parson's pocket.

In this north of Hampshire, as everywhere else, the churches and all other things exhibit indubitable marks of decay. There are, along under the north side of that chain of hills which divide Hampshire from Berkshire, in this part, taking into Hampshire about two or three miles wide of the low ground along under the chain, eleven churches along in a string in about fifteen miles, the chancels of which would contain a great many more than all the inhabitants, men, women, and children, sitting at their ease with plenty of room. How should this be otherwise, when, in the parish of Burghclere, one single farmer holds by lease, under Lord Carnarvon, as one farm, the lands that men, now living, can remember to have formed fourteen farms, bringing up, in a respectable way, fourteen families. In some instances, these small farm-houses and homesteads are completely gone; in others, the buildings remain, but in a tumble-down state; in others, the house is gone, leaving the barn for use as a barn or as a cattle-shed; in others, the out-buildings are gone, and the house, with rotten thatch, broken windows, rotten door-sills, and all threatening to fall, remains as the dwelling of a half-starved and ragged family of labourers; the grandchildren, perhaps, of the decent family of small farmers that formerly lived happily in this very house. This, with few exceptions, is the case all over England; and, if we duly consider the nature and tendency of the hellish system of taxing, of funding, and of paper-money, it must be so. Then, in this very parish of Burghclere, there was, until a few months ago, a famous cock-parson, the "Honourable and Reverend" George Herbert, who had grafted the parson upon the soldier, and the justice upon the parson; for he died, a little while ago, a half-pay officer in the army, rector of two parishes, and chairman of the quarter sessions of the county of Hants!

We shall now, in our capacity of *indicators*, select, nearly at random, a few paragraphs of COBBETTIANA, as this:—

MEM.—To ask, when I get to London, what is become of the *intense* Counsellor *Bric*, and if he has yet had the justice to put the *k* to the end of his name.

In speaking of the process of *husking* Indian corn, he thus jumps off to Lord Brougham:—

Now for the *Schoolmaster*, who, Mr Brougham tells us, is actually *abroad*; and, by-the-by, Mr Brougham himself seems to have been *abroad* for more than a half year, for, instead of speeches, such as that memorable one which enabled a *reporter* to go, after he had heard the exordium, to Windsor, to see his sweetheart, and come back in time to hear the peroration; instead of speeches like this, we have heard, only now and then, a few short, detached, in-

coherent sentences. Like the principal character in a duck-hunt, he is more out of sight than in sight. The chief interest in this sport consists in the curiosity which is excited, at every dive of the duck, *to know at what point he will come up again.*

His Lordship is not at present in a *dive*, so we may drop the simile, which our lively author pursues rather far.

Cobbett had been set by a lady to read Mr Owen's scheme. The result of his studies was—

Though I do not yet see my way clear as to how to arrange matters with regard to the young girls and the young fellows, I am quite clear that his institution would be most excellent for the disposal of the lawyers. One of his *Squares* would be at a great distance from all other habitations; in the midst of Lord Erskine's estate, for example, mentioned in my former ride; and nothing would be so fitting, his Lordship having long been called *the father of the bar*; in the midst of this estate, with no town or village within miles of them, we might have one of Mr Owen's squares, and set the bob-tailed brotherhood most effectually to work.

Speaking of two classes of obnoxious political persons, he says—

I do not much like *weasels*, but I hate *rats*; and, therefore, I say, success to the weasels!

In one place we find him hypothetically putting a case thus—

Suppose me, for instance, to be a great liar; as great a liar, if it be possible, as Stuart of the *Courier*.

Near Devizes, he observed a monstrous building, which he took for a barrack—

But, upon asking what it was, I found it was one of those other marks of the JUBILEE REIGN—namely, a most *magnificent jail*; fit to hold one half of all the able-bodied men in the county.

Describing Lord Folkestone's beautiful farmyard at Coleshill—

If I had to shew this village off to a Yankee, I would blindfold him all the way to, and after I got him out of it, lest he should see the scare-crow paupers on the road.

At one time staying at Stanford Park for a short time, and viewing its romantic and rural beauties, in contrast with his own vocation, he says—

"Well, then," says the devil of laziness, "and could you not be contented to live here all the rest of your life, and never again pester yourself with the cursed politics? Why, I think I have laboured enough. Let others work now. And such a pretty place for coursing, and for hare-hunting and woodcock shooting, I dare say; and then those pretty wild-ducks in the water, and the flowers, and the grass, and the trees, and all the birds in spring, and the fresh air, and never, never again to be stifled with the smoke that from the infernal Wen ascendeth for evermore, and that every easterly wind brings to choke me at Kensington!" The last word of this soliloquy carried me back, slap, to my own study, (very much unlike that which I am in,) and bade me think of the *Gridiron*; bade me think of the complete triumph that I have yet to enjoy: promised me the pleasure of seeing a million of trees of my own, and sown by my own hands, this very year. Ah! but the hares, and the pheasants, and the wild-ducks! Yes, but the delight of seeing Prosperity Robinson hang his head for shame; the delight of beholding the tormenting embarrassments of those who have so long retained crowds of base miscreants to revile me; the delight of ousting spitten-upon Stanley, and bound-over Wood! Yes, but, then, the flowers, and the birds, and the sweet air! What, then, shall Canning never again hear of the "revered and ruptured Ogden!" Shall he go into his grave without being again reminded of "driving at the whole herd, in order to get at the ignoble animal!" Shall he ever again be told of Six-Acts, and of his wish "to extinguish that accursed torch of discord for ever!" Oh! God forbid! Farewell, hares, and dogs, and birds! What! shall Sidmouth, then, never again hear of his *Power of Imprisonment Bill*, of his *Circular*, of his *Letter of Thanks to the Manchester Yeomanry!* I really jumped up when this thought came athwart my mind, and, without thinking of the breakfast, said to George, who was sitting by me, "Go, George, and tell them to saddle the horses;" for, it seemed to me, that I had been meditating some crime.

Frequently we find such *pithy* topographical notices as the following:—

Between Sutton and the Wen, there is, in fact, little besides houses, gardens, grass-plots, and other matters, to accommodate Jews, jobbers, and the mistresses and bastards that are put out a-keeping.

The following address is made in passing WALMER CASTLE, the habitation of

Our Great Minister, Robert Bankes Jenkinson, son of Charles of that name! When I was told, by a girl, who was gleaning in a field by the road side, that that was Walmer Castle, I stopped short, pulled my horse round, looked steadfastly at the gateway, and could not help exclaiming: "O, thou who inhabitest that famous dwelling! thou who hast always been in place, let who might be out of place! O thou everlasting placeman! thou sage of over-production! do but cast thine eyes upon this barley-field, where, if I am not greatly deceived, there are from seven to eight quarters upon the acre! O thou whose *Courier* newspaper has just informed its readers that wheat will be seventy shillings the quarter, in the month of November! O thou wise man, I pray thee come forth from thy castle, and tell me what thou wilt do if wheat should happen to be, at the appointed time, thirty-five shillings, instead of seventy shillings, the quarter! Sage of over-production, farewell! If thou hast life, thou wilt be Minister, as long as thou canst pay the interest of the Debt in full, but not one moment longer. The moment thou ceasest to be able to squeeze from the Normans a sufficiency to count down to the Jews their full tale, that moment, thou great stern-path-of-duty man, thou wilt begin to be taught the true meaning of the words—Ministerial Responsibility."

Another in the same style runs thus:—

O Peel, Peel, Peel! Thy bill, O Peel, did sicken them so! Let us, O thou offspring of the Spinning-Jenny promoter, who subscribed ten thousand pounds towards the late "glorious" war; who was, after that, made a Baronet, and whose biographers (in the Baronetage) tell the world, that he had a "presentiment that he should be the founder of a family"—O thou, thou great Peel, do thou let us have only two more years of thy Bill! Or, O great Peel, Minister of the Interior, do thou let us have repeal of the Corn Bill! Either will do, great Peel. We shall then see such *modest* 'squires and parsons looking so queer! However, if thou wilt not listen to us, great Peel, we must, perhaps, (and only perhaps,) wait a little longer. It is sure to come at last, and to come, too, in the most efficient way.

* * * * *

Deal is a most villanous place. It is full of filthy-looking people. Great desolation of abomination has been going on here; tremendous barracks, partly pulled down, and partly tumbling down, and partly occupied by soldiers.

When a boy of eleven, Cobbett had been sent down into Wilts, with a horse, in the summer time, and had remained until autumn. He remembered all the places he had seen—"the beautiful villages up and down the valley, and the women at Steeple Longford, who used to card and spin dyed wool." With these primitive recollections there were now blended, in his advanced age, a non-resident pluralist rector, drawing, in great tithes, six or seven hundred a-year; and this "famous" place:—

This Deptford Inn was a famous place of meeting for the Yeomanry Cavalry, in glorious anti-Jacobin times, when wheat was twenty shillings a bushel, and when a man could be crammed into gaol for years, for only look-

ing awry. This inn was a glorious place in the days of Peg Nicholson and her Knights. Strangely altered now. The shape of the garden shews you what revelry used to be carried on here. Peel's bill gave this inn, and all belonging to it, a terrible souse. The unfeeling brutes, who used to brandish their swords, and swagger about, at the news of what was called "*a victory*," have now to lower their scale in clothing, in drink, in eating, in dress, in horseflesh, and everything else. They are now a lower sort of men than they were. They look at their rusty sword, and their old dusty helmet, and their once gay regimental jacket. They do not hang these up now in the "parlour," for everybody to see them: they hang them up in their bed-rooms, or in a cockloft; and, when they meet their eye, they look at them as a cow does at a bastard calf, or as the bridegroom does at a girl that the overseers are about to compel him to marry.

We have read many *L'Envoy*, beginning—"My little book"—"Go forth, my book"—and so on; and, after them all, can feel admiration of this one, drawn forth by the Act which drove Cobbett to set his ingenuity against senseless and oppressive laws. The name "*Twopenny Trash*," he manfully adopted from the nick-name given, he says, in contempt, to his stirring pamphlets, by Gifford of the *Quarterly Review*, Walter of the *Times*, and Stuart of the *Courier*.

And now, "*Twopenny Trash*," dear little "*Twopenny Trash*," go thy ways. Thou hast acted thy part in this grand drama. Ten thousand waggon-loads of the volumes that fill the libraries and booksellers' shops have never caused a thousandth part of the thinking, nor a millionth part of the stir, that thou hast caused. Thou hast frightened more and greater villains than ever were frightened by the jail and the gibbet; and thou hast created more pleasure and more hope in the breasts of honest men, than ever were before created by tongue or pen, since England was England. When thy stupid, corrupt, malignant, and cowardly enemies, shall be rotten and forgotten, thou wilt live, be beloved, admired, and renowned!

The satirical writings of "*Davie Lyndsay*" never could have advanced one great reformation half so much as those of Cobbett have another, which, in *temporal* matters at least, will be even greater. At a public meeting in Kent, Lord Winchelsea, being asked if he would vote for the abolition of *tithes*, replied that he would not, because *tithes* were instituted by our "*pious ancestors*;" upon which our writer remarks:—

When I was a boy, or before I had read with attention, I often wondered how our forefathers came to be such fools as to give one tenth part of all the corn, hay, roots, calves, lambs, wool, pigs, eggs, milk, fruit, greens, underwood, and of the profit on mills and of the waters, and of the animals at pasture—that they should have been such fools as to give, in every parish, all this to one man of the parish, and that man, too, an unmarried man. I thought them great fools, and lamented that we had, hitherto, been such fools, such tame and stupid fellows, as to adhere to their laws. But, upon looking into the matter, I found that our old papas had done no such a thing. I found that they had given only a third of the tenth to the priests; another third to build and repair the churches; and the other third to relieve the poor; and, indeed, that third which the priest had, was to enable him to keep hospitality, and relieve the stranger. Oh! said I, this had *sense* in it; and it is we, conceited we, *enlightened* we, who are the fools, who let the parsons take all, and who relieve the poor, and build and repair the churches, by taxes which we screw from one another, and who, while we have a mutton-bone on our tables, silently see the parsons wallowing in luxury. We, *enlightened* we, are the real fools.

The world needed one writer who, in what Byron has denominated the age of cant, should break through the ordinary hypocrisies and conventionalities of the press, and, by his daring and reckless courage, enhearten feebler, though probably not less honest, minds. His vigour and perseverance—the reiterated dints of his weighty forehammer—were, every one of them, required in moulding the inert mass upon which his blows finally told so powerfully. Thus his example was as useful to the press, as his doctrines were rousing to the people. It must also be told, to his great praise, that, with admitted occasional vehemence, violence, and coarseness of abuse, he has never, like some of his contemporaries, violated the sanctities of private life, and shewn his courage by attacking and slandering women and defenceless persons. The *pensioned* ladies it was impossible he could pass over in silence. This would have been a compromise of public duty; but he has been less severe upon the individuals than writers presumed to be much more refined and delicate; while all his writings shew so much of the hearty and healthy household affections, of fondness for little children, and manly tenderness and deference for the sex, as to present the author in a favourable, and, indeed, an amiable light. And there appears no affectation or getting-up about this. It all lies in the way, or else is the natural outbreak of habitual feelings. In the "*Advice to Young Men*," such subjects fall in course; but the "*Residence in America*," the "*Advice to Emigrants*," the "*Cottage Economy*," and many of his works, are pervaded by the same genial spirit. Yet he heartily despised those "monopolizers, extortioners, peculators, and jobbers," who, under pretence of taking care of "*wife and family*," either tried to support them by plundering the public, and consequently all other families, or who shrunk from their public duties on account of a prudent care of their small children. "I have *sixteen children*," said the late wealthy Sir Henry Mildmay to Cobbet, in excuse of shirking. "Which are just *sixteen* reasons," returned the old sergeant-major, "in addition to all I have urged, to your making the exertion." He himself disdained such subterfuges. It was his honest boast that he or his had never derived one penny from the public purse; and, his situation and opportunities considered, it is no mean boast. Upon personal independence, the groundwork of so much of public and private virtue, he bestowed the highest praise. How much manliness, how much truth, how much wisdom, are contained in the following extract from the "*Advice to Young Men!*"

Poverty is not a positive, but a relative term. Burke observed, and very truly, that a labourer who earned a sufficiency to maintain him as a labourer, and to maintain him in a suitable manner; to give him a sufficiency of good food, of clothing, of lodging, and of fuel, ought not to be called *a poor man*; for that, though he had little riches, though his, compared with that of a lord, was a state of poverty, it was not a state of poverty in itself. When, therefore, I say that poverty is the cause of a depression of spirit, of inactivity and of servility in men of literary talent, I must say, at the same time, that the evil arises from their own fault; from their having created for themselves imaginary wants; from their having indulged in unnecessary enjoyments; and from their having caused that to be poverty which

would not have been poverty, if they had been moderate in their enjoyments.

As it may be your lot (such has been mine) to live by your literary talent, I will here, before I proceed to matter more applicable to persons in other states of life, observe, that I cannot form an idea of a mortal more wretched than a man of real talent, compelled to curb his genius, and to submit himself in the exercise of that genius, to those whom he knows to be far inferior to himself, and whom he must despise from the bottom of his soul. The late Mr William Gifford was a shoemaker, at Ashburton, in Devonshire; and was put to school, and sent to the university, at the expense of a generous and good clergyman of the name of Cookson, and died, the other day, a sort of whipper-in of Murray's *Quarterly Review*; this was a man of real genius; and, *to my certain personal knowledge*, he detested, from the bottom of his soul, the *whole of the paper money and boroughmongering system*, and despised those by whom the system was carried on. But, he had imaginary wants; he had been bred up in company with the rich and the extravagant; expensive indulgences had been made necessary to him by habit; and when, in the year 1798, or thereabouts, he had to choose between a bit of bacon, a scrag of mutton, and a lodging at ten shillings a-week, on the one side, and made-dishes, wine, a fine house, and a footman, on the other side, he chose the latter. He became the servile editor of Canning's anti-jacobin newspaper; and he, who had more wit and learning than all the rest of the writers put together, became the miserable tool in circulating their attacks upon everything that was hostile to a system which he deplored and detested. But he secured the made-dishes, the wine, the footman, and the coachman. A sinecure as "*clerk of the Foreign Estreats*," gave him £329 a-year; a double commissionership of the lottery gave him £600 or £700 more; and, at a later period, his editorship of the *Quarterly Review* gave him, perhaps, as much more. He rolled in his carriage for several years; he fared sumptuously; he was buried at Westminster Abbey, of which his friend, and formerly his brother pamphleteer in defence of Pitt, was the Dean; and never is he to be heard of more! Mr Gifford would have been full as happy; his health would have been better, his life longer, and his name would have lived for ages, if he could have turned to the bit of bacon and scrag of mutton in 1798; for his learning and talents were such, his reasonings so clear and conclusive, and his wit so pointed and keen, that his writings must have been generally read, must have been of long duration; and, indeed, must have enabled him (he being always a single man) to live in his latter days in as good style as that which he procured by becoming a sinecurist, a pensioner, and a *hack*, all which he was from the moment he lent himself to the *Quarterly Review*. Think of the mortification of such a man, when he was called upon to justify the power-of-imprisonment bill in 1817! But to go into particulars would be tedious; his life was a life of luxurious misery, than which a worse is not to be imagined.

So that poverty is, except where there is an actual want of food and raiment, a thing much more imaginary than real. The shame of poverty—the shame of being thought poor—is a great and fatal weakness, though arising, in this country, from the fashion of the times themselves.

From remembered friendship, Cobbett has here certainly over-estimated the talents of this Tory *hack;* but this gives the more point to his lesson. We have rather wandered from the gallantry of our author, which, if not that of the dancing-master or of etiquette, is that of nature's chivalry. But this must be reserved for our concluding paper. What we have already been able to bring forward, will, we hope, tend to soften, if not to remove, that prejudice which many excellent and well-meaning persons bear to the very name of Cobbett. Take him for good and evil, he is now, beyond dispute, a standard English classic. His writings must, henceforward, form a part of our national literature; and we have still to shew that, as an energetic expounder of duty, as a teacher of the true wisdom of life, he was as distinguished as by the daring political opinions he inculcated.

TRADITIONARY BALLADS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

No. V.—THE LADY MAGDALENE.

A Legend of an English Hall.

PART I.

In a brave old house dwells Magdalene,
And with her there are three—
The blithe old man, the gardener;
And the good Dame Margery;

And a priest, who cometh now and then,
With a high and shaven crown,
With a foot that trod so silently,
And a long, black, camlet gown.

All up and down the galleries
Went the Lady Magdalene,
A-looking at the pictures old,
That on the walls were seen.

"And who is this, Dame Margery,
With the gold chain and the sword?"
"Oh, that was thy father, Magdalene,
And he was a noble lord!"

"And who is this boy, Dame Margery,
With the greyhound at his side?"
"Ah! that was thy brother, Magdalene;
But at four years old he died!"

"And tell me, I prythee, Margery,
Who's this with the downcast eye?—
It troubles my heart, Dame Margery,
But to pass that lady by."

No answer at all made Margery,
For a little season's space;
And again the maiden, Magdalene,
Looked up into her face.

"There are chambers many," quoth Magdalene,
"And many a stately bed;
And many a room so beautiful,
All green, and gold, and red.

"How is it, I pray, Dame Margery,
That all alone I dwell?
I have asked the question of myself,
And I'm sure I cannot tell.

"In the village street, Dame Margery,
Even in winter weather,
I see the children, sevens and eights,
All playing there together.

"But, in this large and grand old house,
I pray, how may it be,
That I am thus alone, alone,
With none for company?

"I look into the distant fields,
On the terrace as I stand,
And see the mothers walking there,
With their children by the hand.

"And, now, I pray, Dame Margery,
Who's this with the golden hair?
An earnest love is in my heart
For the lady pictured there."

Sore troubled was she, Dame Margery—
The tears were in her eye,
And she wiped them with her withered hand,
As thus she made reply.

"That lady is fair, sweet Magdalene,
Was ever fair and mild;
She was thy mother, Magdalene;
I nursed her when a child.

"Ah me! and I can remember well—
But all those times are fled—
When there were children and friends enow,
To sleep in every bed.

"When the great hall-table was too small
For the guests who sate to meat;
And the serving men were in liveries green,
With fair shoes on their feet.

"There were thirty horses then i' th' stall,
And grooms, nigh half-a-score;
I then was a maiden, reckoned fair—
But all those times are o'er!

"The house, i' troth, is silent now,
And hath a look of gloom—
I can remember when there were lights
And music in every room!

"The jackdaws now, and the swallows, build
In the chimneys cold and tall;
The ivy creeps o'er the window-glass,
And green damps on the wall!

"I can remember, Magdalene,
When the shrubs, that grow so wild,
Were set, scarce bigger than my hand—
Thy mother was then a child.

"Now, there's good old John, the gardener,
Thinks those times will come again;
Mayhap they may, sweet Magdalene,
But, I'm sure, I know not when!"

PART II.

On the terrace broad, walked Magdalene,
With gentle steps and slow;
And blithe old John, the gardener.
Was working down below.

And aye sung the blithe old gardener—
"The bird upon the tree,
Is merry i' th' budding spring-time,
And I am as merry as he."

And he cut the leaves of the snow-drop down,
And tied up the daffodilly;
And then he sung, as he bent at 's work,
With a "Hiho! willy, willy."

Down the broad stone-steps, went Magdalene,
And stood by the old flower-bed;
Yet still at his work the old man bent,
Nor ever raised up his head.

"'Tis a lonesome place," said Magdalene,
"A lonesome, dreary place!"
The blithe old man, he ceased his work,
And gazed into her face.

"Ay, ay, is it so, my lady fair?"
Said the wondering gardener;
"Why, I can remember yon terrace steps,
With children all astir.

"Ay, there was my Lady Isabel,
With hair like the raven's wing;
And the second sister, Adeline,
A wilful, proud young thing.

"There was my Lord Francis, my Lady Jane,
And your blessed lady-mother;
There were two brothers besides, and he
That was dearer than a brother.

"He was your father afterwards—
Ah me! how time moves on!—
There were seven children then i' the' house,
And now there is but one.
And all those happy children,
Like flowers of spring, are gone.

And then, what troops of ladies grand,
Went walking up and down;
Each softly fanning of herself,
In a shining silken gown.

"What gay and gallant gentlemen,
All clad in velvet fine;
What riding in and out there was;
What drinking of the wine!

"Ay, sure enough, the place is still—
Stiller than it was then;
But, perchance, my Lady Magdalene,
It may be blithe again!"

Then the blithe old man bent down to 's work,
And harder worked than ever;
Singing "Fa, la, la, to-morrow will come,
And drown care in the river!"

And the blithe old man cut down the leaves
Of the crocus, matted and wan;
The Lady Magdalene walked away,
And he kept singing on.

PART III.

In a stately room, the grave old priest
Doth sit at eventide;
He turneth over a great old book,
And Magdalene sits by 's side.

"Put down the book," said Magdalene,
"I cannot read to-day;
Put down the book, good father,
And hearken what I say!"

Up from his book the grave old man
Did slowly raise his eyes;
And silently looked at Magdalene,
As if in calm surprise.

"Now, father good," quoth Magdalene,
"This day I pray thee tell,
Wherefore in this grand house alone,
Year after year I dwell?

"Thou hast taught me both to read and write;
Hast taught me all I know—
Yet hast kept me from my kind apart—
I pray, why is it so?

"Yet, love, a deep and fervent love,
Thou hast ever taught to me—
From God, down to the meanest thing
Of his great family.

"Father, I've seen the children poor—
Glad sisters, too, and brothers;
And the joy that lives within the heart
Of lowly village-mothers.

"I've seen, upon the Sabbath-morn,
How many a loving band
Of kindly Christian people came
With their children by the hand;

"I see them kneeling, side by side,
Each to the other known,
Like groups of saints together set—
But I kneel all alone!

Oh, 'tis a pleasant sight to me!
And yet my heart doth ache,
To see such holy happiness
That I can not partake!

"Why is it thus, I pray thee tell,
That none with me abide?
Oh, for a loving sister,
To worship at my side!

"Father, I scarce know who I am,
Save of a lineage high,
And that the story of my house
Is a dark, sad history.

"Thou hast been a righteous friend to me—
I have loved thee many a year—
But, father, why alone I dwell,
I pray thee let me hear!"

For a moment's space, the grave old man
No answer made at all;
The tears were in his mild, grey eyes,
And yet no tear did fall.

"Hearken to me, my Magdalene,"
At length he did reply:—
"Thou art the sole, surviving stem
Of a great old family.

"I can remember when this house
Was full of sons and daughters;
When its fortunes all seemed flourishing
As willows by the waters.

"Daughters and sons, I mind me well
What a noble band were there;
The sons all goodly men of might,
The daughters wondrous fair.

"I can recall this solitude
An ever-changing crowd;
And the silence of these chambers vast
Was riot long and loud.

"I will not tell thee, Magdalene,
Of heartlessness and crime;
Enough, the wrath of Heaven did scourge
The evil of that time.

"There was a blight upon that race—
They one by one did fall;
Sorrow and sin had stricken them,
And death consumed them all.

"There was but one of all her house
Whom folly did not win;
An angel in a woman's form—
Thy mother, Magdalene!

"And when, upon her bed of death,
All in her youth she lay—
An angel, to her native skies
Ready to pass away;

"Ready to pass away to God,
Save for one mortal tie—
Thyself, my precious Magdalene,
That in her arms did lie.

"'Take, take, my friend, this little child,'
Said she, 'when I am dead;
And, as thou know'st I should declare,
Let her be nurtured.

"'Thou know'st the follies of this house,
Thou know'st its sin,' quoth she,
'And from such folly and such sin,
I pray thee keep her free.'

"She died!—the place was desolate—
Her kindred all were gone—
There was but I, her ghostly friend,
And thou, her orphaned one!

"Their thriftless lives had made thee poor,
Their shame thy name had spent—
Sorely run out were all thy lands,
And mortgaged all thy rent.

"I trained thee in this sober wise,
And in this solitude,
That thou might'st grow up innocent,
Thoughtful, and wise, and good.

"Thy manors now lie fair and wide,
Thy noble lands are free;
And old and young, my Magdalene,
Are looking up to thee.

"Ere long, thou wilt have friends enow,
And so, Heaven give thee grace,
The sounds of joy may ring again
From this deserted place.

"It has been stripped and desolate,
Its want laid open wide;
But the innocence of a little child
The place hath purified!

"Be patient yet, my Magdalene;
Please God, the time shall be,
When blameless mirth and merry friends
Shall here abide with thee!"

WESTERN WANDERINGS.

No. I.

"THERE's nothing more for me to see about Killarney," was my reflection, as I sat alone in one of the drawingrooms at Finn's Hotel, on the third evening of my fourth sojourn in that town. "Glengariff is as familiar to my eyes as Bond Street—'Gougone Bana' I have visited nearly a dozen times; and how *am* I to occupy the remainder of my time?" As I spoke, my eye fell upon a Dublin newspaper of a week old, which had in vain, morning and evening, wooed my attention since my arrival at Killarney. The words "Mr O'Connell" in large letters attracted me, and taking up the paper I read as follows:—"We have just received the Liberator's second letter to the people of Ireland. It bears the well-known motto, 'HERE-

DITARY BONDSMEN,' &c., and is dated from Derrynane Abbey, where, we rejoice to say, he continues in good health and spirits." "Derrynane Abbey," thought I—"A hit, by Jove!—I have letters for *the Agitator*—why not present them to him?"

At "The Abbey," a "Tour to O'Connell's Country" will look as well in print as "A Trip to Timbuctoo"—and one or other, for my fame's sake, I must accomplish. So saying, I summoned the head waiter, to consult on the means of reaching the route proposed. A public conveyance would, I was told, take me to Colinsween, within fourteen miles of my destination; but I had a horse, and the "Valentia Steam" took no four-footed passenger above the size of a pointer. Here we were at what Dennis Donovan called "an amplush;" but, after considering a few minutes, he solved the difficulty by saying—"Sure, there's Jack Begley come in just now on a return car from Tralee, and is going home to Cahir in the morning; and, if your honour will be up early enough, Jack's just the best guide you could have: but you must be up early, for he's going express, and your honour's luggage can go by the Jingle." To this arrangement there could be no objection; and, accordingly, six o'clock the next morning found me clear of the town of Killarney, on the road "to the West," with the aforesaid "Jack Begley" shambling along by my side, at a pace which kept my pony in a smartish trot. Begley was evidently well-known along the road; scarcely a peasant passed without changing a word with him, and two or three gentlemen, whom we met on their way into Killarney, drew bridle and detained him for a few minutes in conversation, doubtless as to the name and quality of the "stranger"—a point on which Begley could afford them no information. Jack himself was such a character as one could not hope to meet, except in Ireland, and particularly in that part thereof through which I was now journeying. He had been described to me by his patron the waiter as—"Not a fool—*but a kind of an ape*—a sort of half natural like, plaze your honour." And his whole appearance stamped him as belonging to the "Davie Gellatley" school; without the poetry, but with more of utility than that hero of his kind. Jack's head was, as is usual among the class to which he belongs, of more than usual magnitude, and covered with a tangled mass of hair, which had evidently never known any comb save the fingers of the owner, by which its recesses were ever and anon disturbed, as a prelude to his answers to my numerous questions. His eyes seemed as if they had been selected at random from amongst the refuse of nature's workshop; but, though not quite as bright as diamonds, still one of them could boast of being decorated with a pearl. His person was short and thickset, and his bare legs bore token of the frequency of his journeys, no less by the marks of scars and scratches, than by the strong developement of the various muscles. He was comfortably dressed in a sailor's jacket, waistcoat and trousers of pilot cloth, the latter rolled up nearly to his knees, and had jauntily stuck on one side of his mop of hair, a low-crowned tarpaulin hat, much the worse for wear, and bearing the words "New Grove" in white letters on its front. Of course he wore no shoes—he never had, he told me, but when he went to the *dancing school*, and then they *burnt* his feet so that he sold them for a "quarter of tobaccy."

My carpet bag was strapped upon his shoulders; and, when I considered that, in addition thereunto, he carried in his hands two parcels, one containing "six pounds of powder for the young gintlemin," and the other, "some stuff for the doctor," the speed with which he got along was to me matter of some surprise. As despatch was not a paramount object with me, I walked a considerable portion of the way by his side, and endeavoured to draw him out; but into anything like connected conversation I could not lead him. He paused after each remark of mine—glanced at me out of the corner of his eye—and then, after a pause of some seconds, the reply would be bolted forth, as if ejected by some projectile machinery within the man.

He was no sailor, he said, but wore sailors' clothes, because "all the gintlemin did—and when the Liberator, God bless him, ordered the clothes for him *this year*, he wouldn't be out of the fashion." He got a suit of clothes every year for running messages, and his honour gave him some check shirts, and the gintlemin were all very good to him. His hat was a present from one of the sailors of "the Gat," as he pronounced the word Yacht; and then he paused—and asking my honour's leave to light the dudheen, he proceeded to unrol the trouser below his right knee, and produced from among its folds a short pipe japanned by constant use, and a piece of tobacco wrapt up in a dirty paper, which, taking out the tobacco, he threw from him as he turned into a cabin to fill and light its companion the pipe. I have almost a Mahometan propensity for picking up pieces of waste paper; and, on examining this, I found that it was an acknowledgment from one of the employés of the provincial bank at Tralee, of the lodgement of two hundred pounds, per J. B. "to the credit of Messrs Parry and Grant of Colinsween," and bearing date only the preceding morning. I had just finished my inspection, when my guide issued from the cabin with his steamer at full work, and, glancing at the paper, clapped his hand hurriedly to the place whence he had extracted it, and then broke out with—"Sure your honour will give me that back, and not ruin a poor boy entirely." "Why, Jack," said I, "how came you by this?" "Sure I got it at Tralee, Sir," was the answer, "when I lodged the money." "And who," I asked, "was fool enough to trust you with such a sum?" "Faith, thin, you're the only gintlemin I ever see would call thim fools, when they bates the country for 'cuteness; and sure it's me they always sinds with their money, and nivir lost a penny before—but now, that I

dropt the resate—and hasn't lost that yet, for I know you'll give it back, Sir; for I'll be kilt if I come without it, and I hope your honour won't say I told you; for the never a more I'd be sint wid de money if you did."

His speech being rewarded by the restoration of the paper, Jack trudged along as before, solacing himself with the pipe, and answering my further questions as concisely as possible, as if fatigued by his oratorical exertion. We passed the gate of Grenagh; then the bridge and demesne of Beaufort; next the seat of M'Gillicuddy of the Reeks; and thence made our way without halting through Killorglein. For some short distance, after leaving the last named village, a small stream runs by the side of the road, into the channel of which my companion stepped, and paddled deliberately along its course as long as it continued parallel with the road, looking all the time intently at the stream, as if seeking something beneath its waters. At first I concluded that he did so for the purpose of cooling his feet; but when, as he left the channel, he exclaimed, "Well, I've done that many a time, and never seen one of 'em yet," I was tempted to ask him what he sought for, and was answered with—"Why, a *fluke*, (Anglice, flounder,) to be sure, Sir." "And why should you seek one there?" said I; "it seems a most unlikely place to find them in." "O Sir, did ye never hear what the fluke did there to St Patrick?" "No—but I should like to hear it now." "Why, sure, Sir, when St Patrick was going on by here to Iveragh, he stopped at the sthrame here, to wash his face; and, at that time, they say the sthrame was full of fish, and plenty of flukes above all, and the only place in Ireland that they were to be found. And that time the flukes had their mouths straight, like another fish, and not all as one as now. Well, Sir, when St Patrick was done washing his-silf, he knilt down to take a dhrink: and who should be in the water, just under him, but a big villian of a fluke—as big as a turbot. And when he see St Patrick kneeling down, and seen his long beard, that was all full of dust from the road, he begins to laugh; and, says he, 'That's the queerest ould man ever I see;' and he calls a parcel of the foolish young flukes about him. 'See how I'll frighten this ould chap,' says he; and, when St Patrick was just touching the wather—and he mighty thrusty—the blackguard of a fluke hit him a slap in the lips with his tail that made his mouth bleed, an' splashed him all over wid de watur; and wid that, all the young flukes began to laugh, and put up their heads, and make crooked mouths at the saint. 'Which of ye'se done this?' says he. 'Twas I,' says the big fluke, putting up his head, and winking his eye, and putting out his tongue, and twisting his mouth twice worse than the rest—and they all screeched laughing, so that you'd hear thim from this to Finn's. 'Well,' says the Saint to the big fluke, 'for that same thing,' says he, 'I'll change you into a stone; and you shan't be in the wathur for evermore. Come, step out here, my lad,' says he; and with that, Sir, the big fluke steps ashore, and walks up to the top of the hill here; and there they say he is—God save us all!"—pointing to a large flat slab of stone which lay on the roadside. "Well, Sir, when the little flukes seen what happened, they began to cry, and roar, and ax the Saint's pardon; and 'Ye poor fools,' says he, 'I'll pardon yese; but the never a fish but a fluke shall be seen in this river for evermore; and ye, and all yir childer, shall have crooked mouths,' says he; and, sure enough, Sir, the divil another kind of fish was ever seen here, and all the flukes in Ireland have crooked mouths; and I was looking for one in the river to shew your honour; but, though I look every time I come by, the never a fluke did I see there yet, and I suppose I looked there a hundred times if I did oncet; and that's the whole story about it—about the fluke and St Patrick; and the sorrow a word of a lie in it, but tould it just as I hurd it. And there's Lough Cona, plase yir honour."

I looked, and saw, at the distance of perhaps a quarter of a mile, nearly encircled by hills, (except to the westward, whence rushed a rapid stream, that, winding beneath the rising ground on which we stood, sought its termination in the adjacent bay,) a lake of considerable size, unruffled by a breeze, and shining like a mirror beneath the now nearly meridian sun. As I gazed, a small boat broke the placid surface, the rowers suddenly rested on their oars, and the notes of a bugle were heard, pealing forth the fine old martial air of "O'Sullivan's March," while wood, and rock, and mountain, were filled with the thronging echoes. The bugle ceased, the echoes faded gradually into silence, the oars again glimmered in the water; and, as the boat shot behind one of the steep headlands which project into the lake, Begley exclaimed, "Well, we'll get a salmon at Wales's, any way; for the men have been fishing, and Jack Gansey wouldn't be playing the bugle, only they're done. So, if you come on, Sir, we'll be at the place as soon as them."

Charming as was the prospect before me, I yet felt that a slice of the fresh Cona salmon was not to be despised, particularly as it was probable that I should be entertained not merely with music, but with the traditions of the neighbourhood, by my old acquaintance, Gansey; and, accordingly, pushing on, we crossed the river by a singularly inconvenient bridge, some short distance from which we came in view of a snug, slated tenement, which my guide told me was "Wales's." A short time brought me to the door, over which a gilt lettered board informed me, that "Wm. Wales was licensed to sell wine, spirits, beer, and tobacco." Around stood several loiterers—the boatmen of whom Begley had spoken—listening to the music of Gansey's pipes, and awaiting "their allowance" from the landlord. Begley was met with five or six hundred thousand welcomes from each of the party. Young Gansey, recognising me on my approach, civilly touched his hat, and took charge of my

horse. His father replied to my inquiries after his health, by saying he was "Well, and glad *to see me so.*" *Nota bene*—He is stone blind. And, while the woman of the house proceeded to make preparations for my entertainment, I had time to look about me, and examine this caravansera of the desert, in the keeper of which I found a jolly native of Lincolnshire—thrown like a waif upon the sandy shores, and amusing with his English accent, and edifying by his English habits of order, cleanliness, and regularity, the wild natives of Glen Begh.

IMPROMPTU SONNETS.

BY LOUISA ANNE TWAMLEY.

No. I.—DESPAIR.

THE INK-POT EMPTY.

"A fact literally rendered."

THE Muse's mystic hand was on my brow,
And with poetic fervour beamed my eye;
In fancy's bright aerial realms on high,
Imagination bade her currents flow,
And glass in their clear depths the world below,
Free'd from each sordid dark impurity.
My pen I dipped, thoughtful and silently:
I wrote; but still untinctured was the snow
Of the pure page: again the quill I plunged
In the small reservoir of the ebon flood;
But—horror!—the contents were all expunged!
And my celestial inspirations would
Perish of thirst for that nectareous drink;—
My thoughts had quaffed the last—last drop of ink!

No. II.—HOPE.

THE INK-POT REPLENISHED.

I know, unto the parching pilgrim train,
How dearly precious is the desert's well;—
Unto the alderman, how sweet the smell
Of turtle, or of ven'son;—and, again,
Unto the voy'ger of the angry main,
How welcome is the echo of a bell,
Borne on the night-wind o'er the billow's swell,
Telling of land and rest;—and how the strain
Of lover's gentle flattery is sought
By the adored one;—and how passing nice,
On a hot day of London toil and drought,
It is, to cool one's dry tongue with an ice.
But all these luxuries to nothings shrink
Beside the Poet's refilled Pot of Ink!

No. III.—HAPPINESS.

THE INK-POT EMPLOYED.

The extatic joy!—exulting, to begin
The working of this mine of liquid jet,
And see the tempting margin darkly wet
With sprinklings of the treasure shrined within.
Oh! is't not brave, all bloodlessly to win
A victory, that *may* Fame's laurel set
Upon my brow, while smooth, scarce ruffled yet
By the cold world's pride, heartlessness, and sin?
That vict'ry o'er the transientness of thought
Won by the ink-horn and the grey-goose quill—
Slight weapons—yet miraculously wrought
With mystic power to work our good or ill.
But I grow grave.—Oh! 'tis *divine* to think
Of SWIMMING TO POSTERITY IN INK!

POETIC CONSOLATIONS.

TO HELEN.

AH me! when so softly you ask me,
I find it in vain to refuse;
So that, even when to scribble you task me,
I give my whole soul to—a muse.

A chaplet of roses I'll wreathe thee
From all my poetical store;
And, though very few sighs I shall breathe thee,
You'll perceive I am thinking of—Moore!

No flower of my own can I bring thee—
Old Blackstone has withered them all;
But a few glossy leaves I will string thee,
Undreamt of in Westminster Hall.

Oh! grant me, ye Powers who untrammel
The soul from its grovelling chain—
Oh! grant me the might of—a Campbell,
To strive 'neath the weight of disdain!

And, if Helen should ever despise me,
And rack my most tender of souls—
Then grant me—a joy that ne'er flies me—
The rapture of full, flowing—Bowles!

If Hate with its daggers assail me,
If Jealousy come with its stab,
Oh! give me—a gift to avail me—
The hardness and strength of—a Crabbe!

If these should be powerless to shield me,
Or love in her bosom to jog,
Then, then, as a solace, oh! yield me
The musical strains of—a Hogg!

These wells in the desert are springing,
These blossoms are bright on the tree,
These birds, fresh from Eden, are singing
Their strains, sweetest Helen, for thee.

Oh, listen!—Each note they are trilling
Of love and its rapture complains;—
And now—I will bet you a shilling,
You think they are fools for their pains!

WEST COUNTRY EXCLUSIVES.

CHAPTER IV.

WE left our party *making way* from the *Jardin des Plantes* to Tortoni's, in two or three cabriolets and a *citadine*. The human contents of these vehicles, Lady Di, as peace-maker general, had coupled together as best suited her own caprice, amusement, and convenience. Her arrangements had probably met with the secret approbation of at least one pair. Miss Luke did, indeed, hesitate for one second, and look to her mother for sanction, in scampering off with her old play-mate, James Wilson, now a tall young man; but the encouraging smirk and wink of her

guardian, Bailie Pirgivie, led her, in the next, gracefully to submit to the fate Lady Di had good-naturedly assigned her.

It cannot have escaped the recollection of the "courteous reader," that this party consisted of Mrs Mark Luke, bride-elect; Colonel Rugby Blake, bridegroom ditto; Lady Diana Corscaden, relict of that Sir Dermot Corscaden, whose territorial titles once tripped so glibly over the tongue of Mrs M. L.; the great western heiress, Miss Mysie Luke; her guardian, the Glasgow Magistrate; Mr James Wilson, student of medicine; and a few stray French walking gentlemen, in nominal attendance upon Lady Di, but devoted to all the ladies present, and also very civil to the Scottish strangers. In respect for the king's peace, the humorous mortification of her particular friend, Colonel Rugby, and her own amusement, Lady Di had secured Mrs Luke, Bob Pirgivie, and the best vehicle, to her own share.

"How delightful such fortuitous meetings of old friends!" exclaimed her Ladyship, settling herself much at large between the bride and the Glasgow ex-Magistrate, and occupying the full space in the crowded vehicle, to which she might be entitled from her rank, though much less would have sufficed for her personal accommodation. "I am certain, Sir,-that you have come to Paris, after all, on purpose to give our friend, Mrs Luke, away, to-morrow morning." This was said in an affected whisper.

"*Fling* her away, ye mean, Madam," replied the Bailie, with much vivacity. "But, no—on my word, I still think mair o' her—whatever she may do o' hersel'. O Bawby, woman!"—but here the honest man, recollecting how vulgar and out of order he was, continued his adjurations in rather purer English, while, with more earnestness than good breeding, he leant past the intervening lady, with a look and voice so deprecating and regretful, and a little pathetic shake of the head, which, taken altogether, found a way to the agitated heart of our heroine. At that moment, she would willingly have given half her dower, and all her bridal laces, and orange-flowers, and hopes from the ambassador's chapel, to be once again safe in Ayrshire, and in the modest privacy of her proper home. High as her spirit was, she was unable, at the moment, to resent this public remonstrance or lecture from her old friend. The whole morning had been to her a series of mortifications and provoking accidents. The distress and shame of her woman-grown daughter; her own quick and very painful feeling of the loud, obstreperous, indelicate laugh with which *her* bridegroom had greeted the public mistake of her daughter for *his* bride; the reproachful, and yet pitying looks and tones of one of her truest and oldest friends, *vulgar* and *under-bred* as he unhappily was; the heartless *persiflage* of her noble and high-bred patroness, Lady Di,—were, taken together, overwhelming enough, without the inexplicable and insulting conduct of the "Hawgreen family." *Cut* by them so openly, even in her superrefined and sublimated state; graced by fashionable society, and accomplished by travel; the mother, too, of a considerable heiress; and here in Paris in a condition to repay the former condescending kindnesses of those provincial gentry, by the patronage and countenance which Mrs Colonel Rugby Blake had now the power of extending to the former acquaintances of Mrs Mark Luke;—this, though her mind was filled with many doubts, sorrows, and perplexities, was perhaps the subject that pressed the heaviest upon her thoughts. Then, there was not merely the caprices and aristocratic hauteur with which Lady Di was seized by fits and starts, but her actual insolent contempt, to be endured, as on this morning—and all for what? Reason, making its calm authoritative voice heard in this pause of mortified self-love, prompted such answers to this interrogatory as made the lady turn her eyes from time to time for an instant upon her old friend—the living representative of so many recollections, that, in spite of her, could not be indifferent; of a mode of living which, though much less *distinguished*, (even now she confessed that,) was probably as happy—certainly more safe. Those disturbed wandering looks could not be misconstrued. Yet the worthy Bailie was doubtful, as he listened in distraction to the voluble chat of Lady Di, whether he read them aright. Squeezed up into a corner of the carriage, her *demi-veil* gathered in thick folds over her care-worn, if well-rouged face, it was but too evident that Mrs Luke was unhappy, and the Bailie ventured at last to assign her distracted and anxious glances to the true motive—the desire of extricating herself from her dangerous and ridiculous position, if she possessed sufficient magnanimous candour to own a folly, and the moral courage requisite to burst from her thraldom. To gain, by any means, a little longer time, appeared the first thing needful; and, as Mrs Luke had taken no share in the general conversation, he threw out a hint, in talking aside with her companion—"If the gallant Colonel would defer his happiness, were it but for a day, to allow a body time to get a decent *shoot*," (suit,) he said, "one might attend him."

"So you are thinking of going out, after all!" cried the lady, between surprise and amusement—"like Blake himself—as ready for love as war. But are you not a faithless man, to harbour such sanguinary designs, after I had bound you over?"

Comprehending the mistake, at which poor Mrs Luke forced a ghastly grin, the Bailie laughed heartily, crying, "Faithful as steel, my leddy; but I must have my *shoot* first, for all that."

"A shot at Rugby before attending his *bride* to the altar!" Mrs Luke writhed. "In a *wild* Irishman one might understand this; but in you, sir, a staid sensible native of a staid sensible nation!—Have you learned anything to the disparagement of Blake? What say you to this freak, Mrs Luke?—we cannot permit it; it would be the talk of all Paris"——

"I have nothing to say to it," returned Mrs Luke, with peevish impatience; "I have no taste at any time for jokes, and must beg to be driven home—the heat of this day has given me a torturing headache."

"The heat, and perhaps the *dust* of the day," said her Ladyship, emphatically; "but I never yet saw a *bride* without a threatening, at least, of headache—'tis better than qualms and heart-ache." Her Ladyship deluged the temples of her suffering friend with *Eau de Cologne*. "You remember our sporting engagement of this morning?—Tortoni's is still four good hours off."

"Sporting engagement!" muttered the rude Glasgow man.

"Pray don't apply that name, *bride*, to me again, Lady Diana," said Mrs Luke, rallying; "I detest a word so unsuitable to my age—so discordant with all my present feelings." Lady Di stared; Bailie Pirgivie chuckled, and took an immense pinch of rappee.

"Our friend is a little nervous to-day," said Lady Di; "I see how it is—but we must support her spirits."

"It must be a dowie bridal that does not find spirits to support itself, my lady; though I can well understand that a woman come to the years of discretion, upon the eve of, to her, so awful a change, may wish to commune with her ain heart, and consult her pillow in her secret chamber, instead of gallanting about:—so, I think we would shew real friendship by leaving Mrs Luke to herself this afternoon;" and he turned to that lady, whispering, "Better rue *sit* as rue flit, Ma—dame; Marry in haste, and repent at leisure; Tie nae knot wi' the tongue ye canna loose wi' the teeth;" all of which warnings fell like so much of the Esquimaux or Mohawk language upon the ear of Lady Diana. "But I'm sworn no to *quate* your Leddyship, however," continued he briskly; "as ye bound me, ye are obligated to loose me—go we to Mounsheer Tortoni's, or wherever else." This was said with Bob Pirgivie's most gallant air.

"*Quate* me! you most droll, diverting person; pray, what does quate mean? My dear Mrs Luke, will you interpret?"

"Nothing—really nothing," cried the distracted bride-elect, more and more overpowered by the exigencies of her condition, and now haunted by the idea that the Hawgreens had learned something very bad—something, indeed, like the shapings of her own indistinct fears—about her future husband, or her own conduct; and, in a sort of desperation, she cried out—"At what a snail's pace that fellow drives! What on earth, Mr Pirgivie, has brought such *quiet* people as the Hawgreens to Paris, at this time?"

"Cannot be just preceese, Ma—dame; perhaps to look for husbands to the young leddies, as that appears a plentier commodity in Paris than Scotland—that is, taking *quantity* for *quality*."

Mrs Luke reddened through her rouge. 'That was the Indian brother, the officer brother, we saw with them—was it not? I was sure he was English, Lady Di, when we saw him last night in the Square."

"He is a rather distinguished looking person," said Lady Di, languidly.

"Ye were quite correct," put in the Bailie; "though I thought *he* must have been mistaken when he told us—that's James Wilson and myself, who breakfasted with the ladies this morning—that he had seen Mrs Luke in such a place."

Breakfasted with the Hawgreens! A *vulgar* third-rate manufacturer, and a student, admitted to the intimate, the social family-meal—and, by those who *cut* her!—her!

"Where did the gentleman imagine he saw me? for I had not the honour of being personally acquainted with him, while on a footing of very friendly intimacy with his family."

This remark was, no doubt, partly levelled at Lady Di. It is not in one day that the demon of ambitious vanity is to be exorcised from woman's bosom. This spirit is of the kind which goeth not forth save by repeated and bitter mortifications.

"Ay, but he has seen you, though—and to good advantage—for it was at our last Largs Regatta, that took place before the death of poor Mark; he said ye were the handsomest woman—that's of your years—present on that day, gentle or simple, from the three counties."

Mrs Luke drew up, and blushed with gratified feeling. "Of her years"—that, to be sure, was an awkward expression, and, therefore, more like to be the Bailie's own conscientious qualifier, than the phrase of a gallant soldier. Her feelings took a new, though very natural direction. She would, at the moment, have gladly foregone all her personal expectations, to have seen herself the mother-in-law of young Hawgreen!

"The young gentleman has a very polite memory," she said, with affected humility, "at so long a distance of time."

"I denied altogether its being you, Ma—dame, who was seen at untimeous hours with, as he alleged, that runagate scamp, Sir Ogilvy Fletcher, and some other notorious card-player or dicer; and——but we'll say no more about it It must have been all mistake; though, it seems, about that Pawlace-Royal ye may see leddies no just meikle better than they should be; and with others who may have, perhaps, more character left than sense to guide it, a' helter-skelter, through-other; good, bad, and indifferent." Mrs Luke looked abashed, and, indeed, extremely uneasy, while Lady Di, from threatening anger, passed at once to scoffing mirth.

"I should have imagined a young man of this gentleman's appearance not so perfectly infantine!" she cried. "Does he imagine that women of reputation, in this gay city, are to shut themselves out from public amusements, because persons of equivocal character may share in them? Are there to be no more cakes and ices in the Square of the Palais-Royal, because

the Scotch and English are such *moral* nations, forsooth?"

"Ye may say that, Ma—dame," returned the complaisant Bailie; "I, for my ain share, am for letting every land keep its ain lauch; but young Hawgreen, having a charge of young leddies, like Mrs Luke here, may be a wee nicer."

"Mercy upon me!" exclaimed Mrs Luke, somewhat vulgarly, and very truly distressed; "they cannot—they dare not imagine that, though improper female persons may mingle with us in the public amusements, they are permitted to join our private society!"

"Why, Ma—dame, as to what constitutes female association, and yet keeps free of female society, I leave sic kittle points to the professors; but, if what Hawgreen said of the fashions here be all true, such would be thought but queer doings in Glasgow." Mrs Luke again writhed. That ancient world was something to her still—something to her moral feelings.

"I am glad to see, from your recovered spirit, that your headache is better," said Lady Di, wishing to change the subject. "We will be long behind our party; and I fear it was very giddy of me to trust Miss Luke to the care of so young a gentleman, though a countryman—and very *unfrench*."

Mrs Luke did not appear at all uneasy at this indecorum.

"Mysie is in very safe hands," returned the Bailie. "It's another of your droll French fashions, for the auld dames and the married women to keep flisking about themselves, while they half lock up the bits o' young lassies, puir things. It's real cunnin' o'the auld limmers. If I were a *demoiselle*, now, I would rebel against that; it's against the order of natur—a perfect mawtronly tyranny and conspiracy."

Both ladies smiled. They were now at the hotel, in which both had apartments. "Thank Heaven, we are at *home!*" cried the relieved bride; and Lady Di, exhorting her to change her dress as quickly as possible, ran in to arrange her own, leaving the old west country friends together in embarrassed silence.

"Hech! but it does sound strange to me, to hear you, whom I've seen in so many *comfortable* homes, call this house by the dear name of *hame*, Mrs Luke," sighed Bob Pirgivie. "The French houses, even the best o' them, for a' their gilding and bits of looking glass, have a cauldrife, hungry, thread-bare look, somehow. But, to come to more serious matters, Ma—dame:—As ye are so very near changing your name and condition, and as the interests of my ward, Miss Luke, and the wishes of my excellent fellow-executor, the Rev. John Ewins, regarding her settlement, (in all of which I heartily concur,) make it necessary for me to take the freedom to inquire if this is to be still your *hame;* for, in that case, and, indeed, in any case"——

"I cannot tell where my future home is to be!" interrupted Mrs Luke, in a tone of vehement grief, and covering her face with her hand.

"Then, let me tell ye!" cried the Bailie, springing alertly from the blue silk and gilt chair, which had creaked under his sixteen stone *tron*. And, seating himself close by the side of the lady, and seizing her unoccupied hand, he proceeded:—"Me! your auldest, and, though I say it, one of your surest freends—your freend and your faither's freend. Oh, mind that word, Bawby!—'Thine own friend, and thy father's, forsake not.' And where should your *hame* be? Your comfortable, respectable, weel-plenished, mensefu', couthie hame, but in the house with which your affectionate husband dowered ye?—where, but with your own child—a joy and a pride to you, as you to her—blooming like a rose under your ain ee, till, in Providence's good time, ye bestowed her in as kind and safe keeping?—where, but in your ain land, and among your ain kith and kin, and auld freends—a blessing and a praise to rich and poor, and to a' connected with you? O, Mrs Mark Luke! take a fool's advice for aince. What support, after a', is there to be found at the pinch, in empty pride and vainglory? What, against bitter, gnawing repentance, and a sair heart? Gi'e yourself but time to reflect. I'm by a dozen years your senior, and should have a rough notion of mankind; and, since the death of Mark Luke, I have fancied myself as if in the place o' a brother to ye, and a father to his bairn; and, to see ye now hurrying down the *broad* road this gait, I could a'maist rather——a hem!"

The prudent, if warm-hearted Bailie caught himself just in the nick of time. He had never been so nearly committed in the whole cautious course of his bachelor flirtations. He certainly had no idea that Mrs Luke would catch at his offer. Still, it was *safer*, and more according to rule, to be on his guard. A stranger might have been amused with the sudden contrast between his late burst of eloquence, and his habitual wariness and temporary embarrassment. Fortunately for him, poor Mrs M. L. was too much pre-occupied to perceive the scrape into which his gallantry and sensibility had hurried him; or—though without any idea of taking advantage of his precipitance—she might have felt something of every woman's enjoyment in seeing a shy trout bite. Her sole thought was the possibility of still receding—gracefully if possible—but drawing back at all events. Affection for her betrothed presented no obstacle whatever; for, to do her justice, habit made her regard Bob Pirgivie himself with rather more cordiality, and her knowledge of his principles and understanding, with far more reliance and confidence than she could, at the last hour, entertain for her gallant bridegroom. But what would the world say? What was to be done with the orange-flowers and the Brussels lace-veil? The very wedding-cake had come home before her; and now stood in the saloon, enshrined under a huge glass, with all its garnishings of rosy sugar-cupids, cooing turtles, frisking lambs, and French mottoes, all about *l'amour*. As she

glanced malignantly upon it, she wished the kennel would swallow up its seven golden Napoleons' worth of solid substance and sentimental shadow. Fortunately, most people are married but once in their lives. It is no every-day luxury to die or be married in civilized society.

As she furtively threw her shawl over the plateau on which this auspicious symbol was raised, Bob Pirgivie had the delicacy to blink the sight, and bite in the joke which danced on the very tip of his Scotch tongue. This apparition fairly shrouded, Mrs Luke sunk into a fit of musing, from which she recovered to say, "I hope *my* Robina may see the Hawgreen girls, now that she —always so great a favourite with them—is old enough to appreciate their many amiable qualities. I confess I do think Isabella Hawgreen the very model for a young lady, had she just that indescribable something of the *maniére*, the *tournure*, which foreign education and travel alone can give."

"Humph!" ejaculated the Bailie. "Such as Leddy Di, for example. She *is* a bonny di, as the children say at home."

"Not exactly that lady. Indeed, I fear, my dear Bailie—*entre-nous*—that my unthinking simplicity and goodness of heart have once more made me their dupe."

"Her simplicity, quotha!"—thought the Bailie, hitching on his chair—"her senseless ambition and restless vanity! 'Od I wish I could but let her feel her ain weight i' the 'fashionable world,' weighed wanting Mark Luke's siller i' the scale;" but this he prudently gulped, and said aloud—"But not, Ma—dame, with a woman of your high spirit, beyond retrieval, surely?"

"If it were indeed still possible to retreat, gracefully."

"Gracefully! and is not all a weel-bred leddy does graceful? *Possible* is it?—ay, and probable and certain. What has blenched ye? Where's the spirit I have so often admired at, which made a certain leddy, langsyne, carry whatever point she set her heart upon, right ower the hard head of a worthy friend that's gone."

Mrs Luke smiled unaffectedly at this opportune remembrance of former contests and victories, and observed, in a low determined voice—"If it be, as I have heard whispered, that the real *status* of the—the gentleman, is none other than that of captain in the Galway militia—the Galway militia, sir—and that the *soi-disant* title of colonel is only held from the Hungarian service, or that of the King of Sardinia, I should imagine that so palpable a deception justified every extremity."

"Certainly, Ma—dame," replied the Bailie, laughing in his sleeve at this turn of affairs, and at the geographical or political coupling of Hungary and Sardinia; "and were he a cornel of the Pope, or the Grand Turk himself, even that tells for but little in our hamely, far-awa country, in point of rank; and I'll no promise the pay is great things either, Ma—dame." This last was added in an under-voice, and with a very significant nod.

"I certainly never had any intention of settling abroad finally," continued Mrs M. L., insensibly, however, relapsing into her grand manner. "There is a certain duty, Mr Pirgivie, which every one owes to one's native country. If an eligible investment in land could be obtained for my daughter's fortune, I should conceive it a duty, an absolute duty, Bailie Pirgivie, for us to settle, for, at least, a part of every year, on her own estate."

"Investment by marriage or purchase, Ma—dame?"

"That as might be," replied the mother of the heiress, with dignity. "I must also frankly own that I see much to disapprove of in foreign manners—female manners in particular: not *maniére*, you will please to observe; that is all proper: and Robina is still such a mere child"—

"Seventeen come September—not just such a child—and as tall as her mamma," put in the Bailie.

——"Such a child, Sir; and has been kept so close at her studies, that, hitherto, these matters were of less consequence; but, now that her manners and religious sèntiments, as an Englishwoman, are to be formed, and her *intellect* developed, I believe London or Bath would be the most advantageous locality for us for a few years. I am led to understand that the society there is everything that can he wished for—all right in the *morale*; you comprehend me? and, in refinement and propriety of manners, quite unexceptionable."

"What the deevil is she after now?" grumbled the Bailie in his throat, as he vehemently tweedled his thumbs, and fixed his intelligent and searching grey eyes upon the speaker; "no fairly out o' the frying-pan, than she maun plunge i' the fire; naething less than a visible judgment will drive the mischief out of that woman's natur'; it were as good a deed as drink to let her marry that rip of an Irishman, and I warrant me he baste her bones. I'll no' say either, but, countrywoman as she is mine, he'd get the warst bargain. If it werena for the sake of Mysie, young Jamie Wilson, who deserves better than a *fule* for a mother-in-law, and the memory o' Mark Luke, she should, I trow, take her swing for me. But I must keep down my corruption, and gi'e her rope the day; and, whether it shall prove her tether-safe, or her hanging-tow, I wash my hands o' her."

Acting in the spirit of this manly and considerate resolution, the Bailie said aloud, "I heartily approve, Ma—dame, of your leaving France to-morrow, by the scriech o' dawn, if ye like; or if ye could pass the barriers the night yet, a' that the better; and I'm your man for passports and portmanties. There is young James Wilson, who came to this town to finish his medical studies, and young Hawgreen, and indeed every countryman ye have, will stand by you, if ye stand by yourself, and help you out at a pinch. But only gi'e your consent, and leave to us the ways and means. Faith, I wouldna care to run awa wi' ye mysel' frae that con-

founded Irish chap! How they do put their glamour ower the women folk!"

At this critical stage of the conversation, Lady Di re-entered, gaily equipped for the "sporting engagement;" and Mrs Luke could only reply by a significant, and what the Bailie rejoiced to believe, a gladly consenting look.

"I declare this too fascinating Bailie Pirdidie has made you forget your engagement with Colonel Rugby, and Miss Luke, and everybody," said the lady, gaily: "what can you have been laying your heads together about?"

"Talking of life and manners, Madam," replied Mrs Luke, in her grand style.

"Dear! that must have been *so* good!" cried Lady Di, faintly giggling. "*Life* and *manners*, discussed in Paris by my friend Mrs Mark Luke and Bailie Pirdidie of Glasgow:—will you be so very good as enlighten poor me on those topics?"

"I was talking with my daughter's guardian, Lady Di, of my present idea of finishing her education"—in England, she would have added. But the Bailie, who by no means approved of the "sharp-eyed Madam," as he called the relict of Sir Dermot Corscaden, of Castle Corscaden, barony of Tirrykeeranvey, &c. &c., being let into their scheme, abruptly broke in, "How much more *finishing* do ye think Mysie needs? I have seen as trig and winsome a lass finished"——

"*Trig* and *winsome!*" interrupted Lady Di; "I do dote on that dear Doric. Do you know, I once perpetrated a Scotch ballad?"

——"As trig and winsome a lass as ever stood in Miss Luke's slippers," continued the Bailie, nodding familiarly to the woman of quality—"ay, though they be of silks and satins—finished handsomely off, heel and toe, and high dances, by one winter session at auld Mr Macskipsey's school. But ye'll no guess who that might be, Ma—dame?'—And honest Bob—determined, for one eventful day, to go all fair lengths in flattering and wheedling, that might advance his main object—now glanced, smirking blandly, and nodded knowingly to the other lady.

"How can I tell? How am I to spell your *hums* and *ha's*, Bailie Pirgivie?" returned the lady, smiling. "Many very genteel young women were placed under the finishing care of that *artiste;* who had, in his time, seen the original Vestris—*the* Vestris—*Le Dieu de la danse*, Lady Di."

The Bailie forgave even this highly embellished portrait of the poor little *grand* Mr Macskipsey—who still, in his merry moods, haunted his fancy, attended by many ludicrous images of the shabby genteel; and he went on, peering funnily into the lady's face—"Ye'll have no remembrance, I dare say, of a certain Miss Barbara Peaston, a standing toast at every curling-club dinner, mason-lodge meeting, and wherever good fellows congregated, for ten miles round Paisley? Na, na, ye'll have nae mind o' her, I'se warrant me."

There was a time when Mrs M. L. would have been overpowered and disgusted by this style of compliment. Now, smiling, she demurely answered, "Such nonsense, Bailie!" And the few words were said with that original little air of westland, or more properly, womanly and natural coquetry, which, having once sat with an engaging rustic grace upon the youthful Miss Barbara Peaston, did not yet wholly mis-beseem the comely Mrs Luke, in her tenth lustre.

The very adoption of the homely yet imposing title of *Bailie*, instead of the formal *Sir*, or the cold *Mister*, augured favourably. Lady Di congratulated her friend upon the improvement of her spirits, and urged her to be expeditious. "All the English in Paris," she said, "are by this time assembled in the *Champs Elysées*, on the tip-toe of expectation. Though the *millionaires* and our friend, Mrs Luke, can afford to throw away their money, poor I must look well after my dear fifteen louis."

This was all mystery to the Scotch magistrate, who requested explanation. "Our bets, Sir," said the Lady Di; "your countryman, Sir Ogilvy Fletcher, runs his bay mare, *Cuttie Sark*, against some famous brute belonging to Mr Phipps Mason. Mrs Luke has fifty louis, and I my poor dear fifteen, depending; so, you perceive, we must be off to see fair play."

"Fifty louis upon *Cuttie Sark!*—Mark Luke's widow!" vociferated the Bailie, throwing up his hands in utter consternation and horror, and rolling his eyes round upon the guilty lady.

Lady Di, screaming with laughter, seemed about to fall into fits; while Mrs Luke looked as if desirous that she could sink, and for ever disappear through the well-waxed boards.

"This dings a'! this dings a'!" continued the Bailie. "What is this world to come to? What *has it* come to?" He strode about the apartment.

"My good sir, now that I am able to speak," said Lady Di, pulling his sleeve, and trying to keep grave—"you certainly could not seriously imagine I meant to say that *Cuttie Sark*, Sir Ogilvy Fletcher's famous horse, was Mr Mark Luke's"———

"This is enough, Madam—too, *too* much!" broke in Mrs Mark Luke—her eyes sparkling and her brow glowing with the passion which seemed to distend her figure, as she came forward, shivering with anger. "But I have courted such insult, meanly courted it, and well deserve to bear this and worse indignity: and, for this one—this *last* day—it shall be borne!"

"I do not pretend to understand these humours, Madam," said the Lady Di, with constrained calmness, and dropping her eyes disdainfully. "For my own part, I should hold it beneath me to address anything to the most inferior person in the world, that I should not think fit to say to Mrs Colonel Rugby Blake—ay, even in presence of her lord.—But I cannot spare another minute"—and she looked at her watch. "I am, indeed, no adept in vulgar altercation, and have no taste for it." She proceeded hastily to the door.

"Bear with me for this one—this last day," cried our heroine, now seizing the locked hands

of the disconcerted Bailie—"my oldest, my truest, my almost sole friend; and let me still, for this *one* day, have my way—my *revenge*; I have had my bitter, bitter punishment already."

"Lady Di" was announced by an English footman as in the carriage, and impatient; and Mrs Luke took the arm of the Bailie and descended; and, offering as many apologies to her *friend* for detaining her, as if no *fracas* had happened, took her place by that lady's side.

"We must give the lady her own way of it," observed the Bailie, endeavouring to recover himself. "Honour the bride on her bridal-day! is a saying of our country." Lady Di bowed graciously, and forced a smile; he began a course of moral rumination, while the ladies chatted together.

"Which of these women now," thought Bob, "is the most *twa-faced?*—I'll no swear but that *Bawby* beats the *real* lady; though *policy*, and a ready knack at dissimulation, is the accomplishment the most cultivated among her kind, it's alleged. It's not so much, after a', the rank and station that makes double-dealers and dissemblers, as the mean necessities, real and imaginary, belonging to them. There is myself, now, an *independent* man, in humble rank, with nothing to seek, and nothing to be ashamed of—who carena a fig for stars and garters: I would be worse than a fool to be *twa-faced*, like a needy courtier, or a creeping ambitious politician;—and there is Mrs Luke"—but his musings were interrupted.

To beguile the time, and look like the time, Mrs Luke inquired after some of her old friends and neighbours in Scotland. She had casually heard that "her favourite," Miss Maria Smythe—poor thing!—was married to a Doctor Somebody, and settled in Bath: an excellent match, she understood, and she was so glad! "Now, Sir," continued Mrs Luke, "how much of this is true?"

"All that and more," replied the Bailie, with meaning looks. "The Smythes, *your freends*, had aye a genius for grandeur, and a vocation that way. Mrs Dr Somebody—for neither do I, though it is often enough in the papers, remember her new name—drove into Glasgow in her coach and four, the other week, with outriders!"

Mrs Luke looked astonished—and not so "very glad" either, as might have been expected, at the worldly prosperity of "her favourite." What a wizard was that Rochefoucault!

"Is the gentleman an *estated* man?" she inquired; "or is it a *commercial* fortune?"

"Nothing but the turf aboon her head will cure the affectation of that woman—bray a fule in a mortar," thought the Bailie; but he replied, with a touch of humour—"*Vested interest*, Ma—dame—held by right of his Majesty's patent: an estate, which, though movable, will endure as long as ignorance and credulity on one side, and impudence and humbug on another, shall last among the *upper* and the *lower* ranks. The gentleman is what long ago used to be called a German, or *quack* Doctor; but the age has advanced since then, and what was an ambulatory village stage has grown into palaces and mansions—so thriving an art is *medical* humbug:—and the *spiritual* has its uses too. *Intellectual* education has gone clean out of fashion among us in the West, since your time; and Mrs Smythe and her eldest daughter, Miss Smythe—who was 'renewed,' and it was about time—removed their *establishment* from Camlachie, to somewhere near London. It is a 'decidedly pious' seminary, now; most eligible for all such *select* young ladies, whose fathers can afford £300 a-year for their education. There are two carriages, a visiting chaplain, and a *serious* footman attached: so they tell me, at least."

"How very intelligent!—with a vein for satire too," whispered Lady Di, in a voice meant to be heard.

"Poor Maria Smythe! poor thing! so to throw herself away upon a quack! My excellent friend, Mrs Smythe, must have been so shocked!—so *immoral* too!" cried the incorrigible Mrs Luke.

"Oh, faith, for that of it, if the pills are harmless pills, and only sold to rich fools, I hold *quacking* in medicine to be one of the most innocent branches of the general art of humbug: but, of course, the *spiritual* part of the concern must, in the meantime, disown Maria, and her coach, and her pill-box palace; until she and her husband are rich enough to repent, and retire to live a new life upon the gathered fruits of the old one."

The Bailie was launching out into a sober right-earnest discourse upon self-delusion, imposture, hypocrisy, and vanity, when his vein was checked by perceiving Colonel Rugby Blake, still at some distance, but galloping up to the open *hired* vehicle—alas, it was only *hired!* Lady Di had got hardened to such trials; but Mrs Luke felt them still. She was apprehensive, too, that Lady Di might be displeased at being attended in public by "a *figure*," and whispered an apology. Her Ladyship, who, when nothing crossed her humour, was far from being ill-natured, made quite light of this awful dispensation:—"Don't mention it—I rejoice in him—I shall make my own of him. Luckily his full black-brownish suit favours my project. I'll swear he is a Scotch *savan*—Leslie, or Dugald Stewart. I have seen many English philosophers odder-looking fish. I shall not despair of making him a member of the Institute."

It was now about three hours past noon, on a day of broad, brilliant sunniness; and how gay the scene that met the *undazzled* eyes of the Glasgow ex-magistrate upon the Boulevard, which the party entered! Numerous groups of the fashionable English residents, dressed exactly as if the *Champs Elysées* had been "the Park," were intermingled with Frenchmen and ladies, airily attired in rich, gay, party-coloured costumes. Germans, Americans, and Russians—natives, indeed, of every civilized country—might be seen here, and to the best advantage. The fine horses and dogs, and handsome equipages of

the English, and the pretty young English and French girls, in charge of the lovely children running about, or grouped beneath the trees, all helped to enrich the living picture.

"As fine as the *Green*, Bailie!" whispered Mrs Luke, while her restless, and now practised eye, ran over and threaded the gay crowd, in search of fashionable *friends* and acquaintances.

"I'll no just say, Ma—dame," returned the patriotic Scot. "It's no' a' gowd that glitters."

Mrs Luke had already, in one group, traced her daughter and Mr James Wilson, with "the Hawgreen family." The sight was more than gratifying to her vanity: it was soothing to her maternal feelings; fortifying to the secret purpose she revolved. She determined not to press her own society at such a time, and attended as she was; for the gallant bridegroom was already in waiting. After honouring the Bailie, seated very much at his ease between the ladies, with an involuntary scrutinizing glance, the Colonel paid his tender obeisances where they were principally due. "Sir Ogilvy was despairing of you, ladies," he said.

"And Colonel Rugby Blake

Sighing his soul towards the Grecian camp,"

said Lady Di, bending towards him, confidentially. "I assure you, you will need to look about you, though, Blake;" and she lowered her voice to an earnest whisper, as Mrs Luke (her ears in her neck) affected to point out some one in the crowd to Mr Pirgivie. "It was with some difficulty I was able to break off an animated—and, I suspect, business—*tête-à-tête* between the lady and her sagacious countryman, and persuade her to keep her engagement. Take care she don't"——and a significant gesture told the rest.

"Don't what, Ma'am?"

"Why, what your horse seems thinking about—shy—back—bolt"——

"Poh!" ejaculated the gentleman, patting the neck, and dexterously yet gently reining in his restive steed.

"Well, with such a master of the *manège*, and of the military seat, too, there is little room for apprehension;" and the lady continued aloud, as if playfully giving orders to the rider—"Steady there—light hand—mind your balance—play light! I see I have not quite forgot the slang of the riding school. Your tit, though not quite thorough-bred, nor longer a filly, has high spirit, I find, and a delicate mouth—impatient of a rough curb—must be managed——." These equivoques had the usual fortune of being perfectly well understood by the person intended to be kept in the dark. Mrs Luke, however, looking all unconsciousness, inquired if the Colonel had seen her daughter, probably for the pleasure of having the young lady's companions pointed out. "There was Miss Luke, not twenty yards off! and with the English party we saw in the Garden of Plants this morning."

"So I declare," said Mrs Luke, raising her eye-glass; "how stupid! not to know my own child, and so many old friends!—I don't wish to waste time on recognitions here, though, with so much business before us. Let us move forward, pray, and pass them;" and, waving her hand to the promenaders, the carriage swept past at the nod of the attendant horseman; while the Bailie, smiling graciously to the group, shouted "All's right! we'll meet ye, belyve, young folks! Haud ye merry!"

"Well, the Hawgreen girls are *distingué*, even here," cried the now delighted widow—"and such an assemblage of fashionable English! You are in high luck to-day, Mr Pirgivie."

"Ay, and of Scotch and Irish, I daresay; but our poor nations go for nothing, Colonel. John Bull, when he goes a-travelling, quite over-tops Paddy and Sawney. But can you tell me who is that chap, dressed like a mountebank, in tartans, plaided and plumed, and coming this way, strutting, with a well-dressed mob at his heels?"

"Oh, next to the full-tatooed New Zealander, our greatest lion," cried Lady Di; "*L'Ecossois, L'Ecossois, Le brave Ecossois!*—a Mr Macrusgal, or something like that—a Highland gentleman, known to grouse-shooters as Glencladdach."

"Whom you must know very well, Bailie," rejoined Mrs Luke.

"And for little gude—for little gude," sputtered the Bailie. "Here is a muster o' the representatives of the Scots Estates in the capital of France!—chiefs, lairds, and commons—pack o' ne'er-do-weels! West Country Exclusives!"

"Hush! hush, my dear Sir!" cried Mrs Luke, laying her hand upon the sleeve of the angry speaker. "Desire the man to draw up, Colonel—Sir Ogilvy Fletcher is riding this way; and the CHIEF coming to us too." Our heroine was in greater *flustration* than became her now thorough breeding.

"Baith cleared out! baith dished!" muttered the Bailie, in angry soliloquy; "and young Shanklie, the writer, auld Shanklie's son, at their tail;—och, och, och, I can understand it a' now: a something to be negoshiated—some trifle mair o' Mark Luke's hainings, obteened upon the ower-burdened acres; ay, ay—ye may be prepared, Ma—dame, for I'll insure you o' a hat the day from Sir Ogilvy."

"A *hat!*" cried Lady Di, laughing; "of all things, a hat! Now, were he the chaplain that took to-morrow's office"——

"A *bow* he means," whispered the agitated Mrs Luke, as the gentlemen surrounded the carriage on her side.

"Shocking bad *hat!*" whispered Colonel Rugby, as Mr Shanklie made his reverences. "Pray, who is that person?"

"Shanklie, an Edinbro' W.S., my lady," said the restless Bailie; "a chap that holds the pair o' them, Celt and Saxon, baronet and chieftain, in ae leash—and that made out o' lang slips o' mouldy parchment. Oh, the degenerate mongrels! That Sir Ogilvy has, I declare, lost both flesh and favour, and the look o' the born gentleman, which once sat on him weel;—broken down into half jockey and half black-leg—his very cleidin'

looks scourie and threadbare, for a' its pretence. It's both a pleasure to witness his punishment, and a pain to think on his folly. Infatuate beast! There comes, of an ancient baronet of three clear thousand a-year, coping and vieing with a neighbour Earl of fifteen: and but a puir Earl, they say, for a'. Weel, weel, let them take their ain way o't; but, as for Mysie Luke or her tocher——hem."

"You seem disturbed, Sir," said Lady Di, as her companion continued engaged in animated talk with the gentlemen.

"Disturbed, Ma'am! If ye but kenned the history o' that pair o' youths! As for young Glencladdach there—to be sure he was long a minor, had a fool for a mother, and was bred at an English school; and wha, among the wealthy Saxon *churls*, was to presume to eclipse one of the *Clanna Gael*, forsooth! ancient as the hills, the waters, and the woods? Weel do I ken the natur' o' the vain beasts! Wha was to ding the chief either on the turf or in the clubs and the hells? And there they are; gentle beggars here, should be lords at hame; cap-in-hand for a well-interested loan o' a pickle o' Mark Luke, the grocer's, siller—wha, to be sure, had sense enough to buy and sell them baith in a market."

Lady Diana Corscaden, relict of Sir Dermot Corscaden, of Castle Corscaden, &c. &c. &c., now stared even more broadly at the eloquent Scot than that gentleman had at first sight done at herself. What strange talk!—could it be meant *at her!* There was little time for reflection. Sir Ogilvy accosted her; while Mr Shanklie, W.S., economically including his client and Mr Pirgivie in one short *conversation*, or 6s. 8d. worth, exclaimed—"The very man we were looking for." "Ha! Bailie Pirgivie, by all that's honest—but your father's son is welcome to Paris!" And the young chief—for he was not yet twenty-five—covered the affectation of this accost by a vehement shaking of hands. "I say, Lady Di, we shall have him introduced to Charles Dix."

"Yes, as an Edinburgh Professor, who, in Holyrood, bowed to fallen royalty, long, long before you were born."

"No, no—as a non-juring Scotch bishop—next, in the good love of his Majesty, to a true Jesuit. Well do I remember you, Sir, coming to Glencladdach, when I was a little boy, to buy my father's kelp. Why don't you give us such prime prices, you Glasgow men, for our kelp now?"

"Ay, five pound a ton, or less, in place of fifteen or twenty, makes a difference on the rent-roll at the year's end—as Mr Shanklie there, who is a braw accountant, will ken; but the sheep, the woo', and the big farms will make up for it." The chieftain felt this observation so unpleasant that he heard it not.

As Mr Pirgivie afterwards remarked, Glencladdach could still boast all the state and trappings of the feudal chief, save the *following*—save the *leal* vassals, the affectionate kinsmen, the devoted fosterers, for countless generations—knit to their head, the representative of their blood and name, by ties which nothing could have dissevered but the chief's resolute determination "of doing what he would with his own." It was with strong contempt that our shrewd commercial man saw the chieftain strutting here, plaided and plumed; a painted pageant, from which heart and soul had departed; "a Chief of the Black-faced and the Cheviots," as the Bailie jeeringly called him; neither a plain, sensible, intelligent, modern improver of his property, nor yet a generous feudal superior of the olden time; vain, and thence needy—his very profusion stimulating his rapacity, and Mr Shanklie still ministering to all his follies and ruinous projects, as obsequiously as he had done to the general *clearing* of the estates.

While that heartless process was going forward, the young chief and his mother had remained in England. The poor clansmen were all gone beyond the western seas—wailing, as they went, that *Ranz des Vaches* of the Highland mountains,

> Farewell—farewell—farewell!
> We return no more for ever!

But their clan-head could still play the part of Chief at a distance. The plume, the dirk, the piper, the clan-tartan, and the clan-ensign, were better understood and more prized than ever. The gathering cry was still *Clach an Claddach!* and prettily would the young ladies in London and Paris drawing-rooms startle and scream when Mr Macrusgal raised it; but, in Glen Claddach itself—Glen Claddach, desolate!—"the daughter of the voice in the hollow rock" alone repeated that slogan.

"That young man is quite a passion in Paris at present," said Lady Di, "with his figure, and his piper, and, above all, his sword exercise."

"The lad has done greater feats than any ye have heard of yet," said the Bailie, whose gorge rose at the swelling, thriftless squanderer. "In one morning, that young chap, in Highland phrase, 'put out fifty smokes'—smothered the warm ashes on fifty hearths, coeval with his fathers'—in his glen, and by the side of his ancestral stream and loch. Heartless puppet! And he'll strut there in his tartan array!—the puller down of roof-trees—the extinguisher of household smokes! But he reeks and fumes bravely himsel'; and, indeed, it's the natur' o' them. Weel, vengeance is swift."

The party were now awaiting the arrival of the celebrated *Cuttie Sark*, on whom, this day, so many hopes and fears hung, and of her no less illustrious rival, *Dandizette Secunda*. Both fair ones were now seen slowly approaching, still in their *body clothes*, and led by smart English grooms. A crowd of gentlemen, and amateurs of the Turf of all ranks, were gathered about the horses, and accompanying the procession. Sir Ogilvy, impatient of the slowness of the approach, rode off to meet them; and the party in the carriage were left with the Chief and Shanklie, who now, with the piper, was his sole *tail*.

"I understand you have been round the coast

and among the isles lately, in the steamers," said the Chief, addressing Mr Pirgivie. "I hope you did not forget Glen Claddach—did you mark how my timber thrives?"

"I'll no soon forget Glen Claddach—either as I saw it first or last—and I saw it first lang before the days of steamers. It was then a very region of beauty and peace. And now—but I maun own ye manage everything weel, Mr Shanklie:—there's a rich English Rector has the shooting and the castle; an English company the bark and the thinnings of the woods; and another the sawmont fishing. The very nut-braes, hanging ower the loch, are rented, they say; so that a callant or a lässie durstna take a pouch-fu'. Conscience! ye maun be as rich as Jews, you chiefs! Ye maun be coining money for the laird, Mr Shanklie:—a' thing turned to account yonder. You landed folks, Mr Macrusgal, are fairly beating us bits o' spinning-jenny bodies about Glasgow in *economics* a' thegither. When they began at the Mains to sell Sir Ogilvy Fletcher's skim-milk and orra cabbage stocks, it was a speech to the country this new-fashioned thrift. 'He'll surely make a fortune now,' was every auld wife's word:—but, in *economy*, the Highland Chiefs beat the Lowland Lairds yet—when they draw rent for the very *nuts*. But I'm a great admirer o' thrift mysel."

Mrs Mark Luke was upon thorns at this ill-bred side-talk, and the young Chief not altogether at his ease; but nothing daunted the "austere composure" of Mr Shanklie.

"You hear, Shanklie, what the Bailie says of the income you are realizing from my estates," cried the young Chieftain, covering his wincing with the air of bravado.

"Income!—na, it's no wonder ye *dash*, you Heeland Chiefs and Lowland Lairds. Yer rent rolls, what wi' the shooting, and the nuts, and the fishing, must be tripled or quadrupled upon your grandfathers'. To be sure there is a change on the face o' the country. How many able-bodied followers could the Macrusgals muster now, if they a' turned out in Glen Claddach?" There was no reply to this home question.

"Weel, the *men* and the *merks* are not to be both got. Then there was the bits of scattery *balies* and touns, the sma' farms and cot-houses, with the potato-fields, and the kye at e'en, and the blue reeks climbing in the calm gloamin sunshine—

Like little wee cluds in the world their lane,

as Jamie Hogg sings. These are all gone, to be sure; and the Highland lasses and the Highland lilts, and a' the happy looks and cheerfu' voices o' yon glen. I'm amaist thinking you Highland lairds are now constructed upon the new principle of consuming your ain reek yoursels—never a smoke to be seen now for ten and twenty miles around ye;—but ye must be getting monstrous rich, and that's a great consolation."

The young Chief, though half-offended, laughed off the affair, by again calling Mr Shanklie to listen to this consolation; but he was closely occupied with Mrs Luke, chattering eagerly at hand, and eyeing *Cuttie-Sark* pacing gracefully in the distance.

"And rich ye would be, Glen Claddach, *mur vhiodh ma na phoit ach Macheoc's n liadh.** I suppose you have a little Gaelic?"

The young chieftain coloured and laughed—

"So you understand Gaelic, too!" he cried.

"*Peckan peckan*," returned the Bailie. "A little of 'the wisdom of your ancestors,' as this"—and, looking full at the *Doer*, he emphatically repeated—"'*An lon-dubh, an lon-dubh spagach! thug, mise dha choille-fhasga fheurach; 's thug esan domhsa am monadh dubh fàisaich.*'——Wi' so mony strange tongues, spoken everywhere among ye, I may say my say in Erse, surely."

"Oh, do, do translate, Mr Macrusgal!" cried Lady Di. "I vow, those are the very gutturals of dear old Blucher!"

"And may," said the young chief, "be very well translated by the memorable speech delivered by that veteran when viewing London from the top of St Paul's—

What for a plunder!

You are better versed in our clan legends than I had supposed strangers, Sir. That is, by tradition at least, the speech made by my ancestor Rusgal to a Scandinavian invader of his insular territory;—other accounts say it was spoken of an encroaching Bishop of Moray, who juggled us out of some of our fairest lands, in name of the church."

"I understood it was said by your great-grandfather, to his fair-seeming law-agent, after the forty-five—when, under pretence of securing his property, deeds were exchanged."

"But, in the name of the King's English, tell us what it means," interrupted Lady Di, with great vivacity.

"'The *ousel*—the cloven-footed ousel—I gave him the sheltered woody pasturage, and he returned me the black, sterile heath:'—a very common bargain now-a-days in the Highlands, my leddy, where the great beast is devouring the little beast, and the least fending as it can. That's anither of your Erse proverbs, I think, Glen Claddach."

"You are a very Sancho Panza, Bailie, in Gaelic sayings; but, having got my *dittay*, a little broad, salutary Scotch in the ear of Fletcher there, might not be amiss. There he comes!"

Fuming he came!—"Those d——d impudent rascals, the French police, had interfered to prevent the racing match from taking place on the Boulevard!"

Where, then, could it be held? Or, was there still time to fix upon another course? Mrs Mark Luke thought not—there was just time to dress before Tortoni's hour; and a dinner ordered at sixty livres a-head deserved a dress toilet.

"Sixty livres a-head!" exclaimed Mr Pirgivie.

"And very moderate, too, Sir," said the Chief. "If you had seen the *carte*, you would say so; and the judgment and taste Sir Ogilvy exercised in ordering this—after all—paltry sort of cit

* Were no one about the kail-pot but Macoch and the ladle—*i. e.* no foreign drains.

dinner. The ladies patronise *Tortoni*, as he is great in *pâtisserie*, and this of to-day is a lady's affair; though, in my humble opinion, the *Café Anglais*, *Lointier's*, or even *Grignon's*, if a man wants to *really* dine, or a stranger to see genuine French cookery, would have been the better choice; but you *may*, after all, see tolerable *patés aux huitres!*"

"I should wish Mr Pirgivie to partake of one *recherché* dinner in Paris," said Mrs M. L. with emphasis, and better French than usual.

"Can the Ethiopian change his colour?" groaned the Bailie in secret; but he said aloud, and with the appearance of good humour—"A sixty livres' worth at one sitting will content me, Ma—dame, and astonish the *natives* at home for the rest of my life. Sixty livres' worth shuffled down a man's throat at one sitting!"

His imagined ignorant surprise excited a general smile; and Colonel Rugby Blake rejoined, "Why, Sir, I made one, and Sir Ogilvy another, at the time the allies were in Paris, of fifteen gentlemen, who dined at *Very's*, (then a name,) at twelve Napoleons a-head; but then the Chambertin was superb."

"Pitiful doings those, too," said Sir Ogilvy. "London, after all, for a dinner—or, at least, for a bill: Glen Claddach and self once partook of the works of Francatelli, when he first came over, ordered by Sir George ——, and to the tune of twenty-five guineas a man."

"Faith, it would take to sell the skim-milk at the Mains for a while, and rent out the nut-braes, to stand thae doings," said Bob Pirgivie:—"that is, and leave onything in the sporran after clearin' the lawin'."

"Abominable extravagance!" said the young Chief, half affecting repentance; "and not, after all, to be compared to a dinner of the venison of *my* own hills, the grouse of *my* own moors, and the fish of *my* own lochs." The young man did now look as if, between vanity and grief, he felt, and deeply.

"Which yon fat English Rector is feasting upon; while you brave lairds are a' running off to France, or"——

"No more of it, my dear sir," whispered Mrs Luke. "As Robina, which is quite natural at her age, cannot endure formal dinners, I shall send *her* home to dine, at any rate."

"And, as James Wilson can't afford them, suppose he keep her company, and give her Glasgow news?" said the Bailie.

"With all my heart!" and, as if to receive her orders, the young pair came hastily up—Miss Luke, all in a glow, exclaiming, "Mamma, we have been looking for *you* everywhere. The Hawgreen ladies and Mr James had so much to tell me about poor Halcyon Bank:—The laurustinus hedge we planted long ago has flourished so; and the arbutuses are quite lovely:—how I long to see them!" This important intelligence was very well received; and the earnest whispers of her mother, at which Mysie smiled and coloured, sent off the young lady hastily with her companion, in spite of the remonstrances of Colonel Blake, who loudly insisted upon Miss Luke being included in the dinner-party, long after she had tripped out of hearing.

"Allow me, Colonel, to have my own way with my daughter to-day—to-morrow she may be under a different commander," said Mrs Luke, with dignity; and the Bailie looked all admiration, or "fidging-fain."

"Whose study will be the sweet creature's happiness every hour of my life," said the Colonel, bowing; "I'll be hanged as high as Haman, if I know, Lady Di, which of them two ladies I love best."

"Fi donc! to doubt that *to-day!*"

Mrs Luke now expressed her anxious desire that the running-match should be instantly decided one way or other. The wishes of a bride were gallantly declared *imperative;* and, indeed, all the gentlemen owned that this disappointment would greatly abstract from the pleasure of their last dinner with Rugby, the *non-Benedict*. Though the match had been prohibited upon the spot, by the impertinent interference of the police, there were other places not far off; and it might, with clever jockeyship, be all over before a second mandate could be issued. Besides, the English were wilful as the *diable*, and would have their way. Happily, *Cuttie-Sark* and her beautiful chestnut rival, were still at hand, with their liveried attendants, and the different betters and amateur jockeys. Lady Di had already hooked in Bob Pirgivie to hedge her small bet to the extent of five louis—farther he would not move; though, on this day, he had resolved to stick at nothing in the accomplishment of one object. As he truly alleged that he had little skill of racers, he proposed to go with young Hawgreen, to deliver letters to some of his Excellency's household, from Mr Ewins, but engaged to join the party with his companion at Tortoni's. His low, earnest, hurried whispers with Mrs Luke at parting, were satisfactorily explained by the note-case conveyed to her, with the emphatically pronounced words, "Remember your paction!" and, as the sinews of action, whether in love, war, or the turf, were thus left, he was seen to climb a passing empty cabriolet without much regret by the sporting party. Sir Ogilvy, indeed, greeted his departure with a volley of curses, concluding with "Old miserly hunks! let him go, and be d——d—would not sport a piece upon my mare, for the honour of Ayrshire! Shanklie sneaking after him, too!—all the better!"

As we feel fully more interest in the mission of Bob Pirgivie, than even in that famous match—though but a little-go—between Mr Phipps Mason's *Dandizette Secunda*, and Sir O. F's. celebrated Cuttie-Sark, who had once carried the Oaks, and been second for the Derby—of which "famous match," so important to all the *retrenching*, *refugee*, or *volanting* English in Paris, Galignani was kind enough to acquaint all Europe—we shall take leave to follow the Scottish ex-magistrate to the hotel where the Hawgreen family had their temporary residence.

After explaining at some length, and really with remarkable delicacy, the particulars with which, we hope, the "gentle reader" has done us the honour to get acquainted, and privately soliciting the friendly co-operation of young Hawgreen, the Bailie, in full saloon, continued —"To be sure, it would be far wiser-like they waited a while, and were married in their ain parish, after a contract properly drawn up by her late father's doer. But, as better mayna be, and to break the fa' o' the mother's pride, I hope Mr Ewins will have no reflections. We cannot, in this hurry, get a' thing so right and tight as if we were in Glasgow; but ye'll just, Mr Shanklie, since the job has fallen to you, draw up twa or three words o' a minute, frae the bits o' heads and jottings I have made here. We'll get James and Mysie to sign it—abundance o' the law does not break the law—and I'll take the responsibility o' a' the rest on my ain head."

Mr Shanklie expressed his zeal and willingness to officiate.

"I have no doubt o' you making a sicker bargain, as, luckily, the siller is a' on our side; and, as we are no marrying into an *estated* family, it will be the easier managed. The bairns o' Margery Robina Luke, by this marriage, to get the gear divided among them in equal portions. Primogeniture is for the grandees, and Mrs M. L. has had, I'm thinking, just enough of fashion to last all her days. Failing heirs of this marriage, then the courtesy to James, no' forgetting an augmentation of the mother's settlement, should her child go first, and remainder to the Sprots o' Saltcoats:—and, by the by, I forgot to tell her aunty, that Jean has married the skipper of a Liverpool steamer, and ta'en up house in Greenock;—and a capital managing wife she makes!—the Sprots of Saltcoats, and the other nephews and nieces of Mrs Barbara Peaston and Mark Luke, Esq. of Halcyon Bank—gi'e him a' his titles, I beg of you, for Mark shewed pride enough, though no' in the wife's line: his was pride of wealth, honest man, in which there is some sense—but hers!—the *Exclusives*—they are born idiots a'thegither!"

After a necessary visit to his temporary banker, Mr Bob made another to Mrs Luke's apartments, into which, before him, in spite of the screaming and jabbering of the porteress, Mr James Wilson had found his way to the young lady. They were discovered by the Bailie at a game of mutual instruction, puzzling over a chess-board, James gravely studying a *fifth* move, under the counsels of Mysie.

"Ay, ay—will ye get through that game before your mother and me come home, my dear?—see to draw it out till then; in the meantime, Mr Jeems, here's a bit study for you, and you can tell my Mysie a' about it, by word o' mouth, or just onyway ye like." And, giving the young man a note explanatory, and a scroll of the contract aforesaid, the Bailie, with Hawgreen and Shanklie, set off to the far-famed Tortoni's, though with some apprehension on the part of honest Bob.

"I'm no nice o' my gab," said he, after pondering a while; "I carena muckle what I eat; and I wudna like to affront the Frenchman, by scunnerin' at his dainties; but I hope he'll no pushion us wi' puddocks—I couldna stand them."

And the Bailie, who moderately loved comfortable eating, and plain British cookery, made a wry mouth, as if already half-poisoned, while young Hawgreen laughed heartily.

"*Grenouilles frites*—or *en papillote*? I daresay we shall have them dressed both ways," he said; and the Bailie, who saw no point in the joke, gave his head a knowing swag, as if protesting *in limine* against all suspicious French fare.

Enthroned in the place of honour, supported by the Chief and the happy Colonel, Mrs Mark Luke, splendidly dressed and re-rouged, so well sustained her character as a fashionable, that no one would have suspected she had been a considerable loser by the failure of *Cuttie-Sark*, and had just paid her losses with the best grace in the world; still less could the bold stroke she meditated be surmised.

The banquet proceeded; young Hawgreen highly diverted with the suspicious looks which Bob Pirgivie, affecting perfect indifference, cast upon the different delicacies recommended to his attention by Mrs Luke or Lady Di, and refusing whatever he could not understand. That was, indeed, nearly three dishes out of every four that appeared. Precedent or example was, in this case, no rule; for he shrewdly suspected that his fashionable friends would swallow any *soss*, as he named the different *entremets* and *entrees*, provided it was in vogue. But Hawgreen was a safer *fugleman* at this table: so he tacitly constituted him his taster, eating freely of whatever he partook. Indeed, Bob, ever afterwards, eulogized *dinde aux truffes*, and *jambon glacé*, and even made Mrs Luke write down their proper names in his note-book, beside his observations on Notre Dame, &c., &c., that he might be able to tell his convivial friends in the west, of his proficiency in a branch of science so zealously cultivated by English travellers. Of the wines, reserving his opinion of their quality, he partook with entire freedom; and the most choice, or, at least, the most expensive in Tortoni's cellars, were produced to toast the health of *the bride*. Scots, English, Irish, and French, did equal justice to bumper pledges, drained to her future domestic felicity; and the facetious and jovial Mr Bob Pirgivie was soon almost as much admired here, and became nearly as much at home as if the French capital had been his own city of Saint Mungo. Both Hawgreen and the Chief knew enough of Scottish social manners to be able to draw him out: and his old songs once again came tingling over the ears of Mrs M. L., not now *vulgar*, but like the rushing of "Cart rinnin' rowin' to the sea." They brought a rush of warm tears to her eyes.

The only drawback upon the pleasure of the evening was Sir Ogilvy Fletcher, who soon became half tipsy, and wholly sullen, and who, ever and anon, sulkily eyed the gay Irish soldier, and

muttered that "The rapparee" (who, by the way, had large unhedged bets upon Dandizette) "had doctored *Cuttie*, and would jockey his own mother, if there was such an old woman."

The harmonies of Bob Pirgivie were never more needed to keep peace than now, and he did not spare them. Lady Di Corscaden did him the honour to *encore* his brilliant

"Contented wi' little and canty wi' mair;"

which the French gentlemen present declared to be worthy of Beranger.

"Where was ever ony o' your Berangers equal to ROBERT BURNS?" cried the convivial Scot, becoming quite enthusiastic—warming, as it were, in his own fires. "But I'll give you anither, gentlemen—and it's just new aff the irons. It's by a Glasgow man, too—and that is SANDY RODGER; but I must have something by way of a punch ladle in my hand, for I cannot get on without that." Hawgreen handed him a *meerschaum*, which formed, at least, a very good substitute, while he sang—

SANCT MUNGO.

"SANCT MUNGO was ane famous sanct,
And a cantie carle was he;
He drank o' the *Molendinar Burne*,
Quhan better couldna be.
Zit, when he could get stronger cheere,
He ne'er was water dry,
But drank o' the stream o' the wimplin *worm*,
And let the burne run by."

Even Sir O. F. hiccuped in chorus to this *chanson à boire*, the first stanza of which brought off the bowl of the pipe, and raised Mrs Luke to her feet, to go off, only to be gently pulled back to her seat by the encircling arm of the gay bridegroom, while Bob continued to chant—

"Sanct Mungo was ane godlie sanct,
Far-famed for godlie deeds;
And great delight he daily took
In counting ower his beads.
Zit I, Sanct Mungo's youngest sonne,
Can count as well as he;
But the beades whilk I like best to count,
Are the beads o' the barley-bree."*

"LET GLASGOW FLOURISH!" shouted the Bailie, rising, and flourishing his substitute for the habitual ladle; "where did ever ony De Beranger make a song like that? But, as the leddies insist on *deoch-an-dhoris*, and as our friend Mrs Luke has a deal of business before her"——

"'Hath,' like Juliet, 'need of many orisons!'" sighed Lady Diana, looking, with mock meaning, to her *friend*, the *bride*, unable wholly to control the aristocratic superciliousness which so often beset her manners, even in the most delicate circumstances. Probably Mrs Luke required this gentle fillip to her resolution. She had been too elevated in her surroundings for the last four hours, or too feebly reminded of her real *status*, as she delighted to call it; and that it was by money, or money's worth, and sufferance alone, that she held even her present brevet rank in the skirmishing corps of the aristocracy. She did not possess any one of those brilliant, or even frivolous talents, which, by amusing or throwing reflected lustre over aristocratic circles, make their way for a time. She was neither an eminent singer, nor a skilful musician. She could neither recite nor personate. Her only language was Anglo-Scottish and bad French. She had never written a novel, nor yet a volume of poems; she neither was a distinguished sinner, nor yet a celebrated devotee. She was no dexterous flatterer, though she had often done her best. In the arts of *toadyism*, she was a poor proficient; and her quickness and naturally high-spirit made her often restive in the only capacity in which the fashionables could disinterestedly have deigned to use her—namely, as an object of indignity or impertinent ridicule, as a *butt* for the exercise of their small wits. Princes and grandees—the whole higher order of aristocracy in former ages—entertained, for their dignified amusement, dwarfs, monsters, and crack-brained persons. We believe there are dwarfs and other pitiable abortions of nature to be found in some northern courts still: Dr Clarke found them in Russia. But their substitutes, in our more refined society, are now *butts* and *oddities*, and, more deservedly, the ambitious *vulgar*, like our Mrs Mark Luke. For the *vulgar* rich, neither their money nor servility, and scarce the "extreme obligingness" of "the good sort of creatures," can purchase the immunities of aristocracy. With great difficulty it is that they can even buy themselves up a step; as when the son of a wealthy manufacturer or loan-contractor obtains, by special favour, the third or fourth daughter of a pauper-peer, upon condition of an ample jointure, and as little connexion as possible with his *low* relations. Vigilantly guarded as the frontiers of the great world are, it is scarce possible for an interloper like Mrs Luke to make way even into the outer circumvallation. The great Lady Diana Corscaden herself, had partly lost caste, since she had married an Irish Baronet, and become a poor widow. Neglected herself, what could she do to give a lift to a friend in the worse circumstances of Mrs M. L.? This was a consideration that had frequently of late forced itself upon the attention of that lady, who began to think seriously that she had been paying too dear for the whistle, if her calculations had not been formed altogether on wrong data: for there was *vulgar* Bob Pirgivie on intimate terms with the Hawgreens; and actually, as they drove home, talking as if the society in which he had spent the afternoon was beneath him! In intelligence, in solid worth, in the good and useful, if not the highest purposes of life, and in rational and steady principles of conduct, feeling his superiority to those exalted personages, he had no false shame in avowing it. Perhaps, after all, it was as needy spendthrifts, and thence mean and shuffling, that the independent ex-Magistrate, who was just rich and right-thinking enough to fear no man's feud, and value no man's favour, the most heartily despised the beggar-pride of persons of the class of Sir Ogilvy Fletcher and Mr Macrusgal of Glen Claddach.

* We have pleasure in stating that this song has since been published, at full length, in that clever work, *Wit in the West*.

Their high-flown notions of their immense personal consequence, and the privileges of their rank, were, unaffectedly, so much mere "leather or prunella" to him, that he could have only a glimmering understanding of them; and, though he perfectly comprehended the nature of Mrs Luke's admiration of those things, it was impossible that either the haughtiness, the really insolent, condescending familiarity, or the more tolerable caprice of those great personages, could have affected him as they did that ambitious, imitative, and sensitive lady. So quietly and unconsciously did Mr Bob set himself above all that sort of "fudge," that he could not even perceive the fun of it; or how, like Mrs Luke's lofty aspirations, it might be converted into the amusement of the middle order; his own respectable and respected order, so long as they choose to respect themselves. It was in vain that Mrs Luke vindicated the objects of her admiration, upon the score of what she, with curious felicity, persisted in calling *maniére;* though she certainly meant demeanour, or graceful carriage, if not good manners. Their elegance, their polish, their refinement, were such, and so great! "Weel, weel!" cried the Bailie, with some impatience; "let them keep a' that—the carving on the outside of the cup and platter—and you leddies may take on as reasonable a quantity of it as ye see fit; but let us not put the cart before the horse—not forget the weightier matters of the great law of life—judgment, and justice, and mercy; which are sometimes at a low pass in high places."

This sober, or rather dull conversation, brought them to Mrs Luke's apartments: it had taken place immediately after they had set down Lady Di at some *soirce*, to which she was engaged, and after she had, with the charm of manner which she could assume at pleasure, taken leave of Mrs Luke, until they should meet in the Ambassador's Chapel next morning! The adieus of the Colonel, if not quite so graceful, were, of course, more animated. Mrs Luke preserved her dignity and presence of mind in a way that made Mr Pirgivie fancy her even too good an actress; but that was all laid aside as she entered the saloon, where the young lovers—for, we suppose, we may now so name them—awaited the arrival of their seniors, probably with no great impatience; but, so soon as the carriage wheels were heard, with some trepidation, visible especially in the maiden. In all her *lunes*, Mrs Luke had retained, unimpaired, the warm affections of her sensible child. The preservation of her mother from degradation and misery, was, to the affectionate girl, as true a source of happiness as her own prospects. After a moment of confusion, she first hurried to the table where the chess-board stood, and where she ought to have been found, and next to her mother's arms, with the simple and yet all comprehensive exclamation of "O Mamma!" The young lady was directed to carry her mother's shawl to her chamber, and that, in a voice so different from the imperious orders of the same morning, that, with the fresh roses of her cheeks glowing through grateful, through rapture-risen tears, Mysie hastened off. Her absence gave the more freedom to the conference which took place. The young man, though he could very truly have declared that he had loved Mysie Luke all his life, and now more than ever, was compelled to avow that she had not been *explicit* with him; that she would not believe her mother and her guardian sanctioned such an *impromptu* marriage; that, in short, he had not been a successful wooer.

"My Robina has conducted herself exactly with the delicacy and propriety of a young lady, upon whose education such pains have been taken:—referred herself to her mother!" said Mrs Luke, sailing off. "I must interpret between her delicacy and her feelings; and I flatter myself that, under my influence, they will not be found unfavourable to so valued and so long and well-known a *parti*."

Bob Pirgivie made a face as she left the room repeating "*parti*," and then turned to the chess-board.

"Still in the *fifth* move of the game? 'Deed, Mr Jeems, I fear ye are but a young hand at it; I'm sure I gave you time." The young man, perfectly understanding the double-meaning, protested, with spirit, that he had made very good use of his time.

"I wager, now, your main difficulty lay in persuading Mysie that this was not ower good news to be true. I must try my hand with her. We must strike while the iron is hot. The mother wants to make Mysie the scapegoat of her own idiotic matrimonial project; but I am sure that she, no more than myself, would bestow her daughter unsafely or unworthily; and so, young gentleman, you are not to take haste, as to time, for precipitance of judgment. And, then, Mr Ewins has just as deep a respect for *connexion* as becomes the humility of a Christian minister; and Mrs Luke herself is not to be trusted a day without danger of a relapse into gentility;—so the sooner it's ower"——But, at this stage, Lisette, the nimble and present-everywhere Lisette, won by the good mien of the young Scotchman, threw open the door of the adjoining room of the suite, as if by accident; beyond which, in a farther room, might be seen Mrs Luke delightedly fitting on her own intended bridal robes upon her daughter, and turning Mysie round and round admiringly. Bob Pirgivie, perceiving that his office of pleader was likely to become a sinecure, took the privilege of old friendship to advance briskly into the chamber. Mrs Mark Luke had been certain that considerable shortening would be required in the robe; and Lisette, that Mademoiselle required every strawbreadth of the length, with, perhaps, a little tightening across the bust, and a lowering of the *corsage;* all of which improvements were accomplished with a dexterity which none but a French waiting-maid can hope to attain in such matters. These hurried alterations were a happy diversion to the feelings of our heroine; and though, in her secret quailing heart, she wished it were to-morrow night, and all well! she actually

began to concoct the paragraph of announcement which was to enlighten and astonish the West of Scotland, and hastily to write numerous notes, still to be despatched, late as the night wore. Those that were of invitation were managed by Mr Bob Pirgivie; but it was Mrs Luke herself who wrote the dignified epistle, containing in its bulky envelope various notes of hand and receipts, all of which Colonel Rugby Blake found on his dressing-table when he woke about eleven o'clock next morning, and remembered that it was two hours past his marriage hour!

He dressed in some haste, and inquired if any one had called for him. "No one." No message come to him? None, save that laid on his table. Colonel Rugby Blake, whether of the Sardinian or Hungarian service, as he drew on his boots—a business of some difficulty—danced round the room, and cursed, by his gods! the whole Scottish nation. He was certain that there had been a preconcerted plan among the Scots to intoxicate him; not, after all, that this was an event so extremely rare, or so difficult to accomplish, as to require the stratagem imputed to Bailie Pirgivie and young Hawgreen. As he reflected farther, he came to the confused recollection of having given a challenge to Sir Ogilvy Fletcher, who had not only imputed foul play to him in the racing-match, but told him Lady Di had once said "he was one of those Blakes of Kerry who are first cousins to Paddy Blake's Echoes."

All this night-work now appeared a dream. There was but one thing of which he had a pleasing certainty. He had gained above three hundred Napoleons by the breaking down of *Cuttie Sark*—fifty of them from Mrs Luke. There lay Mrs Luke's rejection to be sure; but in the same envelope was consolation—a discharge in full of all his debts to her—a larger sum than ever Bob Pirgivie could be brought to confess even to Mr James Wilson, though he had advised the discharge. Things looked brighter. The disappointed bridegroom swallowed a tumbler of soda water, with a corrective admixture of *eau de vie*, and, striding about the room, he regarded his own reflected image with returning complacency, till he finally broke out—

"By the La' Harry! but you're a devilish lucky fellow, Denis Rugby, my boy—there where you stand—to have escaped that curst old Scotchwoman!" And he bowed to his reflected figure in the looking-glass. "The Edinburgh attorney says, the utmost farthing of her jointure is £250, and the sly Glasgow fellow will take care no one shall touch a tester belonging to the girl. Health to you, Denis, again!" And, as the brave Colonel swallowed the rest of his tumbler, his rather handsome face mantled with the bright flash of the idea which a full mouth would not allow him to express. Out it came—the Irish are the most soliloquizing people on earth:—"By Jove, I'll swear to Lady Di, I got royal last night, on purpose to have a gentlemanly excuse for jilting the owld girl this morning!" Applying to the sugar bason for the means of giving his moustache an additional and fiercer "upward swirl," and once more counting his yesterday's gains, the Colonel sallied forth, and, in ten minutes, set the military Irish and English who frequented his *café* into fits of laughter, with the comical history of his jilting the dashing Glasgow widow. At the door of the house to which he was going, (the lodgings of Lady Di,) sat that widow in an open travelling carriage, stuffed with trunks and boxes. She was flanked by Bob Pirgivie and young Hawgreen.

"Ah, Ma'am! sure now, you were not going to take French leave of your old friends?" And the Colonel spoke so blandly and cheerfully, and looked so perfectly disengaged and happy, that the quailing heart of Mrs Luke beat more freely. "Rejoiced that I'm just in time to wish ye good luck, and return you my best thanks for many kindnesses—and this last the most of all." Raising himself up on the step of the carriage, the bold Irishman swayed past the Bailie, and, by way of leave-taking, openly saluted our astonished and angry heroine very fairly.

"Weel, sorrow the like o' that saw I ever!" said Mr Pirgivie, very much relieved, however; though, in the next second, half suspicious of some trick. Mrs Luke indignantly rubbed her violated lips, and young Hawgreen struggled with choking laughter.

"Carry my blessing to my daughter that should have been," continued Blake. "I would have made her a most loving father."

Our heroine made a desperate rally. "My daughter set off for Scotland, with my son-in-law, from his Excellency's, about two hours ago, and immediately after her marriage.—Drive on."

The gallant Colonel did look a little blank at this intelligence; but it was only for a second. "Now, Ma'am, with your leave, I must send by you my remembrances to the bride." And a second sudden and intrepid salute left poor Mrs M. L. in the condition of "a woman killed with kindness," and bursting with rage. Bob Pirgivie, slyly winking, pulled down young Hawgreen, who was about to vindicate the lady's quarrel.

"Poh, Ma—dame! why take offence at an old friend's freedom—and at parting, too? Ye mind our famous auld sang"—and Bob warbled—

"O Jamie, ye hae monie ta'en,
And I will ne—ver stand for ane"——

Mrs Luke almost frantically interrupted the stave, which, she doubted not, was very well understood by Lady Di, now bending almost over the carriage from her open window, and retiring anon to give way to her immoderate laughter at Blake's consummate impudence, and the ludicrous distress of our heroine. Meantime, he had so far gained the good graces of Bailie Pirgivie, that they shook hands heartily—the Bailie going, in the warmth of the moment, the length of saying—"And, if ever ye come to the west country, I hope ye'll spend an afternoon wi' me: ony body about the Exchange Rooms will be able to tell ye where Bob Pirgivie hings out. 'Od, we'se get Davie Bell, and twa or three other gude chields, and mak' a night o't." While this

was passing, Mrs Luke so far recovered herself, as once more to kiss her hand, and bend gracefully to her fair friend leaning above.

"*A—dieu*, Lady Di! If you ever visit the West of Scotland, I shall hope for the honour of entertaining you so long as I and my family can make your residence agreeable, at my poor place of Halcyon Bank, near Largs;—we can boast, at least, charming sea-views." Cards of address were once more proffered, in spite of the Bailie's nudging admonitions of the elbow, and conveyed through Colonel Blake.—The postilion yelled —"*Ailles donc coquins*"—the horses neighed, the whip cracked, and the wheels flashed and rattled along, while Mrs Mark Luke, throwing herself back in the carriage, exclaimed, in a very natural tone—"Thank my stars!"

It was arranged that they were to stop for a day or two at some intermediate stage, that Mrs Luke might pause from the manifold fatigues of the last trying thirty hours; and then they were to join the young pair at Rouen—which city the Bailie wished to visit on matters connected with his business. Beyond the barrier, they lost their escort, young Hawgreen; the Bailie, after what he had seen, no longer dreading a forcible abduction by the Irishman, whom, when now fairly rid of him, he pronounced—"No a bad sort o' chield, had he been brought up to some decent industrious calling, and no kept swaggerin' and bullyraggin' a' his days in the army, which is ruin to a man's principles."

Exactly seven days after this, all the church bells in Glasgow were busily swinging and jowing upon the morning of a *Fast Day*, preliminary to a sacramental occasion. At all such solemn times, a more than ordinary degree of sanctity screwed up the virgin visages of these well-known spinsters of the Trongate, Miss Penelope Parlane and Miss Betty Bogle. When the attentive grocer (the successor of Mr Mark Luke) sent the former lady the usual gratis reading of the *Chronicle* upon that morning, just as she was going off to the Ram's Horn Kirk, she marvelled at the profanity of the man. "But, Mem, Mem!—there's great news in't," cried the grocer's eager lass.

"News!—and what's worldly news on a morning like this? Go back, my woman, to your master, and tell him from me, that, prent them wha like, I'll read no prents on the Fast Day."

"But, Mem!—it's a' about Mrs Luke's marriage!"

The strongly excited Miss Penny now hesitated for a moment—sat down—undid the strings of her lappet—took the paper in her hand—got out her spectacles.

"That makes a difference—that may be considered in the nature of a private communication—and no what's called public *news*. Ye may leave the room, my woman—my compliments to your master. And a *letter* too on a Fast Day morning, and the Paris postmark!"

"What can have come ower Miss Penny this morning?" thought our other fair friend, Miss Bogle, all through the singing of the first psalm and a good part of the first prayer, as she sklented to the church-door. "I wish she may be in her ordinar' health—sae regular a kirk-keeper, especially on Fast Days." But, before the prayer was finished, the tardy lady slid on tip-toe into the pew; and, at the conclusion of the service, was duly interrogated:—

"I was sure ye were ailing, Mem; and a' through the sermon—and a *great* discourse it has been!—ye seemed wanrestfu', and fidgety like."

"Now, Mem—I must confess, Mem, I found the Doctor rather driech and dry this morning, Mem—but have ye heard the news!" This was whispered, while every fibre of the speaker's spare frame vibrated from intense interest. Yet it pleased Miss Parlane, to tantalize the startled Miss Bogle all along the fine street fronting the Ram's Horn Kirk, and down the Trongate, to the lodging of the latter, where, taking out the sinful Fast Day *Chronicle*, without one warning word, she read as follows:—

MARRIAGE IN FASHIONABLE LIFE.—Married, at the Chapel of the British Embassy in Paris, James Wilson, Esq., eldest son of the late Doctor Wilson of Glasgow, F.R.C.P., to the beautiful and accomplished Margery Robina, sole heiress of the late Mark Luke, Esq. of Halcyon Bank, Ayrshire. The ceremony, which was in the Presbyterian form, was performed by the Rev. Doctor Draunt. The fair bride, who has just entered her seventeenth year, was splendidly attired in a robe of beautiful Brussels lace, with a rich white satin under-dress; headdress, pearls, and wreaths of orange flowers, under a deep bride's veil of exquisite Brussels lace. Robert Pirgivie, Esq. of Glasgow, the guardian of the bride, had the honour to give her away. Among the company present, we observed Mrs Mark Luke, the mother of the bride; Lady Diana Corscaden, relict of Sir Dermot Corscaden, of Castle Corscaden, barony of Tirrykeeranvey, County Donegal; and many of the English fashionables at present in Paris. The lovely daughters of Hawgreen of that ilk officiated as bride's-maids upon this happy occasion. Immediately after the ceremony, the happy pair set out in a carriage and four, to spend the honeymoon at the seat of the bride's mother in Scotland."—*From Galignani's Messenger*.

"Weel done, Bawby!" exclaimed Miss Bogle; "but it's Bob Pirgivie has saved her, after all; for I had it from a sure hand, that had it from the gardener's daughter at Hawgreen, to whom Miss Isabella's maid wrote hame, that Mrs Mark Luke was making hersel' the clash of a' France, from her on-goings wi' a tearing Irish sergeant o' dragoons, whom she was on the point o' running off wi', when Bailie Pirgivie arrived, and got out a *letter-de-catch-her* from the King of France, through the interest of our ain Provost Ewing, who wrote to the King, by the Bailie, with his own hand."

"Weel, weel, Mem," interrupted Miss Penny, tossing her lappets, (a lady who, it may be remembered, belonged to the ancient landed aristocracy of the west, while Miss Betty was of *thrum* descent,) "no doubt ye'll be best informed;—but Mrs Mark Luke has done a prudent, wiselike, motherly thing, in bestowing her daughter upon James Wilson, though they might have waited a year or two. I believe the Lukes are now, by this marriage, something sib to mysel', either through the Lockharts, or the Baillies o'

the Upper Ward; and here is a letter in Mrs Luke's own hand, franked by the Ambassador, hoping, for *auld langsyne*, we will—that's you and me, Mem—receive the young folks and her at Halcyon Bank on the 23d. Jean Sprot is to put a' in order; and there is some bit suit or two o' Valenciennes lace, wi' the gloves and bride's-cake, but they wudna be safe in a letter."

Miss Bogle raised and spread abroad her black silk mittens.

"Mem! Mem! the like o' that! But she was aye a by-ordinar' woman for spirit, that Mrs Mark Luke. Auld Mrs Luke's gear will surely be divided now: but you'll have to take down the *Apostle spoons*, and the silver *posset pat*, and give up, and surrender, Miss Penny——Hech!—but this will be news to Glasgow!"

We do give our heroine credit for this last stroke of diplomacy. It was, to be sure, at the end of the day, mortifying enough to close just where she had begun, with Mr Bob Pirgivie, Miss Betty Bogle, Miss Penny Parlane, and Jean Sprot, at the bridal banquet; but there was no help for it; and, without propitiating these influential ladies, she never could have fairly recovered from her last stumble, and been enabled to talk to the end of her life, of her "friend" Lady Di Corscaden, lately become the lady of her other old friend, Colonel Rugby Blake, but, by courtesy, retaining her title; nor yet have told a thousand anecdotes of her foreign travels and quality connexions; waxing especially eloquent when neither her daughter, her son-in-law, nor yet Bob Pirgivie, was present to check her vein.

We must not conclude our history without a *moral;* and we shall give one from an old dramatist, that is equally applicable to all our Scottish personages—Sir Ogilvy Fletcher, Macrusgal of Glen Claddach, Mrs Mark Luke, and the Stronas:—

Let all men know
That tree shall long time keep a steady foot
Whose branches spread no wider than the root.

POLITICAL STATE OF THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND.

The late election in Inverness-shire excited considerable attention, both from the circumstance of its being an isolated one, and because it was supposed to afford a criterion of the relative strength of *Whig* and *Tory* principles in that county. We must disabuse our readers of such a notion. In fact, the condition of our northern neighbours of Inverness-shire, Ross-shire, &c., is as little known in Edinburgh as it is to the mass of *Cockaigne:* we would not say of Englishmen—for no class more frequently visits, or is better acquainted with the wilds of the Highlands, than the upper ranks of England.

If, however, the election was a source of interest, we doubt not that the recent decision of the committee for trying its validity, has been a source of wonder! A Tory majority has found that "The Chisholm" is the sitting member, on the ground that they who, by their numbers, returned him, though not entitled *locally* to vote in the county of Inverness, had not been *objected* to at two separate courts of registration; where, by the by, it is questionable if the point could be mooted! We know that two negatives make an affirmative; but that twice to commit an illegal act constitutes a legal right, is, we confess, a new doctrine. But to proceed:—

The contest in Inverness-shire was not one of politics:—both candidates were *Tories;* but Tories whose views were modified by local circumstances and by personal considerations. If Lord John Russell lost Devon by the intrigues of the parsons, Mr Grant of Glenmoriston lost Inverness-shire from the domineering influence of the great clan families, combined with the "No Popery" cry, assiduously raised by the illiberal portion of the established clergy. Feeling called religious—though most opposite to the spirit of Christianity—mingled largely in the strife; and most effectually were the prejudices of the ignorant, or intolerant, brought to bear upon the more liberal candidate. But let us inquire for a moment between what parties the contest lay, and what has been the political condition of the county for the last thirty years.

Previous to 1802, General M'Leod, of M'Leod, who long represented Inverness-shire in Parliament, maintained a complete control over the freeholders. By an act which savoured more of the feudal chieftain than of the chairman of a court of electors, he erased all the *paper* barons, and reduced the constituency solely to one of real proprietors. A sentence of the Court of Session reversed this bold proceeding, which materially affected the family of Gordon, which could previously count on 113 nominees. Nevertheless, the General continued to keep his ground, *mal grè, bon grè;* and the county roll, in 1802, consisted of only about twenty freeholders. At that period, three candidates entered the field—Colonel Simon Fraser, eldest son of the Honourable Archibald Fraser of Lovat, who had been chosen member at the general election in 1796—Forbes of Culloden—and Mr Charles Grant. The latter was a *novus homo* to the country gentlemen; having, by his own merit alone, acquired consideration in India, whence he had returned with fortune and influence. All three were of *Tory* principles; the question at issue among the electors was merely, Who will *benefit us* the most?—and the choice fell on Mr Grant! Henceforward, a genial shower of cadetships, and India writerships, became the portion of the innumerable cousins who reckoned kin with Mr Grant's supporters; and the same golden means enabled the honourable gentleman to retain his seat undisturbed, and to transmit it, in comparatively recent days, to his eldest son, now Lord Glenelg.

Mr Charles Grant, junior, began political life as a member of Lord Liverpool's administration. Since that time, it has been objected to him, that he has taken office under every successive

government, of every hue, which has ruled the land. In justice to Mr Grant, it may be said, that he early identified himself with the advancing spirit of the age—growing with its growth, and strengthening with its strength; but, dragging along with him the dead weight of less enlightened associates, it was long before he could give free scope to his own will, and openly appear the champion of reform, and the denouncer of abuse. When his elevation to the Peerage was resolved upon, the more enlightened electors —who wished to see a man of liberal sentiments succeed him—cast their eyes upon Mr Grant of Glenmoriston. They had not a choice between *Radical, Whig*, and *Tory*, but between those who, professing Conservatism, were inclined, the one to admit, the other to resist, innovation on established abuses. Of the true *Old Whig* race, Inverness-shire never, among the present generation, could count on more than two—James Grant of Corrimony, the venerable father of the Scottish bar, and Sir Peter Grant of Rothiemurchus: but age incapacitated the one—a foreign residence the other. Among the younger men, Whig sentiments have zealous supporters in two extensive proprietors; but circumstances put it out of their power to come forward.

To an excellent education, and habits of business rare in the Highlands, James Murray Grant of Glenmoriston brought, what is no slight recommendation in the eyes of the *Gaël*, a pedigree of some length; for he traces a long succession of ancestors, offshoots of the house of Freuchy, chief of his name. Unfortunately, from being abroad when the representation of Inverness-shire was necessarily vacated, Mr Grant's opponent was on the course before him an entire week. That gentleman, who is called, no one can tell why, "*The Chisholm*," made good use of his vantage ground; and the wilds of Skye, where the Laird of Sleat (now Lord Macdonald) holds sway, and the heights of Strathspey, where the Earl of Seafield has such a following, were roused by his partisans. The factors of the lord lieutenant, the local magistracy, the subalterns of the militia, were likewise set in motion. And here we must enter our protest against the custom, but too prevalent with Highland proprietors, of passing from the original designation of their *dŭchŭs*, or paternal roof-tree, and exchanging it for some more new-fangled, but less respectable cognomen; of which the case before us is an instance. Roderick Chisholm, of "Comer," was attainted, in 1715, for high treason; but his estate was *bought in* for the family, by M'Kenzie of Allangrange, and transferred to Chisholm of Muckerach, a near relation, who made it over to the heir, Alexander Chisholm, (the son of Roderick,) who, on 12th March 1777 executed a strict entail of the same, and assumed the style of "Chisholm of Chisholm,"* or "The Chisholm," though there is no such place as Chisholm in the North. The present William Alexander Chisholm "of Chisholm," is his grandson. This young gentleman had been a ward of Mr Charles Grant, and was, with his family, under many obligations to his guardian. He had evinced his gratitude at the election of 1831, by seconding the nomination of Mr Grant, as member for the county. He, at the same time, applauded the principles of the Reform Bill. He afterwards moved an address to his Majesty, congratulatory of that measure; he talked of "the silken bonds of affection" riveting, more strongly than the iron rule of feudal times, the clans to their superior; and, in short, saw a new era of regeneration to his native soil, when, *presto!* he is found in the enemy's camp! Mr Chisholm became "ashamed" of his former ways and former friends; he "recommended" Mr Grant, at the last contest with the late M'Leod of M'Leod, (where he took a prominent and a most ungracious and injudicious part,) "to retire into the vale of private life;" and, in short, read a dignified lecture to his former guide and counsellor! Well did he merit the castigation he received from Mr Charles Grant, who gave him a "Rowland for his Oliver." Mr Grant did not spare the petulant lad; and the lash cut the keener that it was wielded by the hand of a gentleman.

If rumour does not err, we have a clew to this Ariadne's web of *consistency*; but we shall not use it for the present. In Inverness-shire, as in many parts of Ross-shire and Sutherland, an intolerant church party exists, who would confine every one within their own narrow pale; and, as illiberal in politics as bigoted and exclusive in church matters, give to dissent from their peculiar views any but charitable interpretations. General Stewart, a competent judge, has pointed out the tendency of the mind of the common Highlander to gloomy fanaticism. These honest, but simple-minded people, like the farmers of Devonshire, were aroused by fearful allusions to Papal power, and the dangers which Protestantism might expect from the measure of church reform contemplated for Ireland. They were even told they would have the Bible taken from them! Such was the kind of argument resorted to, to support the party opposed to Glenmoriston. "The Church is in danger!" was the burden of the song in the north, as in the south; and when a most respectable clergyman of the establishment came forward, to remove the misapprehensions as to the Irish Church, and to justify conscientious votes, he was denounced for one who acted with "infidels and destructives," and was assailed with the most vulgar abuse; the zealots forgetting that a clergyman of their own side had nominated Major Cumming Bruce, the Tory Member for the burghs, and that another took part in the nomination of M'Leod for the county! As one of the principal friends of Glenmoriston in the county is a Roman Catholic, there appears something even personally offensive in all this clamour. We forbear to notice the private or petticoat reasons which

* Chisholm of Chisholm—*The Chisholm*, if there be such a person, *par excellence*—is a gentleman of very ancient family in the south of Scotland. The mansion-house of Chisholm is within a few miles of Hawick. E. T. M.

rumour assigns as the cause of this partisan inveteracy. Glenmoriston asserted the principles on which Charles Grant had acted; and hence ostensibly the odium showered on him. The very men who had reaped benefits innumerable from Charles Grant and his father, in the way of appointments to India for their sons and connexions, were the first now to desert him; though, at least, a partial reaction might perhaps have been hoped for, had they known *before* they were irrevocably pledged that he was to possess the sole patronage of the colonial department! In their eagerness to worship the rising sun, they omitted this in their calculation, often as they had turned, and nicely as they had calculated; and Chisholm having been adopted by the order of "the bigots," and being, besides, a proper young man, found able canvassers in many a fair one's eyes.

But, if the most singular dereliction from avowed standards of *some* political consistency was exhibited in the county in question, stranger dereliction was not less manifested in the neighbouring one of Ross. Here, at least, there was a fair battle: a consistent Whig opposed to a consistent Tory—in Highland *parlance*, Seaforth *versus* Applecross. (We are speaking of the last contested election there, likewise in 1833.) Both were M'Kenzies—and a schism in that clannish sept was the natural result. Without meaning offence to any one, the results of personal friendship, or private partiality, were curiously exemplified in an affair where public principle *only* is confessed as the guiding motive. Here was to be seen a stanch Conservative voting with his chief, for the "destructive" champion; there, a professed Liberal lending his aid to return a man inimical to his party. With somewhat of feudal arrogance, a baronet of scientific notoriety, gives his words for the Whigs, but his vote for the Tories; and resents, as an act of rudeness to himself, any encroachment on his domain, in the way of canvass, by the Liberal interest! So we have heard it complained of as unhandsome that the Grants should presume to *agitate Skye*, which was the shut burgh and appanage of the Macdonalds and M'Leods! In like manner, at the contest in 1832–3, another Ross-shire baronet, the first to profess Liberal, if not *Radical*, sentiments, in that distant quarter—who volunteered an address to the constituency, teaching them how they were to work the Reform Bill, and who was himself once a candidate, on enlightened principles, for their suffrages—was to be seen backing Munro of Novar, the most gentlemanly and innocuous of Tory lairds; and why?—on account of some family feud, or lawsuit, with his neighbour Seaforth! In short, Whiggery and Toryism on this side the Grampians, and on the other, are very different things. Here, a man, if he would meet with any respect, if he does take a part in politics, must go through "thick and thin" with those with whom he usually acts. No respect of persons, no cousinship, no covert design, no private feud, will excuse him, as with our northern brethren.

With regard to the close county of Sutherland, we are not prepared to speak at length. Doubtless the nation is indebted to the illustrious family who wield its destinies, for many acts of patriotism; but it is neither news nor treason to say that its politics must veer and turn with that family's notions. Caithness has of late displayed somewhat of the temper of the sturdy "Norsemen," from whom she derives her origin; and the bud of liberty is destined there to germinate to fuller growth. There are towns in Caithness—none deserving the name in Sutherland; and, although sweet Liberty! be born a mountain nymph, she is certainly best fostered in cities.

As respects the distant isles of the Orkneys and Zetland, little can be said. Till lately, the latter county had no voice in the councils of the British nation. The inhabitants bear a cordial detestation to the natives of the more southern and larger archipelago. A more strenuous advocacy of liberal doctrines, and a truer, is to be met with in Zetland than in Orkney. It is only necessary to restrain the hand of local power from interfering with its expression.

Of all castes in Scotland, we are, from observation and reflection, convinced that the one most inimical to the principles and the operation of the Reform Bill, is that of the Highland landowners or *lairds;* though there are some honourable exceptions among the heads of clans, to whom intercourse with the world has given more enlarged and correct views. But the greater part remain in nearly their original darkness. Although many of those respectable though unenlightened individuals have been abroad, or have served in the army or navy, such is the force of early prejudice and example, that, as they uniformly carry from home, so they generally bring back, all the inflated ideas of a Highland chieftain, who, probably, of all rural dignitaries under the cope of heaven, is, next to the "high hereditary piper" of his sept, the most consequential. Hence they are ever in the rear in the march of knowledge and true civilization, and disdainful of the tone of every society save that of their own small circles, where flatteries are reciprocated and ignorance perpetuated.

Returning home, the Highland laird takes possession of his family property, or founds a new seat, and recurs to the preposterous notions of his juvenile days. Can we wonder, then, that, with such notions and attempts at *style*, the majority of Highland lairds are in debt? The vicinity of the town of Perth, and the Aird, (a district near Inverness,) are striking examples of the pecuniary consequences of this fancied superiority, where proprietors, possessed of an average income of from £500 to £1200 per annum, assume the airs of the *elite* of society! Yet, it is not that these persons would alone be *exclusives*—for no one would care a straw for such exclusion—but they must, forsooth, pretend to represent the popular will!

Certes, it was time for the people to bestir themselves. Reform was wanted, and the nation willed it, in spite of a haughty oligarchy and squirearchy; and the Reform Bill became the law of the land. We have noticed with satisfaction, even in the Highlands, how much the

poor peasant has risen in his own esteem, in consequence; how keenly he estimates and balances the strength of his position; and how little disposed he is now to yield the passive obedience required by local tyrants in feudal times.

The main strength of the Reformers is undoubtedly in the towns. Commerce always produces liberality of sentiment and expansion of ideas;—and where we find municipal councils of opposite views, we must look for the causes of dependence on some local circumstances, which require time and exposure for their rectification. Thus, the Cummings still retain an influence over Forres; whilst, at Banff, the inhabitants have thrown off the yoke which would impose on them the mere nominee of the Gordon family, in preference to an independent candidate. But, properly speaking, we ought not to travel beyond the *Border*.

Nothing can be more apparent, the moment you pass the ideal line which separates the Highlands from Moray, than the dissimilarity of the people, in physiognomy, habits, and feelings, from the Gaelic population. In the interior, the latter generally exhibit the squalid penury and dirt of past times; and their huts bear a stronger resemblance to the wigwams of the American tribes than to the abodes of civilized beings. The rural population—apart from the crofters, who are the mere pioneers to attack the heath in its natural state—comprise two orders: the tacksmen, who constitute a link, as of old, between the proprietor and the commons; and the smaller race of farmers. By the extension of the sheep system, which has effected such a wonderful revolution in Highland economy, the character of these tacksmen has immeasurably increased in consideration—at the same time, they have materially added to the rent-roll of their landlords. Hence it follows, that these last can influence, by their personal weight, just in the precise degree that their tenantry are under the bond of ancient prejudices, and debarred from access to information—as in the case of the small farmers; whilst their hold fails altogether, when attempted to be exercised over the wealthy and intelligent tacksmen, holding large farms, should no private attachment intervene to influence them. Thus, in the late contest in Inverness-shire, in the districts of Badenoch and Strathspey, where the clannish spirit lingers, the tenantry were ready supporters of their feudal landlords and superiors; whilst, in Lochaber, on the estates of Glengarry and Cameron of Fassifearn, the tenants voted independently, and in opposition to their lairds. So, in Argyllshire, though several of the leading names are Tories—though attachment to old usages is on the wane—still *Macallanmore* can rally round his Whig banner many who would be loath to write "Whig" on their escutcheon. The residence or non-residence of proprietors, must naturally be taken into consideration, when judging of their power to sway the voices of their dependents. In this particular, the different counties do not present an uniform spectacle. From the load of debt with which they are oppressed, Highland proprietors are certainly to be found here and there letting their family mansions, and removing either to the south or to the Continent, for the purpose of economizing; and, although a writer in the last number of the *Statistical Account of Scotland* complains of the non-residence of the gentry, as greatly tending to retard the welfare of the district, yet we incline to believe these are isolated cases; and that, generally speaking, the country gentlemen pass the summer months, if not (as many voluntarily do) the entire year, on their native domains. One of the most fruitful sources of the pecuniary embarrassments of Highland gentlemen, arises from the widely-spread system of entails, where the nominal proprietor has to maintain, on the one hand, the corresponding dignity of his rank, whilst, on the other, he is pinched by obligations to widows of prior possessors, provisions to younger children, badly paid rents, and premiums, it may be, of heavy insurances on his life, to secure his personal creditors.

Great exertions are making for the improvement of the north of Scotland, and for the dissemination of knowledge among the inhabitants. Still, much remains to be effected; for, out of a population of 500,000, the General Assembly's report has established that there are upwards of 80,000 totally unable to read, and a large amount of the remainder but very imperfectly informed. In presenting the stores of knowledge, many may think it of no consequence to provide good political instruction for the people. We judge otherwise; holding that every Briton should be early taught to appreciate the blessings of that Reform, by which the great palladium of his liberty has been reconquered. This consideration naturally leads to the state of the press; and with a glance at it we shall conclude. Argyllshire has no provincial journal. In Perthshire, Stirling, and Aberdeen, with the neighbouring Highland districts, the local wants of the inhabitants are adequately met by publications of opposite sentiments. The northern counties, from Inverness to John o' Groat's, are supplied with two papers, issuing from the press of that town—the *Courier* and *Journal*. The first is ably conducted, and cautiously liberal in its sentiments; which is, perhaps, all that the state of the district allows. The latter, originally established as a mere commercial speculation, by a bookseller, was purchased by an individual from India, who, from various causes, began a course of squabbling with the civil authorities, and thus became a denouncer of some real and many alleged abuses. Under his guidance, the newspaper has, at all times, and upon every general public question, been thoroughly and rancorously Tory, so far as the light of the editor went. Elgin supported, for a while, a weekly paper. After an ephemeral existence, it died away, and a new Phœnix has risen from its ashes; but neither the Morayshire nor Aberdeen prints possess much political influence over the more northerly counties, which, like the rest of the country, look to the metropolis for *light* and counsel.

LITERARY REGISTER.

BOOKS OF WHICH OUR NOTICES ARE DEFERRED.

It is comparatively easy to do justice, even in a limited Monthly Register, to entertaining works, and to all of a frivolous character, or of a merely ephemeral interest; but we are occasionally sadly perplexed by the appearance of books of a more solid and important kind, which we can neither in heart nor conscience pass over altogether, nor yet dismiss with a few specious generalities. This, however, is a misfortune common to us with the most bulky of the periodicals. In no one of them has there yet appeared reviews of some recent books, of which the world ought to hear as speedily as is consistent with the proper execution of the duty. Among those which, in our own case, are *deferred*, but certainly not lost sight of, we shall only mention, Lord Brougham's "Discourse on Natural Theology," Abdy's "Journal of a Residence in the United States,"* and "The Life of Sir James Mackintosh." The last work is still recent, and will not fail to meet with due attention. Neither has Mr Abdy's work been long published; but, as we have not been able to notice it in the last or present month, at the length which its excellence as a literary work, and importance as an enlightened pleading for the cause of universal humanity, demand, we cannot delay recommending it to every one, but especially to members of the Society of Friends, and to those philanthropic persons—of whom, to the honour of the sex, many are ladies—who take a lively interest in the abolition of slavery in North America, and in the oppressed condition of the coloured population of that country.

There is this advantage in the delay of analyzing Lord Brougham's work, that the arguments with which it has already been assailed—from quarters, by the way, diametrically opposite—will widen the field of discussion. We have one more work of this kind to notice—Colonel Napier's book on "Colonization, Small Farms, the Malthusian Question, Emigration," &c. &c. Our list might extend farther; but, until we can clear scores with the above, we must pause.

NEW NOVELS.

Plantagenet. 3 vols.

The adventures and opinions of Lord Arthur Plantagenet, arranged, after his decease, by his friend, the Editor, form an ambitious novel of the school of Pelham; clever and sketchy—sometimes eloquent—but, above all, *got up* with skill. There is a class of compositions of the present day, the character of which may be aptly illustrated by the old story of the preacher, with a great name for oratory, who quite charmed a large congregation, and all the while said not one word; and, indeed, did nothing more than gesticulate with grace and energy. Those who were beside the pulpit heard nothing of the eloquent discourse, because they were too near—and those at a distance were equally unfortunate, because they were too far off; but both parties agreed that the sermon must have been divine! The part of the audience close at hand, have been vehement in praise of *Plantagenet*, and we, at a distance, are therefore bound to impute our failure, in excess of admiration, to our remote position, and to acquiesce, from sympathy, in the opinion of the better-informed. This work seems highly prized by London critics. A periodical to which we are in the habit of respectfully deferring in many points—the *Westminster Review*—declares it the best novel of the season, and places the author in the first class of living fictionists. The *moral* object of the work is once more to expose the mischief to society, arising from the aristocratic system. The principal branch of it illustrated here is *Primogeniture*. An elder brother—a cheat and a bastard, by the way—juggles Lord Arthur out of his titles and possessions, and, in virtue of holding them, of the hand of his mistress; for whatever heart the Lady Blanche had, was already given, beyond recall, to the younger brother. The fraud practised is discovered. The fair sacrificer, or sacrificed, to the idol, *Primogeniture*, dies of a broken heart. Poetical justice is done upon the villain brother, and the tale is so constructed that there is an absolute necessity for a tragic catastrophe.

The Doom of Giallo; a Neapolitan Romance. 2 vols.

The best thing we can say for this romance is, that it is written by Mr Boaden, the author of memoirs of Mrs Siddons and John Kemble. Some readers may fancy that this is not saying much; but we leave them to find out their mistake, assuring them, meanwhile, it is saying a very great deal.

Cortes; or, The Fall of Mexico. By Dr Bird. 3 vols.

This novel is replete with romantic incident and interest. It boasts of one noble female character, of the high-souled, romantic cast—Magdalena. We consider it unfortunate that the author has been smitten with admiration of the horrific tone of composition, which, having first corrupted the imaginative literature of France, is tainting that of all Europe. Cortes has a secondary claim on attention. From it the romance-reader may be cheated into much useful information concerning the country in which the scene is laid.

Ernesto. By William Smith, Esq.

This story forms the fifteenth volume of the "Library of Romance;" a series unequal, but, nevertheless, of great merit. "Ernesto" is a philosophical, or, more accurately, a metaphysical romance. The author proposes to write the history of the *mind* of his hero; the changes and revolutions of his opinions, and not of his fortunes. These last, however, will form, to the bulk of readers, the main attraction; for the writer shews, besides learning and talent, no mean skill in narration. We see "Ernesto" in his various mental states—*Stoic*, *Epicurean*, *Sceptic*, and, finally, *Christian*; and follow all his daring adventures and wild speculations with unflagging interest, until we take leave of him, descended from his hazy altitudes to the "dear green earth," and, with his faithful Maddelena, literally imparadised in the *commonplace of human life*. In exhibiting his philosophic Quixote, the author has, occasionally, no doubt exaggerated, and coloured highly. Probability is strained at times; but, with all these small blemishes—necessary, perhaps, for stage effect—the book is a *noticeable* one, even in a crowd.

Stories of Strange Lands. By Mrs R. Lee. London: Moxon.

The lady, whose handsome volume lies before us, will still, we dare say, be better known as Mrs Bowdich, the wife of the lamented traveller. Her contributions to different Annuals, but, in particular, to the "Forget-me-Not," are collected and published here, with a very loyal and dutiful dedication to the Queen, and a few illustrative notes. Mrs Lee explains, at some length, and by way of excuse or apology, we presume, for writing in Annuals at all, that she was compelled to write these sketches by the importunity of Mr Ackermann, and a sense of gratitude to that gentleman. Her first story in the "Forget-me-Not," which is also the first in this volume, the late Mr Ackermann assured her, had sold many copies; so, for his next year's publication, she wrote "Amba," and it is the second tale in the volume. Then the late Mr Pringle solicited her assistance, which produced more tales; but these were for "Friendship's Offering," and Mrs Norton's Fashionable Magazine. All these were much admired, and they are all handsomely reprinted here, to satisfy the demands of friends, who could not find them elsewhere. These decisive testimonies to the merit of the "Stories of Strange Lands," as stories, make farther comment unnecessary; but we must

* Journal of a Residence and Tour in the United States, by E. S. Abdy, Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. London: Murray. 3 vols.

add, that they afford much collateral information of manners and customs, and that some of them are tales of real life.

Sketches from Life. By a Physician.
Glasgow: M'Phun.

This is a volume of tales of considerable merit, somewhat deteriorated by professional prepossessions—we were just going to say professional pedantry. No one can doubt but that they are written by a medical man; they, moreover, shew a liberal spirit.

The Garland. By Mrs Sherwood.

This is a rather bulky collection of nice little stories for young persons, by a well-known and esteemed authoress. But it also contains many valuable hints to mothers, and to all persons intrusted with the care of children, from babyhood to adolescence. We do not affirm that the book does not shew what we consider blemishes; but then many excellent persons will in these find its best beauties. Mrs Sherwood has, herself, anticipated objections to the introduction of the deepest mysteries of the Christian religion, in a child's book, by this reply:—"Those things being taught by the Lord, the Spirit, and not by man's reason, are *fully* as easily comprehended by a believing child, as a believing old man." The volume contains a great number of engravings of a kind that will gratify juvenile taste.

Various other children's books, or school books, lie on our table. We have formerly given our reasons for passing over school books. These do not, however, preclude notice of a *new edition* of STEWART'S GEOGRAPHY—for that work we have carefully examined, and can conscientiously recommend it to old and young, as a comprehensive, succinct, clearly arranged, and most useful volume, whether for instruction or reference.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Random Shots from a Rifleman. By Capt. Kincaid, Author of "Adventures in the Rifle Brigade."

Some of the pleasantest, and most light-hearted and intelligent, works of entertainment that have appeared of late, we owe to those gallant and, generally, post-meridian heroes who have, within the last twenty years, turned their swords into slashing steel-pens. There is such a strong corps of them, all valiant and sprightly alike, that we know not which to place in the front rank. Than with this same *Random Shots*—with probably the appliance of a segar and a bottle of the wine one likes best—a man could not more happily refresh and enliven one of these hot days. Yet the shots are anything but *random*; they are every one well aimed, and, generally, fair hits. They are, in fact, the hop-skip-and-jump history of the adventures of the author, even "from his boyish days," from his *debut* as an ensign in the North-York Local Militia, about the beginning of the century, until the grand military drama was closed at Waterloo. It will be no disparagement to him in Scottish eyes that he is a countryman, and a laird's son, and that there is nothing in the broad style of his humour that savours either of the martinet or the military dandy.

Helps and Hints how to protect Life and Property. By Lieutenant-Colonel de Berenger.

Here is another soldier's book; and a curious *melange* it is. In a series of letters to the author's son, we have a kind of *Manual* for young men. The first thing that strikes us is, how rascally a world that must be, against which it is needful to set youth on its guard in this fashion; the next, the extraordinary manner in which counsels, rules, cautions, and recipes are mingled together. Here a sensible dissertation upon true courage is illustrated in picture, by the act of snuffing a candle with the fingers; there a hint how to avoid tricks upon travellers, is followed by a remedy, "For a crack in a horse's heel, or against grease;" here how to detect sharpers at play, is appropriately connected with a capital manner of "clearing a stable of rats." In reading such a passage, for example, as "A GOOD CUT may also be made at the *inside of the thigh*, but is more difficult to execute than one at the *leg*," one might imagine he was reading *Meg Dods'* directions for carving a goose; but these are, in reality, directions how to deal with a footpad. These directions are copious, and illustrated by clever engravings; but, perhaps, none of them are entirely original, save the following ingenious hints, in which the Colonel, after counselling his young friend "*always to give point at the head and stomach*, also to make feints at the head, but to *cut principally* at the legs," shews how a single gentleman may easily surround, capture, and detain two or more prisoners of war.

"You may take one—and why not two prisoners?—and it may puzzle you *how* to convey them to some place of security, since they may either run away in different directions, or they may *attack* you! The Prussian soldiers, [the Colonel himself is a Prussian,] when they march a large number of deserters, meet this dilemma in a droll way, which is worth recollecting. They either make the men themselves—and a pistol pointed at a footpad would make him do it—cut off all the buttons from the waistband of the prisoner's breeches, or they slit the waistband down the hind part, besides taking away the braces also. *This compels the fellows, in marching, to hold up their small-clothes with both their hands, an attitude which precludes their attacking, and impedes their running away.*

Upon this ingenious plan, we cannot perceive why a corporal's guard may not conduct a whole regiment of prisoners, provided always the buttons be first abstracted. Our author has prudently avoided the difficulty of *kilts* and cases of *sans culotterie* of all kinds. They are, indeed, rarely met on the highway.

Cautions against dangers and tricks of more common occurrence than highway robbery—those namely to be encountered in walking the streets of London—how to avoid or extricate one's self from *Duffers*, the *Swell Mob*, &c. &c., may be of more practical utility than making prisoners. Field sports, duelling, pistol and rifle shooting, driving, the various modes of self-defence, the choice and management of horses and of sporting dogs, form really valuable sections of this *Young Gentleman's Manual*.

Colonel de Berenger disdains nothing that may be useful to his pupil. How to have his pockets so placed, as to defend (literally) his white cambric or Bandana, from pickpockets, and his purse from tailors, and sharpers at the gaming table, is an object of special attention. Here the youth is informed how he may discover if his wine is adulterated; and next how he may prepare a cheap razor-strop paste, which shall rival the *diamond* itself. To entitle ourselves to the gratitude of all such precocious sporting youths as have begun to hunt for hairs out of season, we shall give this one of many very useful receipts.

Oxide of tin levigated, vulgarly termed *putty*, one ounce; to be formed into a paste, with a *sufficient* quantity of oxalic acid. Rub this composition over the strop; and when dry, add a little water. The oxalic acid having great *attachment* for iron, little friction with this powder gives a fine edge to the razor. Candle-snuff and tallow is the best *possible* dressing for the black side of the strop.

"Live and learn," it is said. We already knew upon the authority of Winifred Jenkins, that "*kindel sniffs*" were a sovereign specific for maids troubled with hysterics; but here we have them, with equal efficacy, applied to the uses of young men, and no joke in either case.

Were it not that we consider this book just the sort of literary fare which a gentleman will find his amusement and advantage in stuffing away among his sporting luggage, or into the very game-bag itself, we should have reserved it as *a bonne bouche*. But, in this, the beginning of September, it admits of no delay. Besides sporting advices and cautions, we meet with many capital anecdotes: much of the sort of knowledge of *life*, and the results of experience, which a shrewd man, of the profession and habits of the writer, was sure to gather in a large intercourse with certain orders of society. His counsel is always sensible, right-hearted, and right-minded. This advice to gay young men, coming from a man who knows the gay world well, is worth twice the price of the book:—"*Live within your income. Shun credit as you would the fascinations of a poisonous reptile. Order only what you can pay for* IMMEDIATELY." And this rule is practically illustrated by the case of a young officer of hussars, on the point of embarkation, whom the author rescued from the clutches of a harpy tailor. The Colonel, by the way, cannot see why tradesmen should have the power of arresting officers for debt, and thus, by "grovelling" claims, impertinently interfere with the bargain for services subsisting between them and their king and country!

We are greatly pleased with the care and humanity which our author enjoins in the treatment of horses. In

the letter on game-shooting, we find this rule—and we do wish that *pointing a gun* against any one should come to be generally considered what it really is—an insult, and a piece of braggart cowardice; as nothing else will put an end to this abominable practice. "Never," says our author, "*present a gun at any living object*, unless you mean to kill or wound it; even with an unloaded gun, it is a reprehensible and very silly joke. I wish much that there was a penalty for taking aim at any one, even with an unloaded gun." In writing of riding and driving, with evident mastery of these subjects, we find this really fine passage:—

What has secured to the dog the reputation of being more affectionate, more intelligent, and more faithful than the horse? It is, that the amiable bias is not cultivated, which is really to be found in the temper of the horse. Even the Exquisite will deign to hold a familiar and encouraging intercourse, nay, conversation, with his dog. Not so with the poor horse. Except when being cleaned or fed, it stands for hours unnoticed, in dull solitude; at least so far as man is concerned. . . . . Only familiarize with, and *pet* him, as much as you do the dog; and his best endeavours, at least, to rival canine affection, intelligence, and fidelity, will soon be placed beyond all doubt; but this cannot be effected speedily, unless you commence with your pupil while he is yet a foal; therefore, do not doubt success though a horse which all his life has been treated in the common way, should appear doubtful of your intention, or as if surprised at your fondlings. You must have observed that all our horses, [his own horses at the Stadium,] although purchased at a mature age, eagerly expect my entering their stalls—whenever they hear my voice in the stable, looking impatient, neighing to my call, and continuing restless, till noticed by me; and that, if I am called away before I have gone my rounds to each in turn, those that I have been obliged to neglect display disappointment, and even grief. Nay, that some—the stallion, in particular—will shew little airs of resentment, for having been slighted, the next time I attempt to caress him. . . . . A good horseman should have a quick eye for everything that belongs to his horse. . . . . The observation of a horse's countenance especially, ought to be particularly attended to; and it is not sufficiently practised. . . . . Your attention to this will save you from many bites and kicks, the intention of inflicting either being always visible in a change of expression in the features of even a strange horse. I maintain that a horse's countenance has more expression than even that of a dog, (and that is saying much)—I mean when you and your horse have become intimately acquainted with each other; then you will see your horse's face *smile*, and the eye particularly.

Everybody has heard of a horse-*laugh*, but we do not in the least doubt the *smile*. We have certainly seen a dog *blush*. Colonel de Berenger considers the countenance of the horse susceptible of many kinds of expression; the eye will shew doubt, fear, caution.

It will look with scrutiny upon a stranger, and at you too, if you are differently attired—immediately to avoid the former; and, on the contrary, to smell you, because anxious to be satisfied that it *is* you; thereupon, (if a well-bred horse,) to wrinkle up the skin of the upper lip, which, so far from indicating a wish to bite, is a confirmation of the horse's delight; just as you have seen my favourite mare do, when, riding her, I either pat her neck, or merely cajole her by kind words; her eyes, ears, and features all delight, and her grateful acknowledgment followed by a snatch at the bit, to lengthen my rein hold, that she may raise her head up, and wrinkle her upper lip into many folds, so as even to uncover all her upper teeth.

Strange to say, well-trained grooms will mistake these actions for an inclination to bite. How then can we wonder that ill-trained tutors mistake the dispositions of children?

The letter on *Duelling* is quite what it should be; but, if men will engage in such sanguinary and insensate brutality, good advice is tendered for the conduct of the "affair of honour," especially to *seconds*. "If seconds," it has been said, "were as averse to duelling as their principals, there would be very little bloodshed." Colonel de Berenger gives excellent hints for quelling the courage of a blustering second, vociferous about "honour," and "blood," and "*one of the parties must fall*." "In such a case," he remarks, "if you are a second, and find that all your mild appeals to another's second fail, you have but to observe to *the sanguinary one*, that, by first shewing, by an exchange of fire between the seconds, what the principals are to do, a reconciliation may be effected; and, on your inviting him to such a course, calmly and devoid of all menace or bluster, you may find, as I have done, when so opposed, that, to use a flash phrase, *it is no go*, and that an accommodating spirit, and a desire to promote reconciliation, is just as acceptable all at once to your brother second, as death to one or the other was his hobby before."

We leave it to gentlemen with affairs upon their hands, or in prospect, to profit by all that is said of pistols, paces, position, and so forth, and conclude by recommending the work to young gentlemen, as one that agreeably blends the useful with the agreeable.

How to Observe—Geology. By H. T. De La Bache. London: Knight.

This is the first volume of a proposed *series* of works, intended indirectly to teach the most important of all arts—the art of self-instruction in the best mode; that is, by actual observation. Its aim is, first, to instruct the senses; and, secondly, when they are fully awakened, to direct them aright to their proper objects, under the guidance of the understanding. How many valuable volumes might travellers, and, indeed, every individual that goes abroad to examine the external world, or who mingles in society, give us, if they only knew *How to Observe!* The first science or distinct object to which the art of useful observing is directed, is geology. The author sets out by proposing to shew, in the first place, how those who have but slight acquaintance with the science may, by well-directed observation, advance it; and, secondly, how this particular science is connected with the wants and comforts of mankind. But this last forms a slender, though valuable portion of the work, which, after all, is just a popular system of geology. To give a complete specimen of the way in which the author teaches to observe, would occupy too much space; but we may give the heads of one section, namely, that which treats of the removal *of parts of pre-existing rocks by moving water.* —"When an observer is desirous of estimating the power of any particular stream to carry forward the detritus of pre-existing rocks, formed either by decomposition or by the abrasion of moving water, to be noticed hereafter, he must be careful to take several circumstances into consideration; as, first, the various slopes of the channel; secondly, the *slopes* as well as the size of the detritus should be taken into account; thirdly, the relative weights or specific gravities of the different kinds of pebbles, or pieces of rock, should be duly considered. The checks which a river may suffer in its course, should be duly noted—such as lakes, patches of level land, and the like. The proper time of estimating the transporting power of a river, is during heavy floods, when fragments of rocks can be moved, which would remain firm under ordinary circumstances. . . . . The transporting power of a current or stream of tide passing along a coast is, to a certain extent, the same as that of a broad river on the line of one of its banks." The rationale of these several propositions is fully expounded. Lest the author's object should not be sufficiently apparent by the above detached sentences, we shall endeavour to convey the substance of what he points out to be observed, on the *abrasion of rocks by moving water.* "It will be evident to those who observe a body of clear water driven against some of the softer rocks, that water has the power, when its volume and velocity are sufficient, to abrade rocks. This power is greatly increased when bodies of moving waters, such as rivers, are charged with detritus, since the friction is then greater. The observer should direct his attention to the various circumstances by which abrasion of this kind is effected. If the moving water be a river, the amount of decomposition which a rock may have suffered, before being acted on by the river, should be carefully estimated; so that the power of a river to abrade a given rock may not be over-estimated. As it is found that the decomposition of many rocks is greatly assisted by being kept alternately wet and dry, the observer should see whether the water of the river rises and falls in a manner sufficient to have an appreciable influence on the rocks washed by it. . . . . When there is reason to suppose that a lake has once existed in some principal valley, either from there having been a rise of the general bottom at one particular place, or that a lava-current has run across the valley, damming up the descending waters, and that the waters of the lake have been drained by gradually working down the barrier, the observer must study the probable height of the dam, before it was cut through; in order to obtain an estimate of the body of water kept back, the amount of the fall to the lower level, the velocity of the descending waters, and the force of the abrading power." How this is to be done, is shewn by a diagram; of which, and other illustrative figures, the volume contains numerous examples.

From the above sentences, the method by which the author invites to observation may be understood. The *practical* part, or that shewing the connexion between the science and the necessities and comforts of mankind, we shall endeavour to illustrate, by a short extract on *mining*, although we should have preferred that on *soils*, or on making *roads*, or sinking *wells*, had they been equally brief.

Mining.—It is not our intention to enter upon the complicated subject of mining, farther than to point out the necessity of geological knowledge on the part of those who seek for metals and coals in districts where they have not been hitherto found. The sums of money thrown away, more particularly in the search for coal, which this knowledge would have saved, must be, collectively, very considerable. A little black shale, or piece of lignite, is often sufficient to cause the expenditure of two or three thousand pounds, in localities where there is not the slightest probability of success. In the search for metals, matters are frequently not much better. It may be true, and no doubt is so, that particular metals and coals are not, as was once supposed, confined (viewing the surface of the earth generally) to rocks formed at particular geological epochs; but it may be safely asserted, that, in given areas, both metal and coal will be found to have given geological positions. Thus, for instance, though coal is found in the volitic group in Yorkshire, and at Brora in Sutherlandshire, and authracite occurs in the grauwucke of Deven, geologists are perfectly aware that good bituminous coal, fit to be worked extensively, for profitable purposes, does not occur out of the carboniferous group in Great Britain.

There are few persons not aware of the immense sums that have been wasted, and the ruin that has been incurred, by individuals in this country, for want of the slender degree of knowledge here referred to; and that at very recent periods. The same sagacious spirit of practical observation is applied to the formation of *canals*, the selection of stones for buildings of different kinds, and the construction of piers, break-waters, and bridges. The whole forms an intelligent and highly useful popular treatise, and a fit precursor of the intended series.

A Treatise on Pulmonary Consumption. By Dr. James Clark, Consulting Physician to the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, &c. &c.

Our attention has been drawn to this work by what—at least to non-medical readers—appears an original feature, viz. that the inquiry, abandoning the *cure* of consumption, treats almost wholly of preventive means, to be employed from the earliest stages of life, in all cases where tuberculous and scrofulous disease is known to lurk in the constitution, or where it may be apprehended to exist from hereditary transmission. Chapters X. and XII. in particular, may be perused with great advantage by those who have reason to dread attacks of this insidious malady upon their children.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

"Counsel to Emigrants, &c. with Original Letters from Canada and the United States."—Second edition.—Aberdeen: Matheson.—pp. 156.—So plentiful is the harvest of GUIDE BOOKS to America which we have gathered, that one might imagine our whole population was going over in a body. The chief merit of this half-crown's worth is, that the writer has industriously availed himself of the information collected by his predecessors, and thus outdone them all. The little work hence contains an immense mass of information, which is very clearly arranged. The raw provision is, as it were, boiled down and evaporated, until it has become portable soup, containing a great deal of nourishment in very small compass, and thus is just the thing for persons emigrating. There is also a good map of the United States and Canada prefixed to the volume. The *sequel* to the above brings down the information to the present date. It consists principally of letters of settlers from the north of Scotland.

"Geology in 1835, by John Laurance." London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.—This small volume contains the substance of lectures delivered by the author; and is Geology, as the map-drawers say, "from the latest authorities."

M'PHUN of Glasgow, who has quite a knack at getting up little useful works, has just put forth a very *snug* "Pocket Guide" for *Bankers*, *Merchants*, and *Commercial* men; and another for tourists by steam, if we may so speak, and principally those upon the West coast of Scotland.

NEW PAMPHLETS.

We can't Afford it. By Isaac Tomkins, Gent.

This is scarcely equal to Mr Tomkins' first pamphlet, but very excellent and thorough-going for all that. Mr Tomkins is not placing firmer hopes in his Majesty's present Ministers than he did some months back; but he is considerate, and feels for those poor gentlemen. He follows up a train of reasoning upon the hardships and difficulties of their position with the following remarks:—

It does, therefore, seem beyond all reasonable expectation that the Whig Ministry should ever set seriously about relieving the country. They must have far stronger incitements applied, and they must be much stronger in Parliament, before we can hope from them any effectual retrenchments.

Of what then is it that the people justly complain? Of an overgrown civil, and military, and colonial establishment, which no monarchy could require, were it not for an Aristocracy that has grown up around it, and now clings to it, and almost chokes it, under pretence of giving it support. We complain of intolerable burthens which are laid upon our shoulders, in order that the noble and the wealthy may bring up their sons in luxury and idleness, while we are eating our bread in the sweat of our brow, paying higher for that bread to swell the rents of the landowner, and contributing, by every drop of beer we drink, and indeed by everything we consume, to feed the extravagance of the Aristocracy. The heaviest of our burthens, the debt and its interest, we cannot shake off. Justice forbids it; and the security of all property would be destroyed if the public creditor were defrauded. But, while we submit to the load which it is our fate to bear, we may be allowed the poor relief which other beasts of burden seek in groans. Nor can our weary spirit thus vent itself without charging upon the Aristocracy the crime of having laid that heavy weight upon us. Their alarm it was for their titles and their estates, that plunged the country into wars which have left us in our present depressed condition. Surely, surely, the very least that those hard task-masters can expect is, to have the establishment cut down to the very lowest farthing. No justice forbids this—no danger to property could accrue from bringing the expense of our Government to the scale with which a country, exhausted by half a century of extravagance, and groaning under eight hundred millions of debt, must be content, if it would avoid a revolution. To all propositions that there should be a splendid court, brilliant embassies, well-paid functionaries, large armies, numerous colonies, there is one answer, and it ought daily to be in the mouth of the people's representatives, as it is in that of the people—"*We cannot afford it*—we have not the money—we must be just before we indulge ourselves—we are in debt, and must do without it."

Yes! "*We can't afford it!* Our money is all gone!" *That* is the true answer—that is the answer which the suffering people have a right to hear from those who call themselves their representatives. Whatever temporizing Minister, whatever place-hunting Tory, whatever fanatical but honest Ultra, whatever drivelling courtier, shall speak of the "just splendour of the monarchy," let him be reminded of the just claims of the people, their claims to the necessaries and some little of the comforts of life, and let him be told to carry his smooth sentences elsewhere, and not insult those who are starving with demands for a magnificence which they can no more afford, honestly afford, to indulge, than a man can afford to invite the King and his Court to an entertainment when he has an execution in his house, and the bailiffs are waiting in the hall!

"*We cannot afford it!*" That is the answer, and the only answer, when young gentlemen from the Universities turn their neat new periods with old commonplaces so trim, about "paltry savings," "niggardly economy" "great nation," "inexhaustible resources;" and older heads, that should be wiser, would have this country governed as if we were not burthened for ever with eight hundred millions of debt, and were not paying with twenty shillings what we borrowed at fifteen!

No, no—we cannot afford it! Away with your trash about dignity and splendour, and gallant defenders, and proud recollections of conquests that have cost so much treasure and so much blood—recollections that fire the pride of the nation! Away with the maudlin stuff about decent competence for decayed nobles, and courts worthy the prince of a powerful empire, and salaries in keeping with the wealth of the country, and the suitable brilliancy of those who represent our power and our riches abroad, and all the thousand expedients for gilding, at our cost, the capital of the Corinthian order. "*We can no longer afford it!*" There's the answer to it all—the answer which you, the Aristocracy, must be content to hear every day of your lives, and which, if the People's Parliament give you not, the People itself will. Your long, and bloody, and costly wars, for one hundred years, to gain and to keep colonies, and to put down freedom abroad and at home, have fixed upon us the payment of thirty millions a-year for ever; and though you would very willingly see your creditors defrauded of this sum, that you might have it to squander on objects more pleasing to you than the old-fashioned one of paying just debts, no time will ever see the honest people of England submit to such a sin and such a shame. So there is no more money to be had, and we must do with low salaries, and few of them—small armies, and a good armed police—a decent court, and a cheap one—few colonies, and those keeping themselves. All this is the People's right: all this—ay, every bit of it—the People must, and they will have. All this is their only gain by the late Reform, and all this flows from the magical virtue of the answer which the People will have their representatives give, and their rulers be prepared for and accustomed to—"WE CANNOT AFFORD IT! AND WE WILL BE TRIFLED WITH NO LONGER!"

"WE CAN'T AFFORD IT!" quoth Isaac; and we shall have our starling taught to repeat it, since Sterling wont. We expect to see it legibly inscribed upon some of those banners which will be carried out in procession in this city, in honour of O'Connell, one of these days. It is, in truth, the motto which ought now to be graven on our door-posts, as the Israelites did the law. Isaac appears quite un-

lighted with the *sensation* he has produced in fashionable circles: he chuckles amazingly.

Appeal to the Conservatives. Ridgway.

This is the pamphlet of pamphlets!—the *programme* of the forlorn hope of the Ultra-ultra-Tories. It is a letter addressed to the Duke of Wellington, by J. B. Bernard, Esq., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge—a gentleman that, in high Tory principles, out-Wellingtons Wellington; and one who, in the pride of consistent bigotry and political honesty, looks down with contempt upon Sir Robert Peel. He is naturally a clever man; but then his mind is a chaos of the most discordant elements; nor can one exactly make out what he would be at. His object he states to be, to make the HIGH CONSERVATIVES—such as the Duke of Newcastle, the Earl of Winchelsea, and Lord Roden, we presume—"quit their present political position in the State, as being no longer tenable"—in which last position we entirely agree;—but then they are "to take fresh ground for combating their antagonists upon, and form part of a connected and systematic attack upon the unconstitutional powers assumed by the House of Commons." According to this gentleman, with the present House of Commons, "a revolution of blood" is inevitable, and property will be swept away entirely. Now, Mr Bernard asserts that, since the Revolution of 1688, the House of Commons has usurped the whole power of the State—of King, Lords, and Commons. It was, in fact, only managed a little by bribery or court influence, and the rotten boroughs; and, since these were swept away, there is no countervailing force whatever in the other branches of the constitution; as, whatever little shreds of constitution were left in 1688, have been blown away by the Reform Bill. The House of Commons is now all in all; and there he would make a clean sweep, and reconstruct the social and political fabric, after a wild fashion of his own. The Conservative party, he truly declares, are beaten at all points; and, therefore, just in fit trim to listen to the teachings of wisdom sent them from Cambridge. The members of the Conservative party, he says—

All at least who are high Conservatives, and who are not in heart *Whigs*, must surely see the folly of such paltry schemes of policy as those advised by Sir Robert Peel, at a late dinner in Merchant Tailors' Hall, as a mode of contending with the Democracy, amounting, in fact, to a virtual surrender of all those rights belonging to both the Monarchy and the Aristocracy, which the Conservatives are most anxious to preserve. And, if they do see this, it may not, perhaps, be difficult to convince them of the expediency of abandoning their present political position, as being no longer tenable, and of taking up new ground, by joining a fourth party, whose objects are exclusively national. These may be shortly stated as comprising a vesting of the future powers of the State in the *producing classes*, the agricultural being at the head; a total abolition of all *party-Government* whatsoever; and an establishment of the monarchy on a *strong and durable* basis. The purport, therefore, of this little pamphlet, is to call the attention of the Conservatives to the hopeless prospect before them, whilst continuing to pursue their present course of public policy, under the guidance of Sir Robert Peel, and to invite them to take up arms on new ground, and with more appropriate leaders, who will open the campaign with the Democracy, in a bold and scientific manner.

He asks the Duke of Wellington what the

Conservative nobility and gentry are thinking about, that they still cling to the idea of being able to re-establish the old Tory system of government, and to carry it on by means of Tory majorities in the House of Commons, without the assistance of rotten or nomination boroughs, to furnish such majorities? Can they not see that to carry on any system of government with the present constituencies is impossible, and yet that to restore the disfranchised rotten boroughs is equally impossible? Has not the decisive overthrow which their party has recently sustained, when commanded by Sir Robert Peel, your Grace, and all the best Conservative talent in the nation, satisfied them of this impossibility, but they require another overthrow, still more decisive, to prove it, and shew them the false position in which they stand?

And then Mr Bernard broaches his grand scheme; which is, to overturn the House of Commons, by means of the Conservative nobility and gentry heading the agricultural labourers, and establishing, *vi et armis*, a pure and holy despotism; consisting, we presume, of a King by divine right—Archbishops and Bishops, Lords, Squires, vassals, and serfs: the *patriarchal* reign, in short, of the middle ages, is to be restored—when there were no shopkeepers and money-owning men, save the Jews, from whom the great lords could squeeze the gold; nor yet steam-power, schoolmasters, or printers. Peel's currency bill, machinery, shopkeepers, and the free trade system, are, according to Mr Bernard, the ruin of merry England. We hear nothing of the debt incurred by glorious wars in support of legitimacy; nothing of a corn bill; nothing of enormous and unequal taxation. We are not even apprized that Mr Bernard was aware of the boroughs having been so very *rotten*, until they were swept away by the Reform Bill. Indeed, he says, and it is admitting a great deal—

Your Grace must surely have discovered, by this time, that the position occupied by the Conservatives, in adhering to the constitution of 1688, is untenable, now that the rotten or nomination boroughs are gone, which before alone supported that constitution. It is, indeed, impossible to be defended much longer.

There is, perhaps, nothing more surprising to be found in history, than that the Tories, who have ruled this nation for such a number of years, and who have always reckoned amongst their ranks the most intelligent and reflecting men, should have never yet been able to perceive that the *Constitutional Monarchy*, as the thing is called, established by the Whigs in 1688, was a rank deception, having no other foundation but *bribery*, and that the Tory system, which has alone sustained it, was a rank deception also. This modern monarchy, of which Englishmen make such extravagant boast, has been no Monarchy, but merely a *Democracy*, wearing *Monarchical forms*, the evil effects of which have been restrained by bribery.

We could not have imagined that there was a man living in England—not even a churchman—not even the denizen of a college—retaining, in 1835, such opinions as these. We should not be surprised to learn that images of Laud are kept in shrines in college chambers for private worship. Mr Bernard tries to cajole what he is pleased to term the true *Radicals*, in a manner that does not savour of very wicked policy or art. It is a curious fact, that, last year, when *Trades' Unions* were in activity, this gentleman, who had previously promulgated his notions and nostrums, was invited to attend a meeting of the delegates in London, and to explain his views; which he accordingly did. It is the results of that conference which lead him now to believe that "the working people are ready to assist the *High Conservatives* in establishing both the monarchy and aristocracy upon a durable basis"—ay, with an "*efficient* King," and "a territorial Aristocracy." It is not easy to keep grave, but we shall try it, in laying this gentleman's panacea for all our evils, before the world. It is that which the High Conservatives ought forthwith to employ:—

The government, as now established, has, of course, to be all taken down to its foundations, which are rotten, and refixed upon sound ones—a business of tremendous import; still there is no help for it; for, without this being done, as its principles are Republican, leading to Republican conclusions, no human power can prevent a revolution of blood. The difficulty, however, of effecting the changes required, is more imaginary than real. A national association of the producing classes, the agricultural body taking the lead, if this could be got together, would be found quite equal to the task, without the smallest risk being incurred of public disturbance.

Now, the society recently established in London, called "Agricultural and Industrial," to which I belong, and of which Mr Cayley is the chairman, seems admirably well calculated for forming the *nucleus* of a great national association, such as is here proposed. . . . . This society is, as yet, only in its infancy, but little more is wanted for bringing it to maturity, and rendering it immediately effective, beyond an accession to its ranks of the leading Conservative nobility and gentry; its being constituted the representative of the various county agricultural associations, all utterly useless, at present, for want of co-operation and design, so as to centralize the whole in London; and the appointment of a properly qualified president to conduct its operations.

Were these things accomplished, and were the president then to put forth a declaration of the policy of the association, on the three points before adverted to, namely, Peel's bill, the free trade system, and the free use of machinery, and also of its policy as to the leading changes proposed to be made in the government, such declaration would, supposing it to be drawn up so as to prove satisfactory to the country, as I contend may be done, immediately attach a moral power to the association, which would be impossible to be resisted even by Parliament. A sort of opposition House of Commons might in this way be started, composed exclusively of the producing classes; and it would then be seen what a house of this description—a house, in fact, of *no talk, directed by an efficient president*—could do, against a house of *all talk*, directed by *nobody*.

This, in boldness, beats the Orange Lodges all to *smithereens*. It would be sport to see the House of Talk and Messrs Bernard and Cayley's House of Action, fairly pitted. Of the present usurping House he remarks:—

The sovereignty of a House of Commons is much more destructive in its consequences to a nation, than that of a Nero or a Caligula. It is anarchy itself; or, if not actually anarchy, it forms that subversive and revolutionary state, at least, in a nation's affairs, that immediately precedes it.

And is it then impossible, when the thing is so evident, to make the Conservative nobility and gentry understand the monstrous absurdity of their present position? Is it impossible to make them see the folly of taking their stand upon such a mongrel democratic constitution as that of 1688, in opposition to the Whigs and the Radicals, who are only seeking to carry out the principles of that constitution to their natural consequences, a little further than themselves; as they are perfectly right in doing, supposing the constitution to be a good one? And is it impossible to induce them now to abandon this modern false constitution, with the whole of their own *political creed*, as being no longer tenable under the altered circumstances in

which the nation is placed, and to fall back upon the ancient one, throwing themselves at once upon the working people, and offering to assist them in re-establishing this *ancient constitution*, amended of its defects, so as to render it suitable to the wants of the present age, and protective of the mutual rights of all classes of the community? The game is in their own hands at this moment, if they have only courage enough to play their cards in a proper manner. If they refuse to avail themselves of the opportunity, they will be sure to lose their properties, and may expect to die the death of so many dogs in a sanguinary revolution.

Surely the *High* Conservatives will listen to the warning voice. The Duke of Wellington is troubled with deafness. The "Conservative yeomanry" of Cambridgeshire—the Farmers' Association, in a body—recommended Mr Bernard's ideas to the Duke's consideration, when he came to their county, and informed him that "the policy of Sir Robert Peel (regarding the malt-tax, we presume) is not *theirs*." The Duke put their address in his pocket, and,

Mounted, and rode away.

Mr Bernard has hopes of him still, but of Sir Robert Peel none. We can, however, forgive much of the extravagance of this gentleman, for this one able, honest, and discriminating character of the plausible Sir Robert—whose Currency Bill he would, by the way, immediately repeal:—

Sir R. Peel's knowledge of the science of government appears to be confined exclusively to the art of directing one party in opposition to another party. His knowledge of the great causes which tend to render mankind happy or miserable, seems to be no greater than that of a number of other fine gentlemen in the House of Commons, who look upon the interests of a nation as undeserving of notice, compared with the interests of their party. . . . . What, it may be asked, does the fight he made when in power, in opposition to the Democracy, in substance amount to? Why, it consisted simply in conciliatory language addressed to his opponents; in coaxing and flattery of public opinion; in pointing out to his opponents the evils that must be the result of following out the principles of the existing constitution to their consequences; though of these same principles, when not followed out, he professed himself as ardent an admirer as they were. Of real sound principle, to serve for a standard, he had nothing of the kind to set up. In fact, not a single action of his, or even speech, can be mentioned, which shews him to possess any knowledge whatever of the *science of government*, beyond that of mere *party government*, which is *mis-government*, in a House of Commons.

Sir R. Peel is obviously a man of conciliation and compromise. His whole conduct, from first to last, shews this; and his speech at the dinner in Merchant Tailors' Hall shews it in an especial manner; for it contains advice which, were it to be regularly followed by the Conservative party, would soon destroy every rampart erected around the monarchical and aristocratical institutions of this country, and lay all prostrate at the feet of a money-owning, shopkeeping, and revolutionary democracy. Allow me, however, my Lord Duke, to ask what prudent general ever seeks to *conciliate* his enemies, except only when he finds himself in too exhausted a condition for *fighting*? . . . . . Try to conciliate public opinion indeed! What! The leader of the party professing to advocate Conservative and just principles of government—who avows himself the champion of political, moral, and religious order—defender of the rights of monarchy and aristocracy, as well of agriculture and the great cause of productive industry—who sets himself up for the representative of the courageous and true-hearted old English country gentleman—afraid to speak his mind, and to declare open war with a government composed of shopkeepers!

Admitting the goodness of his private character to the utmost extent claimed for him by his friends, his name is so associated with public mischief, he has done so much to destroy the foundations of all property, and to bring on a revolution, that he is one of the last persons to whom a prudent nation ought to look for a reparation of its grievances, the chief being of his own creation.

This is exactly what hundreds and thousands of the High Conservatives think of Peel—and just what they ought to say. But who are the Tories to have next for Prime Minister, if another *coup d'etat* be attempted this year, and if they shall not fall back upon the really more feasible scheme of Mr Bernard? Sir Robert cannot be chosen a second time. He is one of those who have gone into "the most disgusting immoralities of the present day—the legislating away the property of others, under the name of the *general good*."

The spirit here alluded to is revolutionary in the extreme. Persons, however, who have followed its impulse so freely as Sir R. Peel has done, and have ignorantly lent themselves to these kind of spoliations, are unfit to be employed in redressing wrongs, which, for the most part, have arisen out of such revolutionary proceedings.

We have, perhaps, devoted more attention to Mr Bernard's grand scheme than was necessary. But, at all events, it is much more rational than the factious opposition in Parliament, which he warns the Conservative Peers of the utter folly of persisting in.

Abolition of Pauperism—

Another pamphlet submitted to Lord Brougham, who appears to have become the *Lion's Head* of London. It is written by the author of *Old Bailey Experience*. For the details of the plan, and the nature of his *Discovery in Internal National Polity*, we have neither time nor space; but its spirit is humane, and its object laudable.

M. Jobert's Two Words on Lord Brougham's Natural Theology

Is a pamphlet only in size. The author is a geologist of some celebrity. These Two WORDS are reserved until we can notice at length the work impugned.

The Impending Struggle,

Is a letter addressed to Lord Brougham, by *Rusticulus*; but Lord John Russell and Lord Melbourne will profit as much by reading it. The *impending struggle* is truly foreseen to lie between the Aristocracy and the People, and the Church and the Voluntaries.

WORKS IN SERIES.

Two more volumes of Saunders & Otley's beautiful and complete edition of Cowper have appeared. The only novel feature is a dissertation on the genius and poetry of Cowper, from the elegant pen of the Rev. Mr Cunningham, vicar of Harrow—the well-known author of the VELVET CUSHION—to which we cannot give higher praise than to say, that, delicately and subtilely discriminative, it is worthy of the noble subject. To the sixth volume there is prefixed, as one of the engraved illustrations, a portrait, from a drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence. But when did that artist see Cowper? This merits an explanatory note.——We have also two more volumes of Boswell's Johnson. They conclude the Travels in Scotland, and the Tour in France. Highly valuing this book as a treasure of practical wisdom, we are also grateful for the annotations and pleasant scraps of new information scattered about the foot of many pages. These, however, are not altogether exempt from inaccuracies—too trifling perhaps to merit notice, did they not proceed from so rigid and severe a literary tribunal, so immaculate a firm in letters, as that which issues this work. In one place in the fourth volume, we have a piece of original information gravely given from a literary gentleman in Scotland, about the *judgment* which befell the sacrilegious despoilers of Elgin Cathedral, which is certainly derived from Dr Johnson himself; or, at least, may be, as he states it somewhere in his letters to Mrs Thrale. The version of the Gaelic song given at page 15, vol. V. is, in all probability, that of Sir Walter Scott himself, of which, indeed, it bears many tokens. It is probably executed from some bald translation, which Sir Walter may have received. It is, at least, certain that the metre is no more adapted to the *air*, a very common one in the Hebrides, than to the Old Hundredth Psalm tune, and indeed much less. The translator then knew nothing of the air; but the alleged translator is more likely to have been acquainted with the music than with the *Gaelic* words of this favourite boat-song. At page 81–2, in text and note, we have *Glenoro* for *Glenco*, a quite different valley, and a place, unhappily, too memorable to be easily forgotten or mistaken. The tribe of Macdonalds, called *Mac Ians* or John's sons, who inhabited Glenco, are a different race altogether from the inhabitants of the other well-known valley. Sir Walter Scott was the most indifferent man in the world to minute points of accuracy. He had evidently no genius for them; but then those who are sticklers about such small matters as names and unimportant dates, ought to correct his evident blunders. What a mass of inaccuracy, by the way, is accumulating around the memory of Sir Walter Scott. It appears a common opinion in England, that he was a man of high family, an aristocrat by birth—hence his prejudices for rank and privilege—and a near relative of the Duke of Buccleugh! In letters from Mrs Hemans, lately printed, we find Sir Walter telling that lady that his *grandfather* had fallen in a chivalrous duel in a spot which he pointed out to her in Yarrow:—the worthy professor of botany, or else the decent gudeman of the Sandy Knowes, falling in a duel! So very palpable a mistake should not be permitted to pass without correction, as the lady must have wholly misapprehended her informer. In a foreign work, a Memoir of Neibhur the historian, we find that, when that philosopher was a student in Edinburgh, he was on most cordial and intimate terms with the famous

Jacobite! family of Sir Walter, then a young man: and that he had been introduced to these Jacobite Scotts by the skipper, if we remember right, who brought him over to Leith. This is an awkward wandering from *works in series*. We have but one more to notice—MACGREGOR'S HISTORY OF THE RESOURCES AND STATISTICS OF NATIONS—which has now reached the Fifth Part, and is, in the words of *The Times* newspaper, "at once *concise, perspicuous*, and *comprehensive*."

WORKS OF ART IN SERIES.

FINDEN'S BYRON'S BEAUTIES, Parts VIII. and IX., have appeared. The 8th Part we consider inferior to any of its predecessors; and one plate, No. 24, unworthy of the association. There was a chaste beauty, a statutesque purity, about such lovely images as those of *Adah*, the *naked* kneeling Adah, in the early parts of this series, which heighten to imagination the disgusting voluptuousness of all coarser pictures, and render them even more offensive than they would otherwise be. There are people very *prudish* and fastidious in Art and in literature—perhaps, unaffectedly so. We are not of the number, and we are sorry for those who are: but we trust there are few persons, indeed, not alive to that broad, definite line, which was never better drawn than by the philosopher Huma, when he illustrated the *true* and the *false* modesty, by the images of a naked savage and a prostitute decked out for allurement. Part IX. is full of beauty. *Marion* is the portrait of a very lovely girl; *Caroline*, a *real*-looking child, with a noble physiognomy, and one full of high promise. She has, unfortunately, borrowed some elderly person's arm. These two are drawn by Miss E. Corbeaux, and do great credit to her taste and talent. Her "Frolic Grace Fitz-Fulke," we have from the pencil of *Bastock*. It is a clever picture; arch and *espiegle* in expression; and, though not perhaps the embodiment of the poet's description of the "full, voluptuous" Duchess, probably quite as eligible for this series.

STANFIELD'S COAST SCENERY, Parts II. and III., have appeared. Good views are found in both. In the 3d Part, the *Approach to St Malo*, *Stonehouse Bridge*, *Plymouth*, and *Porchester Castle*, are deserving of especial commemoration.

We have more numbers of *Switzerland*, of the *Memorials of Oxford*, and of *Roscoe's Wanderings in Wales*. The Napoleon Gallery has reached Part IV. We explained its object in a former Number. *Winkle's Illustrations of Cathedrals* improves as it goes on. No. 7, which is devoted to *York Cathedral*, is very good indeed; very, *very* wonderful for the one shilling.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

GREAT BRITAIN.—THE PARLIAMENT.—After much hesitation, the Lords have at last mustered courage to mutilate so materially the English Corporation Bill, as to insure its rejection by the Commons. They had not, however, the manfulness boldly to throw out the Bill on the second reading; for, although all the Tory speakers objected to its principle, they voted for its second reading, upon the condition that counsel should be heard at the bar in defence of the doomed corporations. Lord Melbourne at first opposed the hearing of counsel, the real object being nothing else than to create delay; but his Lordship afterwards assented, on the understanding that no farther opposition was to be given to the Bill going into Committee. Sir Charles Wetherell and Mr Knight were accordingly heard at great length. Notwithstanding the arrangements, however, with Lord Melbourne, the Tory Peers insisted, after the counsel had concluded, that evidence in favour of the Corporations should be given at the bar, and they carried their motion against Ministers by 124 to 54, proxies not being called for. A week was spent in taking evidence, almost the only witnesses examined being the town clerks and others implicated in and profiting by the abuses the Bill was calculated to remove. Of course, they asserted that all persons connected with the corporations were immaculate; that there was neither waste nor misappropriation of the corporate funds; that there were no complaints regarding their administration, and that the measure was uncalled for and unnecessary. At last the Bill got into Committee; for, although the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Falmouth protested against the committal, as sanctioning the principle of the Bill, and the Duke of Wellington, Lord Lyndhurst, and others, denounced its principle, they were deficient in the courage to vote for their avowed opinions. In the Committee, Lord Lyndhurst moved an amendment for the preservation of the "inchoate rights" of freemen, both to the corporation property and the Parliamentary franchise, and defeated Ministers by the overwhelming majority of 130 to 37. His Lordship carried another amendment, whereby five-sixths of the rate-paying inhabitants are deprived of the right of being elected town councillors, the privilege being conferred on the sixth class of voters alone, being that which pays the highest amount of taxes. This amendment was characterised by the Liberal Peers as a deadly stab at the measure; but Ministers were again defeated by 159 to 39.—The Bill provided that the boundaries of the new municipal burghs should, with some exceptions, be fixed by the King in council: this provision was, on the motion of the Duke of Wellington, expunged; so that the Bill cannot work efficiently, until a boundary act is carried through Parliament, which cannot take place this Session. These, and other amendments which have been adopted, have completely mutilated the Bill, and leave no other course to the House of Commons than to reject it. A like fate awaits the Irish Church Bill, which has been read a first time in the Lords, the Irish Corporation Bill, and other liberal measures which have passed the Commons; so that the labours of the Session are to end, without the obtaining of any beneficial measur of reform. The weakness of the Ministry in the House of Lords is unprecedented; many of the hitherto supposed Liberal Peers have absented themselves—others have gone over to the Tories—and the result is, that on every division the Ministry are beaten by a majority o three to one. The creation of a hundred new Liberal Peers would not restore the equilibrium. The absurdity of the supposed balancing power of the three estates of the British Constitution, is now demonstrated; the government of the country is at a stand; and the House of Commons must either again become the tool of the aristocracy, or the Peers must yield to the people, and cease to thwart measures, over which they ought, in reality, to have no control.

In the Commons an attempt was made to divide the Irish Tithe Bill into two parts, in order the more readily to enable the House of Lords afterwards to reject that part of it which is obnoxious to them, without endangering the provisions of which they approve. Sir R. Peel moved, as an instruction to the committee, to divide the Bill; the first part having reference to the settlement of the tithe question, and the relinquishment of the million loan; the second to the suppression of sinecure benefices, and the appropriation of the surplus of Irish Church property to the purposes of general education. After a protracted debate, which was twice adjourned, the corruptionists were defeated by 319 to 282. The Bill subsequently passed through the committee with little difficulty, and was read a third time without a division. The Irish Corporation Bill, a counterpart of the English one, has made its way through the committee of the Commons with little opposition, having been read a second time without a division.

A subject which has excited great interest during the month, is the state of Orange Lodges, as shewn by the evidence taken before the House of Commons. Mr William Swan, the Grand Secretary of the Institution, states that the number of the Orange body consists of from 200,000 to 220,000, and that it is increasing. The members of the different lodges are affiliated, and they are in general armed. Lodges exist in a great many different regiments of the line; and with such secrecy are the proceedings of these military lodges conducted, that the officers of the regiments, and very often even the ser-

geants, have continued for years ignorant of their existence. The Grand Secretary is of opinion that the Grand Master, who is no other than the "illustrious" Duke of Cumberland, has the power of ordering the whole mass of Orangemen to assemble in one place, from all parts of the country. It appears from the evidence of Mr Sharman Crawford, the member for Dundalk, that the authority of the Grand Master of the Orangemen is held superior to that of the King himself. When Mr Crawford, acting as a magistrate, and in obedience to the proclamation of the Duke of Northumberland in 1830, endeavoured to prevent some Orange processions, on the 12th July, he was met by the assertion of the masters of lodges, that they had authority superior to his; and they produced "warrants for marching," signed by the Duke of Cumberland, whom, as the king's brother, they considered a higher person in the state than the Duke of Northumberland, and more worthy of obedience, though the latter was Viceroy of Ireland. The Duke of Cumberland has written a letter to the chairman of the committee, denying his knowledge that warrants had been issued for holding Orange Lodges in the army. All we will remark on his denial is, that such is the state of the evidence regarding his knowledge of the fact, that Mr Shiel did not hesitate, in speaking of the letter, to say that, "Let those believe it who could: he could not," an opinion to which the House and the country have given their unequivocal assent. A series of resolutions, reprobating Orange Lodges, has, on the motion of Mr Hume, been agreed to; and, though an attempt was made to have part of one of the resolutions, conveying a censure on the Duke of Cumberland, omitted, it was defeated by a majority of 183 to 40. The whole extent of this Orange conspiracy, which Mr Wallace of Kelly said he believed was intended to alter the succession to the throne, is not developed; but it extends to England and Scotland, the Duke of Gordon being the Scotch Deputy Grand Master. We hope that the numbers of the body in Scotland will be ascertained, that we may know the precise strength of the Tory conspirators; but, meanwhile, every well-disposed citizen should provide himself with arms, in order that he may find himself on equal terms with his enemies, should the Tory plotters be so insane as to resort to force to recover their baleful ascendancy in the country.

On the 14th of August, Mr Spring Rice brought forward the budget, in a speech of great length. The revenue of the last year was £45,539,000; the expenditure, £44,334,000; surplus, £1,205,000. He estimated the income of the country for the ensuing year, ending 5th April 1836, at £45,550,000; the expenditure at £44,715,000, leaving a surplus of £835,000; but from this surplus must be deducted nearly £700,000, as interest on the West India Loan. The only reductions of taxation he proposed was that of the duty on flint glass from sixpence to twopence per pound, which would occasion a loss of from £60,000 to £70,000; a reduction on spirit licenses, £40,000; and the abolition of the stamp-duty on awards in Ireland, which produces at present £500. In the course of his speech, Mr Spring Rice alluded to the working of the new poor-law act, which had already produced a great saving to the agriculturist; and he calculated that, in the course of five years, the cost of maintaining the poor would be reduced from six millions to three millions annually. The taxes on the press it was impossible to reduce, owing to the state of the revenue. The stamp-duty on newspapers was £450,000; and when the tax on paper and that on advertisements were added, the amount was £1,353,000. The loan of 15 millions for the West India slave proprietors had been contracted on unprecedentedly favourable terms for the public, thereby shewing the high credit of the country. On the loan of 1815, the interest was £5 : 12 : 4 per cent.; on that of 1820, £4 : 3 : 3: but on the present loan only £3 : 7 : 6.

ENGLAND.

A meeting was lately held at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, for the purpose of petitioning Parliament for the repeal of the taxes on newspapers. Lord Brougham was in the chair, and Mr O'Connell, Mr Hume, Dr Bowring, Mr Grote, Mr Roebuck, and many other liberal Members of Parliament, were present. Mr Hume produced a New York newspaper, double the size of the *Times*. This paper is published daily at 1½d., or at an expense of 45s. per annum, the subscriber being at liberty to insert an advertisement daily throughout the year. The paper, which contained 1371 advertisements, could be sent by post to any part of the state in which it was published; comprising, in this instance, a distance of no less than 3000 miles, at the small expense of one farthing.

LORD BROUGHAM, on the occasion of laying the foundation stone of a Mechanics' Institution at Liverpool, took occasion to enter into the subject of the attendance of political dinners by members of the Ministry. His Lordship particularly alluded to the Grey Festival last year, and said that he attended it on purpose to shew that the report that he had plotted with Lord Althorp to turn Earl Grey out of office was unfounded. He had obtained two letters from Earl Grey, in which he expressed his disbelief of the report. He ridiculed the notion that his opinions had changed since accepting office under the late Ministry; and expressed his determination to stand by the people, and not to relax or abate one effort, nor to sleep by night or rest by day until a cheap Government was obtained for the people. He said, nothing gave him greater pleasure than his freedom from the trammels of office; and that it must be a strong and honourable Government, that would promise much, and was able to accomplish much for the people, to induce him to give up his independence, and enlist with any Ministry whatever.

A grand dinner was given, on the 1st August, at Fishmongers' Hall, to his Majesty's Ministers. Alderman Wood presided, and the greater number of the Ministry, Mr O'Connell, Mr Hume, Mr Grote, and other Liberals, attended. The health of Mr O'Connell and the Irish bar was given with much applause. In returning thanks, Mr O'Connell said, he trusted whatever projects might have actuated his mind or the minds of others, with respect to having at home a government of a more kindred and fostering nature than that of England had, for centuries, proved to Ireland, he trusted that he might be early convinced such projects were erroneous, by seeing the people of England rally round the present advisers of his Majesty, in every part of the British empire, and give them their unqualified support, in order that they may be enabled to do good to Ireland, and to extend the benefits of their administration to every part of the country.

TORY MANŒUVRES.—The Tories seem determined to leave no device untried, which promises to overthrow the Reform act, and give them a majority in Parliament. Bribery, intimidation, and corruption, have been widely resorted to, as is well known, and, indeed, proved before Parliament; but another of their manœuvres has been less noticed, that of attempting to unseat liberal Members, or, at least, to expose them to expense, by petitions against their return. The most recent instance of this proceeding has occurred at the election of Colonel Thompson, for Hull. The Tories being aware that the Colonel was a man of only moderate fortune, tried to deter him from defending his return, by involving him in the expense of a contested election; and all the resources of the Carlton Club were at their command, for accomplishing this object. They were, however, unsuccessful; but they have succeeded in robbing Colonel Thompson of, perhaps, several thousand pounds; and the example will, no doubt, in some measure, deter other liberals from appearing as candidates for a seat. In an admirable letter addressed by Colonel Thompson to the Hull Reform Association, he comments, in forcible terms, on this base conduct of the Tories; and he draws the inference, that it is in vain, in the present state of the laws, to attempt to arrive at political amelioration, through the instrumentality of the House of Commons. "Calculate, for example," he remarks, "how much the money and trouble, which have been extracted from you and from me, in the present attempt to obtain *one* vote in the House of Commons, would have effected, if applied in the way which was our natural channel, *the raising up that 'pressure from without,'* which is daily recommended to us by the terrors of our opponents."

SCOTLAND.

Mr O'Connell.—A public meeting was held in the Cowgate Chapel, Edinburgh, on the 12th August, for the purpose of considering the propriety of inviting Mr O'Connell to a public dinner. Upwards of 3000 persons were present, and the proceedings were conducted with the utmost unanimity and enthusiasm. Mr O'Connell has accepted the invitation, and we have no doubt that the dinner will be numerously attended by persons from all parts of the country.

Corporation Reform.—On the same day, a meeting was held in the Waterloo Rooms, at which a petition to the Lords to pass the English Corporation Bill, was agreed to. In the course of two days, the petition received 17,636 signatures.

Edinburgh Registration.—The number of new claims, on the 20th July, was 1148, and the Liberals are believed to outnumber the Conservatives in the proportion of two to one.

Mr Dunlop, one of the Members for Glasgow, has announced his intention of resigning his seat at the end of the present Session, on account of the weak state of his health. We regret to lose the services of so true a liberal.

Sir H. Parnell.—The Dundee Political Union having called upon Sir H. Parnell for an explanation of his reasons for not voting on Mr Grote's motion for the Ballot, Sir Henry stated, in answer, that his absence from the division did not arise from any change of opinion, for he considered that the arguments in favour of the Ballot had been confirmed by everything that had occurred at the last general election; but, he added, that, after the experience of the last seven months, it was evident that, if Members of Parliament who held office should vote against the government, and, as a necessary consequence, resign their offices, the Tory party would inevitably be restored to power. The Union expressed their opinion, that Sir Henry's absence was justifiable, under the present constitution of the government. But why should resignation of office be a "necessary consequence," in such a case?

THE CONTINENT.

France.—We have been for some time past amused with accounts of attempts to assassinate Louis Philippe, all of which were generally believed to be got up by the police; but, at last, a real and serious attempt has been made. The celebration of the anniversary of the Three Days of July commenced on Monday, the 27th, and every thing went off quietly. Next day, however, the King left the Tuileries with his sons, and a brilliant suite, at nine in the morning, and, after reviewing some troops, arrived at the Boulevard du Temple, opposite the theatres, at twelve o'clock, when suddenly a great explosion, resembling irregular platoon firing, was heard. A shower of bullets fell around the King; Marshall Mortier, and thirteen other persons of inferior rank, were killed on the spot; a bullet grazed the arm of the King, whose horse was shot in the neck; the Duc de Broglie received a bullet in the collar of his coat; Marshall Molitor's horse was killed under him; and many persons were wounded. The King, in all probability, owed his life to a steel cuirass, which he has for some time worn. Smoke was observed to issue from the third story of a house on the Boulevard. Upon entering the house, a man was seen slipping down a rope with the intention of making his escape by a back way, but was immediately seized by the police. On examining the room, the "infernal machine," which had been used by the assassin, was discovered. It consisted of twenty-five musket barrels fixed in a frame of wood, secured by iron braces. One or two of the barrels had not exploded, from which it was discovered that each barrel had been loaded with five balls. Four or five of the barrels burst, by which explosion the assassin was wounded on the forehead, neck, and lip, so severely, that he could not articulate for some days. His name was at first believed to be Auguste Girard, but it is, in reality, Fieschi. He is a Corsican, belonged to the guard of Murat when king of Naples, and joined in the expedition in which that prince fell. The object or motive of this attempt has not transpired. Fieschi persists in asserting he has no accomplices. It was, however, too good an opportunity for throwing discredit on the Republicans and Journalists, to be allowed to escape. Armand Carrel, and several other journalists, were therefore thrown into prison among common felons; but, as there had never been the least ground for suspecting them, they were liberated in a few days. The press did not escape so easily. A law has passed the Chamber of Deputies, by a triumphant majority, which deprives it even of the shadow of freedom it has hitherto enjoyed, and lays it prostrate at the feet of the tyrant. Every legitimate outlet for the expression of popular feeling is now shut up. France groans under a more hateful despotism than that of Charles X., and nothing but another revolution, and the abolition of monarchy, can restore her liberties.

Spain.—The Spanish Government has at length acknowledged the independence of the South American Republics. The decree for the suppression of convents with less than 12 monks will cause the breaking up of 1200 establishments. Colonel Evans, with the British legion, 1500 strong, has arrived in the north of Spain, and we shall soon see a change on the prospects of the war with Don Carlos.

Prussia.—Some disturbances broke out at Berlin on the 3d August, being the anniversary of the King's birth-day, which the first accounts represented as of serious importance: but it now appears to have been merely a street riot, which was suppressed without difficulty.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.

The cloth trade in the West of England continues without alteration, and the operatives generally are well employed. At Huddersfield there has been a considerable demand of late for fancy goods, and some inquiry has been made for plain cloths for the winter trade.

AGRICULTURE.

A large proportion of the crop in England has already been housed in the best order, and the cutting of the crop has made great progress throughout Scotland. The samples of new wheat, which have appeared at Mark Lane, vary greatly in quality; and the accounts from different parts of England represent it as deficient, not only in quality, but in produce. It is certain that, for some months hence, a great mixture of old wheat will be required to make good bread. Smut also appears more than usually abundant in England. In Scotland the accounts differ considerably. In East Lothian, wheat, though not a bulky crop, is more than usually promising, being well filled, free from disease, and the straw of a fine golden colour; but in this, as in several other counties, the wheat crop has been partially twisted by the winds, and the straw broken, which cannot fail to affect both the quantity and quality of the crop. Barley may be considered a full average crop: but oats are generally short and thin, and must turn out deficient. From the long continuance of dry weather, turnips are backward, but may still become a tolerable crop, if they have an early supply of moisture. Potatoes have also suffered greatly by the drought. Prices of almost all sorts of agricultural produce continue to decline.

At Melrose Fair, on the 12th August, 60,000 lambs were shown. The prices were—bred lambs, 18s.; half-bred, 12s. to 17s.; Cheviots, 5s. to 10s., being on the last a decline of from 1s. to 1s. 6d. on the prices of last year. At the first Falkirk Tryst, held on the 11th August, the show of cattle was less than of late years. Owing, probably, to the great deficiency of pasture, the demand was slack, and the prices of full-sized cattle was 15 per cent. lower than at the same fair last year.

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